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MEN AND MEMORIES

BY

JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG

EDITED BY

MAY·D·RUSSELL·YOUNG

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MEN AND MEMORIES

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

BY

JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG

EDITED BY HIS WIFE

MAY D. RUSSELL YOUNG

VOLUME II.

F. TENNYSON NEELY

114 Fifth Avenue
NEW YORK

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ENGLISH FRIENDS.

In the autumn of 1876, Mr. Young again went to Europe, for the *Herald*. He took up his residence in London, at the West End, where he remained until he joined General Grant, as his guest, in the trip around the world.

While in London, Mr. Young was made honorary member of the Reform Club, and renewed and extended his acquaintance with many notable men, among whom, were, Huxley, Tyndall, Lockyer, Millais, Browning, Black, Yates and others. At the time of Prof. Tyndall's death Mr. Young wrote:

"The death of Professor Tyndall is another sad incident in this sad century. There was no reason for his death. No longer a young man, there were many reasons for his living. An unfortunate ministration from the dearest of hands, those of his wife, and he fell a victim to one of those dreadful drugs by which science takes life in the effort to deaden pain. Tyndall dies from chloral administered by accident. Rossetti died from chloral, taken as a habit; Coleridge, Lamb, De Quincey, Burns, Byron, Kean, George Frederick Cooke, and Baudelaire, and now Tyndall! What a dreary list; the tribute of genius to weakness, appetite, and despair.

The death of Tyndall recalls many of my own London experiences when I had an entrance to a circle of which he was a shining member. I may have some readers who will recall that bright, modest cottage out on the Marlborough road, in Saint John's Wood's quarters where Huxley reigned. No lovelier home in England, and those famous evening parties—"tall teas" as they were called. If you were bidden, what happened was this:—

You went to your tea, and were sure of your tryst if you were there at half-past six. You might meet five or forty people around a hearty, simple table. Huxley with his grand, wise, and yet agnostic as he was, archbishop's face as your host. A noble face—seriousness in it and inquiry; supreme courtesy, the art of listening and finding out; never obtruding an opinion, nor argument except by the asking of an idle question, that went through you like an arrow, and you felt your marrow tingle. Huxley reigned in talk like Doctor Johnson in his Mitre Tavern or Bolt Court, and well will it be for literature if some Boswell were of the company to petrify into undying life the wit and wisdom that flashed into being.

If you were present at the "tall tea," there came later the gathering. I wonder if there could be a statelier company than that which formed the Huxley entourage. Tea over before eight, at nine you were sure to be in a room filled with persons whose names were world-renowned.. That fair maiden with the masses of blonde, fluffy hair, has a familiar face. Well, that is Dorothy Tennant, from whom Millais painted his famous "Yes" or "No," and in time to become the wife of "Stanley Africanus"—our own Henry M. Stanley. When I last heard of her she was endeavoring to persuade a Lambeth constituency to elect Henry to Parliament—persuasion with tears—but without avail.

That well-knit, deep-set, swarthy, heavy-haired, compact, smiling person, who looks at you through spectacles with an artillery focus, is William Black, the novelist. He smiles and exchanges courtesies in his Scotch vernacular way. You will test him only to ascertain a capacity for silence. That sad-eyed, Hamlet-faced, preoccupied, oracular, hollow-voiced personage, who shakes hands with every one as if he were taking an eternal farewell (you

hope it is not consumption, but have your fears), is Norman Lockyer, the astronomer. No one has done better work in regard to the stars. This I have always deemed a good billet, because when you talk about the stars there is no one to contradict you, and evidence rebuttal or sur-rebuttal is a matter of a thousand years. That earnest, observant face, with the keen blue eyes, and the voice likewise Scottish in a vernacular burr and twang, is Lauder Brunton, of whom the world of science is talking since his discoveries in regard to digitalis, nitrate of amyll, and angina pectoris gave him his place among the fellows of the Royal Society. Near him is Sir Andrew Clark, the physician of Gladstone, who shares with Brunton the honor and care of the largest practice in London, and about whose untimely death, from the suicide of overwork, we were to read the other day. With a face as open and fresh and free as one of the Scottish moors he had won so much fame in painting, John E. Millais enters and is soon the heart of an eager, admiring company. That bumptious young gentleman who seems as if he must contradict you or die, is Lyulph Stanley of the Stanley of Alderley family, who was to do such good work in the matter of public education. There comes a snug, comfortable looking person, who glides, rather than walks, and whose face you must have seen in Dickens, who in my days was said to be one of the few persons in England "who could write," but who is now known in politics as a Right Honorable and an Irish Secretary, John Morley, whom Gladstone was to discover and take him to his heart as his political Jonathan. A sweet, fascinating way has Morley, and when you meet him there comes over you such a feeling as though you were the one person he had been going up and down the earth to discover all those years—at last, to be found! Henry Irving comes in a quiet, undramatic way, and is

soon in a corner, with his world drifting toward him. And this meek, apparently much coddled person, with the dome-like brow and an air of slow, tedious convalescence, who listens with hand to ear as one of the ladies trolls out the chorus of a German ballad, is Herbert Spencer. And as all turn and a sturdy, heavy-jointed, large, gaunt, frosty, brown, iron-gray being moves toward you and you feel like saying, with Horatio in the play to the wonder-stricken Hamlet: "Look, my lord, he comes!" you see, because all men know it, the mighty figure of Tennyson! There genius has written stature, majesty, power. But even more notable than that of Tennyson is the noble person of Darwin, in some respects the most striking of the sons of men. It is not often that he can be persuaded from his Kentish home, but he is dear to Huxley; finds under this roof another home and stands smiling, observant, rather in a corner by himself—the wisdom of ages concentrated in that imperial brain, and an all-loving kindness in his intense eyes. You may see Russell Lowell bustling in with the New England touch of acuteness and avidity in his frowsy, furrowed face. Carlyle, perhaps, if you were fortunate in your evening, and the season embraced the welcoming days of spring. Carlyle, however, was a tradition, as I never saw him in Abbey Road.

In these Huxley gatherings the never absent figure was Tyndall. Between Huxley and Tyndall were relations of affectionate intimacy. I remember Tyndall as one of the most interesting of men, apt to awaken humor or comment, sure of a quizzing-bout with Huxley, lucid in conversation, apt to dogmatize and assert himself. I remember him one evening upon Alpine climbing, which I had always deemed an idle waste of time, until his elucidations and explanations made me retract my opinions with a kind of shame. However, this is always well to do when

in the presence of superior authority. I remember that he had the faculty of interesting you, and that, whether you wished to talk or not, you soon found yourself listening with a thrifty, miserly sentiment that there was nothing to lose, and that there was gold in the sands of this running stream of conversation if you would only watch for it.

Tyndall was in the ripeness of his fame when I knew him; had married a lady of the noble house of Hamilton, kinswoman of the Duke of Abercorn, and was therefore in the swim of the highest society, and much stared at by other scientific people on that account, as an illustration of how the humblest man might get on even in fenced and hedged England, were his genius well mounted and keen for the hunt. He did more than any man of our time to make popular that which we call Darwinism, and the conservatism of his genius was seen in the success with which he strove to reconcile science and religion. Now that he has gone we shall know him better than when he lived. He was under the obscuration of the dazzling genius of Huxley and Darwin. He had a faculty of his own, however, in the way of presenting things which had a vast influence upon his time. He was one of the few men loved by Carlyle, and beautiful was his filial devotion to the crabbed, lonely old philosopher of Chelsea. His work was done and well done, and although death came like the ravening bolt out of the night, it found him at his post, ready for any summons."

Among the best beloved, of Mr. Young's English friends was William Black, the novelist, whose death, occurring only a few months before Mr. Young's last illness, was an unspeakable sorrow. Many letters and messages, extending over the remaining years, indicate the affectionate in-

timacy between the two men. Many demands of this order frequently appear:—

PASTON HOUSE, PASTON PLACE, BRIGHTON, Wednesday night.

My dear Young:—Can you come down next Saturday to Monday? There is a good train from Victoria at 9:50 A.M., and another at 4:30. Pettie is coming; and Leslie Stephens is here. Don't bring evening dress.

Yours always, WILLIAM BLACK.

In reply to some criticism upon Black, Mr. Young wrote:—

"A New York paper has an article upon William Black, the novelist, containing, as such articles generally do, a good deal of sense and nonsense. Black is described as a sensitive person, easily wounded by criticism. I never knew a man less susceptible. Black is a very earnest, strong-willed man, who takes up a bit of work honestly and thinks it out. He said to me on one occasion that he never wrote a chapter until he had composed it in his mind, sentence for sentence. Composition was, therefore, so far as writing is concerned, almost a mechanical business. As his work was really done while he was walking about over the Brighton downs or through the Surrey lanes, he spent little time at his desk.

The New York paper says that when "MacLeod of Dare" came out, Mr. Black was overwhelmed with remonstrances against the catastrophe. They had evidently been written in the most earnest spirit. The correspondents appeared to take the book as a cruel and gratuitous addition to their burden of woes. "Is there not sorrow enough in the world?" they asked. Shortly after the news of

the shooting of President Garfield reached England, Andrew Carnegie happened to be calling on Black. Among other things, he said: "Just before I left home I saw President Garfield. Informing him that I was coming to England he said: 'You will see Black; tell him he ought to have made "MacLeod of Dare" end tragically—life itself is full of tragedy.'" I remember hearing Black tell a story of the same nature in regard to "Madcap Violet." He had been asked to vary that story, and end it more agreeably. "But how can I alter my story?" said Black. "A plot is a plot. One incident follows another like the incidents in a Greek tragedy. How can a character in fiction escape its destiny more than man? Given certain conditions in life—education, character, circumstance—and they go toward a result, an achievement; perhaps a catastrophe. We cannot change fate, nor change a story. A story makes itself." Mr. Black told me that he never read criticisms upon his work; not that he was sensitive as to what people said of him, but he did not care to have his train of mind disturbed. This might look like vanity on the part of Black, but I know him to be one of the most refined and gentle of men."

The following letter refers to the historical novel of Judith Shakespeare:—

PASTON HOUSE, PASTON PLACE, May 30th, 1882.

My dear Young:—I forgive you; you don't know what you are about. Why, if you had the faintest suspicion that I am just beginning a novel, the scene of which is laid in the early years of the seventeenth century with Shakespeare as one of the characters, and that I am a thousand fathoms below a sea of archæological research, with a prospect of seeing daylight not for many and many months,

surely you wouldn't tempt me with an enchanting offer of China and Japan. No, sir; it won't do; though I should like it well enough; indeed I have already been tempted Japanwards by Rennie, who is now Sir John, of that ilk, and Chief Justice somewhere. I must stick to my treadmill; I wait to see you when you come along here in 1885. You must bring as many of those bronzes and things as you can carry, and I hope to retain enough intellect to regard them with a mild curiosity, although at the present moment, I am so muddled up with the year 1610 that I don't know whether I ought, or ought not, to sign myself,

Yours very faithfully and with all kind remembrances and regards,

WILLIAM BLACKSPEARE.

With Justin McCarthy, also, a friendship began, which endured to the end. I find many such kindly letters as this, among the correspondence:—

LONDON, 15 Chury Street, S. W., Aug. 15th, 1883.

My dear Russell Young:—I was delighted to get your letter and to know that you were well and like your work in China. It was very kind of you to take so much interest in my young friend, ——. He is a good and clever youth, and I hope he will do well. His father wrote to me a few days ago telling me how kind you had been to the young man. How I wish I could go to Peking! I have for years and years, been longing to see China,—or at least some spot of it,—and I can only hope that a kindly fate may some time,—and while you are in Peking,—allow me to make my dreams a reality. Pope Hennessy, who thinks with you on Chinese subjects, was here for some time lately, and I saw a great deal of him. He has

been transferred from Hong Kong to Mauritius. We are fighting our battle still in Parliament, undismayed. Ireland is more and more with us every day, and the public opinion of England must come round sooner or later and do us justice.

Dilke, O'Kelly, T. P. O'Connor, Powers and Puleston, charge me with kindly messages of regard and friendship to you. My son and daughter desire their affectionate remembrances to go out to you. Don't fail to let us hear from you soon again, and believe me, my dear Russell Young, ever your warm friend,

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

At this time also, a strong friendship was formed with the then Duke of Marlborough. Cordial invitations to "Blenheim," friendly letters upon American affairs (in which Marlborough was always interested), all these occur frequently in the correspondence. These few paragraphs were written by Mr. Young, at the time of Marlborough's death, Nov., 1892:—

The end came to the Duke of Malborough in the silence of night in the halls of his ancestral home. It was a sad end—even to one who had invoked the social censures which had fallen upon this nobleman and prince. He was a young man, heir to one of the proudest of English titles as the descendant of one of the most eminent English generals and statesmen. There are few of us who try to read who do not now see that the first Marlborough was the greatest Englishman since the Conqueror—worthy to be named with Cromwell, Wellington and Chatham—in

some respects their superior. Duke of Marlborough, Marquis of Blandford, Earl of Sunderland, were a few of his English titles. To these were added Prince of Mindelheim, a German creation, and Prince of the Holy Empire, linking one, as it were, back with the Cæsars.

I am not strong in heraldic lore, but I know of no Englishman whose titles—as such things go—were greater than those of Marlborough. The Duke of Norfolk has Plantagenet quarterings. He is Premier Duke, and his ancestor was a soldier with Richard III. The Duke of Hamilton has three Dukedoms—Brandon in England, Hamilton in Scotland, and Chatelherault in France. Then he descends from The Douglas. The Duke of Argyle goes back to the Middle Ages to find a Highland source, while the Dukes of Grafton and St. Albans inherit their strawberry leaves from the dishonor of Charles II.

If the Duke of Marlborough, now lying dead at Blenheim, had realized his obligations to public opinion, he would have had a leading place among English statesmen. He was of the highest rank. His father was a Viceroy, and near to Beaconsfield. His brother, Lord Randolph Churchill, was a leader in politics, the most brilliant young Tory since Pitt. The Duke was allied in marriage to the great house of Abercorn, and by blood to the most powerful families in the peerage. He was a gifted man. With a frail form, and a worn countenance, he had what Carlyle calls the eye of genius, a striking, brilliant eye, which Lord Randolph Churchill likewise possesses in a marked degree.

The Duke of Marlborough was a cyclopedia of information. He studied abstruse themes; would take up geology or conchology or arboriculture if you happened to be walking with him. He was fond of the sciences—and especially of electricity. He wrote well and spoke with freedom and

precision. His manners were simple, unpretending, persuasive.

My first acquaintance with Marlborough was in Dublin, when his father was Viceroy. This he renewed in New York and I saw a good deal of him. He was interested in the theories of Henry George, and seemed more anxious to meet Mr. George than any other American. I was the cause of his spending an evening with General Sherman, —the outcome a brilliant conversation, on California, Asia, farming, everything but war. Sherman cared nothing about war as a theme of talk, and Marlborough had no interest in the military achievements of his ancestor. He was essentially a man of science, a literary man, and as I have said and believe, if his foibles had not handicapped him, would have been an eminent man of affairs.

I note the will of the Duke of Marlborough, and some writings in the newspapers as to its strangeness. The Duke in the first place left a legacy of recognition to his son. Under the laws of primogeniture the son would inherit most of what was valuable of ancestral properties. Then one hundred thousand dollars to Lady Colin Campbell, and the remainder to his American wife, who brought him her estates to redeem the fortunes of Blenheim.

The legacy of Lady Colin Campbell recalled the proceedings brought against that lady by her husband, a younger son of the Duke of Argyle. The Duke of Marlborough was among those who was said by the husband to have made divorce necessary. Lady Colin Campbell won her suit and the jury declined the divorce. The evidence which led to the verdict was that of the Duke of Marlborough.

Cynical London said of Marlborough at the time, as of the Prince of Wales under similar circumstances, that he had "lied like a gentleman." I have no opinion as to

that. The testimony of the Duke of Marlborough involved the severest censure of himself. He could have left London and avoided a subpœna, and made no such humiliating confessions. But he wanted to save a woman. He accepted the obloquy and she was saved.

Lady Colin Campbell came out of the business ruined socially, and so very poor that she was compelled to write articles in the society papers for a livelihood. The Marlborough legacy keeps the wolf from her door. He may have felt that he had in some way compromised her. At least his name—not then nor after of good omen—had been linked with hers to drag her down. So far as in him lay, she would swim and not sink.

There was a chivalry in this, questionable perhaps, but chivalry nevertheless, which adds to the many kind thoughts I have of the Duke of Marlborough. I knew how the world's hand rested upon him, and that in so many things he had merited it. But I remember so much that was considerate and friendly; so many gentle, polite and charmingly courteous doings to myself and others. I remember furthermore an intelligence more brilliant and a knowledge more ample than that of most men of my time, and I am glad when there comes a new reason to think well of his memory. I am persuaded that in the settlement of the Great Account much will be forgiven to the spirit which has driven the wolf from the door of the poor gentlewoman with her sad experiences and wretched broken life.

In recent years, so far at least as I know him, the Duke of Marlborough's life was that of an earnest, studious scholar. He was a young man, and in a country like England, where so much is pardoned to a Duke, he might have so far outlived his youth as to win a useful place. Those who knew him best believed that this was his pur-

pose. Those who felt that so much rank, so much genius, and so many opportunities should not be lost, hoped for the best in this regard. But the night falls, and a broken life drifts into silence. Farewell to him; faerwell with hope for the best—hope and mercy, hope and hearty goodwill. I recall nothing of the Duke of Marlborough but courtesy and kindness, and many winning, pleasant deeds. And shall ever think of him with gratitude and sorrow.

LOUIS J. JENNINGS.

(Feb. 10th, 1893.)

The morning news chronicles among other things the death of L. J. Jennings, formerly the editor of the New York *Times,* and at the time of his death member of Parliament from Stockport. I knew him well, and not a long time since spent a memorable evening at his house in London, now doubly memorable because it was the last time I was to see the illustrious Browning.

Jennings is worthy of remembrance in America, although we rarely hear his name. He came at the close of the war as correspondent of the London *Times,* which he had served in India. He fell into acquaintance with Henry J. Raymond—was an intimate familiar friend. When Raymond died he went on the staff of the *Times,* and became its editor. It was his purpose to accept American citizenship, and to that end took to wife Madeline Henriques, then a star on the Wallack stage. After editing the New York *Times* for some years, there arose a contest as to ownership. This ended in his retirement. He returned to England, joined the political fortunes of Lord Randolph Churchill and died a member of Parliament.

The one great service done by Jennings to the American people was his war on Tweed. He began it in the *Times,* fought it with unsparing courage, and won. It was the best bit of newspaper warfare in our history. And although Jennings had behind him the resolute support of George Jones and other owners, he was the head and front of the fight.

I have never, as an American, ceased to be grateful to Mr. Jennings for that high service. It was a wonderful clearing of the atmosphere now again murky with clouds as black and dangerous as those which then came from Tammany Hall.

Mr. Jennings wrote many useful books of a political and historical character. His life of Croker was his best, throwing as it did new light upon England during the regency and reign of George the Fourth. He was a sure, earnest, cogent writer, spoke with sincerity and a kind of pathos in his voice; was an earnest, straightforward, and if so minded could be an irascible man, with a vein of the gentlest banter and wit, and a tender charm of manner to those for whom he cared. He was proud of his American career, liked to dwell upon it, and was never more pleased than when Americans called upon him in London. The last time I was in the House of Commons, with Consul-General New, he sat with us, quizzically sketching in phrase-pictures the notable figures of the famous assembly. Gladstone, with the lion glare; Randolph Churchill, twirling his moustache; Balfour, his legs tied in a knot and his head on the back of the bench; Parnell, sombre and frowning; Labouchere, cynical and alert, as if he never saw so much fun and life was such a game; Chamberlain, with the ominous one eyeglass, which Jennings himself invariably wore; Morley, with his face of a Spanish Inquisitor, and Lord Hartington sound asleep.

I never was to see him again, for this visit to the House was on the eve of leaving London. He walked with us to the door of Westminster Hall, and showed us, among other things, the spot which tradition assigned to Charles I. when he sat on trial for his life, and Warren Hastings when impeached for India. His last words were messages to friends in New York, and as I read his name in the immutable roll this morning these words came back to me. He was a brave, honest man—a gentleman, scholar, friend. I had hoped that for the sake of England much still remained for him to do. But it was otherwise appointed, and now, likewise as with so many in these later weeks, Louis Jennings rests with God.

EDMUND YATES.

Another of the many friends whom Mr. Young loved, and whose death was a sincere grief, was Edmund Yates. Writing of his loss, he says:—

For two or three years I was an intimate friend of Edmund Yates. And although in recent times I have not seen him, a scattering message now and then coming as if blown with the winds from over the sea, showed that the friendship remained. His death brings sincere sorrow, although recent news from those who knew Yates gave cause for anxiety. He had long been ill and his death was not a surprise.

Yates was a distinguished man, with varied and graceful talents, and deserves a higher place in our annals than will be accorded him. The son of an actor, and descendant of a generation of actors, he had remarkable histrionic gifts, rare powers of mimicry, and could draw portrait after portrait of all kinds of folks, telling

a story with grace and humor. Educated at the German university of Bonn, he was a good French and German scholar, and eloquent as a speaker. His literary work is known to us all.

As a writer, Yates had acquired the enervating habit of dictating, among the evils of this typewriting, stenographic, phonographic age. His novels were conversations, or improvisations, stories told and forgotten. Dickens and Thackeray wrote. Yates talked. But when he took pains, or wrote under a stress of feeling, he could do notable work. His attack upon Robert Buchanan for intimating that "Yates only went into society on horseback," was as terrible as Swift.

Yates, the kindest of men, never sought controversy. He would go all over London to serve you. There was no better counsellor, none so hearty, sound and wise. People liked to tell him secrets and impart their troubles. They were drawn toward him with a kind of interest, and friendliness breathed from those laughing eyes.

For many years Yates had had a hard tug with fortune, and was a good deal down at the heel. Dickens was his first and ever his firm friend. Dickens had known his parents, and saw not alone those exquisite qualities of wit and humor which made Yates the most winning of companions, but the serious manhood underneath. Yates was the trusty disciple of Dickens. When the news of the master's death came as a hurried morning newsboy cry, Yates standing at his dressing table, fell into a faint and for a time was ill. He never spoke of Dickens but as "The Master," and always with affection and reverence.

Yates used to tell me that Forster, who wrote the life of Dickens, "never knew him;" that Forster would bully Dickens until he was happy to escape toward the "Bull

and the Bush" or some Hampstead tavern and have a night with the boys, like Sala, Mark Lemon, Wilkie Collins and himself.

The greatest of us are not above worship, and Dickens sat in a state of worship before this band of young men. He was their companion, mentor, business adviser, banker, bottle-holder, elderly uncle and parish beadle. So when Yates fell into quarrel with Thackeray, and solely, as he often said, because of his own boyish effrontery, Dickens went into the ring as bottle-holder. Thackeray was so vast, so dominant, so high and looming, that the young scapegrace of a Yates could not resist the shying of a stone. But for the giant to have shied back! Who would have conceived it? The blow would have been fatal to "Young Grubstreet," as Thackeray called Yates, if Dickens had not intervened his buckler and assumed the quarrel.

Yates told me that Thackeray was not aiming at him, but at Dickens. That Thackeray looked upon Yates as among the free lance crowd in service under Dickens, given to waylay whoever might come in "The Master's" road. Having seized one of the freebooters in the very act of sin, Thackeray meant to punish the master through the man. Thackeray stooped to conquer—and failed.

Yates discovered his luck at a time when fortune seemed irrevocably against him. He essayed his chance and founded the *World*. The money, five hundred pounds, was loaned by James McHenry. The idea came from Grenville Murray, and among the earliest writers were H. W. Lucy and Labouchere.

Grenville Murray, or as he loved to call himself Edward Chandos Plantagenet Grenville Murray, was a noted character. He took the family names of the Duke of Buckingham and displayed the Buckingham coat-of-arms in re-

venge for the Duke's inability to concede him paternal recognition. Murray was dumped into the diplomatic service, and became a member of the legation of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the Stratford Canning of modern diplomacy. Murray wrote a sketch of Canning as "Sir Hector Stubble." Dickens innocently printed it. The sketch was so vivid that Canning received a mail bag full of marked copies from friends who recognized the portrait. You can read it now in a book called "The Roving Englishman."

Murray was the partner of Yates in the *World,* but it soon became evident that the author of Sir Hector Stubble was not the man for a partner. So Murray, who was an outlaw, in this, that he had fled from his recognizances, and could not come to London, was compelled to sell out.

The *World* was a paying interest from the outset, and Yates passed at a bound from the position of a man anxious over his household accounts to that of one with an income he could not spend. Prosperity did not spoil him except to make him cant about the Church, the roast beef of old England, the Queen and the whole royal family.

Edmund Yates created a new field of journalism. He told me that he found the idea in the United States.

In sorrow and with grateful memories I take leave of my friend. One face has vanished from dear England—a smile and a welcome that brought many happy hours. It has been my fate recently to say in these columns farewell to many who were dear to me, and the vanishing of whose light was as the falling of a star from my small firmament. I honored none more than I did Edmund Yates, and his going is a deep bereavement.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH GRANT.

Of Mr. Young's journey around the world with Grant, the public is familiar, chiefly, through his letters to the *Herald,* afterwards published in book form,—two volumes. It was a memorable trip and has become a part of history. During that voyage of two years, Mr. Young had rare opportunities for an intimate acquaintance with the General, and for a study of his character and intellectual qualities.

The result was a truer admiration and deeper appreciation of Grant in every way.

The following letters from the General relate to the intended trip. The title of "Commodore" was given to Mr. Young by Grant, and occurs throughout his correspondence.

ISCHL, AUSTRIA, Sept. 3rd, 1878.

Dear Commodore:—Your letter of the 29th of August only came to hand last evening. If I should go home by the east, I should be delighted to have you with me. Will always be glad to have you along, when it is convenient to you, in my travels. We will be in Paris, on our way to Spain, about the 25th of this month.

Our kindest regards to all.

Yours truly,

U. S. GRANT.

PAU, FRANCE, Dec. 8th, 1878.

My dear Commodore:—I am just in receipt of your note of 6th, from Madrid. On Wednesday, the 11th, we start for Paris and will be there the next day, either at

5 A.M., or about the same hour the next day, depending on whether we break the trip by stopping over at Bordeaux for the night or not.

On my arrival here, I found a tremendous mail and have spent two days, day before yesterday and to-day, in writing up, and have three or four more to write yet. After our arrival at Paris, we determined to make the trip eastward through India, China and Japan. As, in my letter to the Secretary of the Navy, while deciding not to go home that way, I reserved, in my letter of thanks for his kind offer of a passage in the "Richmond," the privilege of changing my intention, and to notify him if I did so, before the departure of the "Richmond" from America. She was to sail on the 10th of December. I telegraphed him on the 6th, from here, that I accepted his offer. Unless, thereafter, there is some slip we will go that way. I give you the earliest notice possible so that you may prepare to go. I shall be delighted to have you go, as Mrs. Grant is also.

Yours truly, U. S. GRANT.

Dec. 23rd, '78.

My dear Commodore:—Mr. Borie sails on Thursday to accompany us to San Francisco. We can have "Boston." Bring the material from London with you. He will no doubt be provided.

Yours truly, U. S. G.

PARIS, France, Dec. 29th, '78.

My dear Commodore:—I have your letter enclosing one from old Gen. Patterson. You say Sec. Thompson's letter to you leaves the whole matter of your accompanying us to me. Of course, I not only want you to go, but shall be very much disappointed if you do not go.

Fred sailed yesterday on the "Britannic," to join our party. Mr. Borie did not get off on Thursday, but is to sail this week.

Governor Noyes and I leave here Thursday morning for Dublin direct. We will not be in London any longer than to pass from one station to the other. We take with us neither servant nor trunk; simply valises. Meet us at the station of the "Wild Irishman" at 8 o'clock Thursday evening, or at Charing Cross station a little after six.

Yours truly,

U. S. GRANT.

March 4th, '79.

Dear Commodore:—Just in from a ride through the city with Mrs. Grant and found your note. Met many merchants who accosted us on the street, and more beggars. Purchased from the former—at their own prices—and contributed to the latter. Will not be able to purchase your watches even at rate which pawn brokers would take them in our own country, but we will try to get through to Calcutta, even if we have to leave a hostage. I should fear to leave Mr. Borie, because he would contract such obligations that we could never redeem them. I suggest we should sacrifice Dr. Keating. By providing for four meals a day for him—with a lunch between each meal—he would be content. At Calcutta we can make all arrangements for the immediate future.

Yours truly,

U. S. GRANT.

BISMARCK—A PEN PORTRAIT OF THE IRON CHANCELLOR.

Writing in later years of incidents connected with the trip, Mr. Young in one instance thus describes Bismarck:

"So much is written in the newspapers, at home and abroad, about Prince Bismarck, his dismissal from the German Government, and his attitude toward the Empire, that certain glimpses of the man, as I saw him in Germany, with certain notes of his character and career, may be timely. I associate Bismarck with an event not without interest to American journalists, the advent of George W. Smalley, the famous London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*. I can hardly call it an advent, because Smalley had done good work, and a great deal of it, as far back as Antietam days. A notable article which he wrote in 1866, called, if I remember, an "Afternoon with Count Bismarck," was the virtual introduction of the Prince to the American world. It was a masterful, prophetic article, and led the *Tribune* management to confide to Mr. Smalley the trust in which he has won so enviable a fame. The estimate then formed of Bismarck has since been justified by his transcendent career. Even now in retirement, and under the clouds of imperial disfavor, there is no history which may be studied with more advantage than that of the Great Chancellor.

One of Bismarck's warmest friends once described him to me as the most successful journalist of the century. The Prince, I was told, had mastered the science which may be rudely described as that of "working the public." This science, which has its own audacious piratical laws, as those of us who have been in the rougher departments of journalism have realized, Bismarck had applied to statesmanship. How to be talked about and how to have people say, whether good or evil, just what one wished said—Bismarck assuredly had this power. It was the observation of London journalists that when the Chancellor wanted one species of news in circulation, he would tap the *Times;*

when he desired another, it would be the *Telegraph* or the *Pall Mall Gazette.* It was easier, cheaper, more humane to supply the English journals with news than to fight England—a lesson which if Napoleon earlier in the century had learned there would have been no rupture of the treaty of Amiens. But in Napoleon's day journalism was a struggling influence, and not that mighty power which now claims to be an estate of the realm.

Recognizing this mastery of the science of working the public as attained by Bismarck, I never read stories about him without the impression, What has the Prince to gain by having this said? To the mind accustomed to this process of inquiry, the Bismarck stories become a literature of their own. With an antagonist like the sensitive, gifted, impressionable French, diplomacy by paragraphs has its advantages. If a debate ran beyond bounds in the Corps Legislatif, or the policy of revenge became truculent, a quiet allusion in the *Times* to certain conversations in official circles in Rome looking toward the restoration of Savoy to Italy, or the amount of indemnity France, with her increased wealth, could bear, or the importance of the Pyrenees to Spain and the peace of Europe, would have an instant effect. This diplomacy by paragraphs, when applied to French public opinion, was salutary. When applied to the internal affairs of Germany, it was an irritant. The exasperation in German official circles toward Bismarck, unintelligible to those who see him as a retired country nobleman, managing his forests and his brewery, is the outcome of the stream of paragraphs which came as surely from the Chancellor's mind, as if himself were the editor on duty. A Bismarck paragraph is as much a work of art as an engraving of Albert Durer, or a creation of Benvenuto Cellini. The student will readily see

it. There is the master's hand. The innuendo, the humor, the daring periphrasis, the homely, fierce application, one could no more mistake it than he would a Lincoln story. Of the art of putting things to suit one's purposes the century has seen two masters, the President who carried Emancipation by his famous illustration of the Pope's bull against the comet;—and the Chancellor who destroyed the effect of the eloquence of Jules Favre's pleas for France, by the intimation that the French envoy had been whitening his face as actors do when they would depict grief.

When I saw Bismarck and had the privilege of sharing in some, to me, ever memorable conversations, this editorial faculty, the way of putting things, the terse, vivid sentence, the wayward humor, gave a power and charm to what he said. It was like taking up Swift or Voltaire after a course of summer reading of domestic fiction. How he sent some tremendous minor potentate of the governing class, quarterings going back to Charlemagne, whirling into space with the remark: "You see, he was not a Republican like you and I, but some mere ordinary, incurable fool of a Prince." I never open the "Almanac de Gotha," without looking out this transfixed and transfigured potentate, and seeing him pierced and wriggling under the Bismarck shaft. Truly a fearful power, and must have made this Chancellor a terrible comrade in imperial councils. His answer to the Emperor's patent elevating him to the Dukedom of Lauenberg was a masterpiece of contempt. "It will be useful," he said, "when I travel incognito in Italy." The superb insolence and humor of the response—a great Emperor fancying he was conferring a splendid fief, a dignity of mediæval splendor, and to have it tossed aside as if the Prince were giving a cast-off garment to his courier. I can understand the chagrin of the

Emperor. A less patient sovereign would have resented an arrogance worthy of Becket.

While in Berlin the conference was in session, and "so no one would have time to bother him." This was General Grant's cherished thought. So when the morning came, and breakfast was out of the way, it occurred to the General to look at Berlin. The courtesies would come in time —come soon enough to a traveler sated with ceremony. So we saw the town from the top of street cars, went one way and another, then viewed the outside of the Hohenzollern palaces, strolled about suburbs and into beer gardens, where revelers were dancing, and altogether absorbed our Berlin in off-hand, comprehensive, Bohemian fashion; no town more thoroughly seen and at more reasonable rates; fares on Berlin street cars reasonable and beer garden tariffs not very high. We returned to the hotel, and as the General was expressing his satisfaction at having had so useful a morning, quite ready to continue his journey, having seen everything, he looked at the table strewn with cards. "Fürst Von Bismarck, Reichkanzler," three cards! Cards from Beaconsfield, Salisbury, Gortchakoff, Waddington, Andrassy, Corti— cards even from a Major of the Guards below "in attendance," who had been sent by the Crown Prince to "wait on the General,"—all the town, in fact, had left cards! Grant stood in wonder. How did any one know he was in town? "Bismarck, Reichkanzler," three cards. "Yes, but Bismarck is a busy man," he said, "and why should I have him call upon me, when it is my duty to wait upon him?" Sure enough, but he had not thought of that in the morning, with the town to see, and pleasant summer weather and such comfortable street cars—and everything so cheap.

It had never occurred to Grant that all Berlin was wait-

ing for him, and illustrious as were so many of the guests within the city gates that none was more illustrious than himself. But as he might have lived a thousand years without having such a thought, there was nothing but to accept facts as they were, and in some way undo the consequences of the oversight. And at once I must wait upon Prince Bismarck and convey his regrets, and ask what time the Prince would receive him. So with this errand I found myself on the way to the Bismarck palace. Entrance to a German palace under any circumstances was not easy in those days of Kaiser-shooting. It took time. Explanations to officers of various grades, cross-examinations, steady scrutiny, minute elucidations had to be undergone before I reached Count Herbert Bismarck. The Count, handsome and ruddy, explained that his father was presiding over the Berlin Conference, but that he would convey the message of General Grant. So the message was conveyed and audience appointed for the next day at four.

I saw Prince Bismarck at this time, was privileged to see him again, on three or four occasions, to gain a definite knowledge of his personality, to have later messages of remembrance that were grateful. He was then in his sixty-second year. I recall his sad, amusing moan over Grant's youthfulness as compared with his own worn lines, and how much better he deemed life in the field to life in the Cabinet. Bismarck was an imposing personality, a martial air, sitting tipped on the edge of his chair, spreading himself over the floor, caressing the large hound that crouched between his legs and looked suspiciously out upon Grant, who, resting in an easy-chair, talked in that quiet, calm, unchanging tone of voice. Such a contrast in the temperaments of the two men! Niagara seething over the granite rock, as it were; one all fire, energy, massive, restless strength, penetration in those shaggy brows, inspiration in

that sovereign dome-like head, eyes swift, gleaming; the other, well, we all know Grant. As it was in the beginning so it shall be unto the end—that calm, sure, set face; the earnest eye, quick all the same to see and answer every flash of the Chancellor's turbulent Vesuvian soul.

There comes the fancy, in the presence of a noted figure, to seek for a standard of comparison among noted figures at home. Studying Bismarck from this point of view, he looked like a cross between General B. F. Butler and General Sickles. His profile recalled Butler, and the physical methods and economies of the man reminded you of the famous commander of New Orleans. His manner of talk, his expressions, his half hesitancy, the affectation of halting over a phrase to pick out just the word he wanted, the slight smack of the lips when the word came, with its just a little suspicion of pedantry, was so much like Sickles as to pass for an imitation. It might have been Sickles trying to talk English with a German accent. The hesitancy of the Prince, however, was manifestly that of a man thinking in one language and translating into another. He spoke English with a good and, at times, idiomatic vocabulary, now and then pausing over some word with many meanings to have the exact translation. His use of the word "human," for instance, and then in a second reaching out and catching on to the word "humane," which was the word he desired—this comes back to me as showing his sure grip on the niceties of our incongruous tongue.

Bismarck seemed ever a vast and wayward personality. To master, colleague or servant, unless you went with him, he must have been ill to get on with. In talking with him you felt the natural man. Nothing histrionic; all free, spontaneous, sincere. His greeting of Grant, his tall figure towering over that of the President and holding the one hand in both of his own; the swift, cordial inquiries

about Sheridan; the affection with which he spoke of the old Emperor, then an invalid because of the recent attempt to kill his majesty; the vehemence of his denunciation of socialism, his avowal of himself as a typical Democrat, the Emperor and himself being he said "the two most prominent democrats in Germany;" his impatience over the free and easy government of Alsace and Lorraine; his acceptance of war as a necessary condition of modern civilization; his maxim that the most powerful nation in Europe was the one with the heaviest artillery; his appreciation of Gambetta, whom he regretted he did not know; his almost maternal respect for Thiers; his scorn for the gentlemen of the pavement in Paris; his repeated expression of his conviction during the civil war that the South never could succeed; his outlook upon the American Fatherland—America in time, as he laughingly said, to be the first of German, as she was the first of English, and would be the first of Scandinavian nations; his interest in our negro problem, and whether we would ever solve it; his proud remembrance of the fact that German friendship for the United States came to the royal house as a legacy from Frederick the Great; his shadowing the theory that America had her grave problems still to solve, and that the suppression of the rebellion was useful as showing the reserved strength to deal with what in time might try government and society even more than rebellion—from point to point the conversation of the Chancellor went flowing on and on like some Amazonian river broadening into the sea. Imagination and the consciousness of stupendous glory may have prepared me for the impression formed of Bismarck. I do not think so. Much journalism had made this writer at least cynical about greatness in men. Here, plainly, however, as ap-

parent as the glaciers of the Alps, was a gigantic original intellectual force.

Rather more in the American, Lincoln spirit, was his story of how he kept peace at the Berlin Conference. "Oh, yes," he said, "we have differences and delicate questions. What else could be expected with such minds and such interests. The Frenchman sits near me, and we are good friends, and I do what I can to amuse him. Then there are Gortchakoff and Beaconsfield, and there is the duel—Gortchakoff all spirit. Beaconsfield all self-possession. The talk will sometimes run high and sharp words are spoken. As the room is large, the members rarely talk loud enough to be heard with comfort. So it is so easy when a delegate makes an angry speech, to ask him to raise his voice and make it once more, so that we may have the privilege of hearing it. That is an immense gain toward peaceful deliberation, so much fire goes out of a speech when you have to say it all over again. There are few of us who speak in temper without subsequent vexation. So to repeat a speech gives the speaker time to be sorry. Sometimes, however, that will not do. The speaker; and generally the Englishman or the Russian, is so angry that the more he thinks of his wrongs the angrier he grows, and the second speech is worse than the first, and everything will be on the blaze. Then I have my last resource. Like the great general I bring up my reserves. In an adjoining room I have a splendid set-out, especially in the way of drink—no buffet at the Prussian railway stations half so well appointed—everything, selected to meet the tastes of my noble and princely friends. Well, when the talk verges on the blaze, and Beaconsfield's face grows dark and set and poor Gortschakoff hobbles and scrambles to his feet in passion, which it was hard to do with his infirmities, I say, 'Gentlemen, I am tired and

thirsty, and I think I would like to take a drink. And why not let us all have a drink?' That means a question of an hour at my famous buffet, and we resume our seats in better humor."

There was something so American in this description—such humor, good sense, perception of human nature—that I never recall it except as an illustration of the simplicity of Bismarck's genius, the simplicity inseparable, perhaps, from true genius; the going at a thing in a plain, direct way. Bismarck knew that men were men, and that there comes a time in men's lives when the buffet has undissuadable power. It is by this simplicity that causes are gained and battles are won.

Even as statesmen go in a nation where an emperor lived and ruled and a field marshal held his baton when they were over ninety, Bismarck is no longer a young man. As to his career—well, the career of such a man is not confined to his lifetime. No royal mandate can make or unmake the statesman, because even the decrees of a Hohenzollern do not run into history. Events made Bismarck, and he directed them to the glory of his country and his king. I can well believe the repeated asseverations of his faith in Providence, that he trusted in God as much as Cromwell and Washington—profoundly believed in God as the One who doeth all things well. It was only due respect to the Supreme Being to see that the guns did not moulder in the battlements. There was practical Christianity in that proud, sad, worn face—humility, devotion, but discipline and drill. Generations must come and go before we see the measure of his greatness, the compass and volume of his work. The crown that spurns him was his gift to the Hohenzollerns; the nation which is called upon to disown him owes its unity to his genius. There is justice and generosity in time. Who is the

sovereign whom Richelieu served? Who was the master of Mazarin? What Emperor discovered Metternich, and who remembers whether the dukedom of Wellington came from George the Third or George the Fourth? Surely there is justice and generosity in time. Bismarck is one of the names of the century, a name to live with Lincoln and Napoleon. No royal command can eliminate it. Even now history, which is so often pitiless, sees in Bismarck the central sun of German unity, and the Emperors whom he served as so many happy, obedient stars who shine in his splendor with a contented glory."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

It was my privilege to know Mr. Lowell, and at one time to see much of him under circumstances that gave me an insight into a high and original character. And now as the shadows have fallen let me gather together some memories of the man as I saw him.

I had hardly more than an acquaintanceship with Lowell until we met in Spain. He was Minister to that country when General Grant visited Madrid. There was nothing of the anxiety which Bayard Taylor had shown when Grant was coming to Berlin, as Lowell had no *Tribune* responsibilities to explain. At the same time his interest in Mr. Sumner, the resentment he showed at the removal of Mr. Sumner from the Foreign Relations Committee, had far removed him from political sympathy with the General. I have an impression that Grant divined the feeling, because when he received in Bordeaux a most cordial letter from Mr. Lowell to be his personal guest at Madrid, it embarrassed him. "I feel," he said, with a smile, "as if I were rather afraid of Lowell." He sent a note of regret, giving as a reason that his party was larger than he could expect to take to a private house, and

he would remain at the hotel, glad of some reason that would deprive his refusal of a semblance of discourtesy. When we arrived at Madrid in the early morning, Mr. Lowell was at the depot to receive the General. Nothing could have surpassed his attentions and courtesies during the stay. I know that General Grant formed a high opinion of Lowell, as under circumstances somewhat similar he had formed for Bayard Taylor. These were of the type of men, however, who had only to know one another to be friends.

When I met Lowell he was coming upon his sixtieth year—in the ripeness of his time and fame. He had an easy, nimble, New England way with him, rather slouchy than otherwise, with a singularly fine face, eyes that seemed to have their moods—gray, blended with blue; a countenance that in youth might have been extremely beautiful. "Might have been a model for the accepted portraits of Christ when the hair was chestnut and long." This was the criticism of a gifted woman who knew and admired Lowell. With the Bohemian touch in him, the slight ignoring of the extreme conventionalities, which only the most conventional of men, dukes, admirals and opera singers, can afford, and generally in a cloud of tobacco! It was impossible to be long in his society without receiving the impression that he was a man of genius, with the waywardness, the caprice of genius, disposed to dogmatize, to criticise at times; his mind ever reflecting and refining; apparently in a state of evolution, until you felt about it as when the dove had flown from Ararat,—would that it had some place where it could rest its feet. Out of a mood of caprice Lowell would suddenly blaze into radiant humors, become as attractive as the sunshine on a waterfall, the wittiest, the most serene, the most genial of men. I have seen him when he sur-

passed any one I have ever known in exquisite courtesy and appreciation. I have seen him when the clouds of indifference and contradiction rolled him into night. I saw him beaming with joy and honor, and likewise when sorrow came heavily upon him. Out of this contrast came the regard I attained for Lowell, and much of the tender reverence in which I shall ever hold his name.

A much traveled friend of mine once said that he had never seen so representative a gentleman as the gentleman from America. If I might write England and China in the sentence it would be nearer my own experience. But I have never seen a higher type of an aristocrat than the American—Wendell Phillips, Emerson, Sumner, others who still live, and whom I may not name. The American aristocrat is a type. He has the refined sentiment of aristocracy, without its burdens. He has to sustain no dignity of the peerage, simply his own. Lowell was an American aristocrat, with the bearing, the consciousness of the superior man. He was alive to the amenities and ceremonies of the Madrid circle in which he moved, the most aristocratic in the world. The science of etiquette he had mastered like a votary. He knew the right thing always to do, not what he should do himself, but what people expected of him. Once he was troubled about riding in the carriage with Grant. "I cannot," he said, "give the General the right hand corner, because that belongs to me as Minister, and I could never explain to the people here why I surrendered it even to an ex-President." I relieved him, so far as Grant was concerned, by the remark that the General would not notice what seat was assigned him, and if he did would be instant to recognize that a Minister, even in so small a matter, should not forget what was due to his place.

This is a trifle, a flicker as it were, but it threw so

much light upon what to me at least were the picturesque qualities of Lowell. As my own sentiments upon the business of aristocracy have long been reduced to the formula, that I am rejoiced over the blessed heritage that has fallen to me as a Republican, and at the same time rather sorry that I was not born a duke, the aristocratic touch in Lowell was a charm. Moreover, it was with his blood. That insensible something which belongs to blood and race, which we repudiate and at the same time believe, which has no more express popular acceptance than the fact that out of the nineteen gentlemen who have been elected from the many millions to the Presidency, four have come from two families Lowell embodied. He belonged to the Puritan days. His ancestors had taken part in the foundation of the Government. Three of his nearest kinsmen gave their lives to save it.

I write of one,
While with dim eyes I think of thee.
Who weeps not? Who's fair and brave as he?

The "one" was Robert G. Shaw, the friend with "the firm set mouth and look made up for Duty's utmost debt," who was to fall leading his negroes at Fort Wagner. "The three" were his nephews, General Charles Russell Lowell, who was to go down to his death in the flush of Sheridan's marvelous victory in the valley; James Jackson, brother of Charles, mortally wounded in Virginia, and young Putnam, also his nephew.

Why, hain't I held 'em on my knee?
Didn't I love to see 'em growin'
Three likely lads as well could be
Hahnsome an' brave, an' not too knowin'.
My eyes close up for rain; my mouth
Will take to tremblin' 'roun' the corners,—

and still on in more serious lines, throbbing with sorrow which I will not quote. There was something in the aristocracy that could trace such a line and feel that the blood which had made a country came from the loins from which he sprung.

During our visit to Spain Canovas was in power, at the head of a conservative ministry. Spanish Republicanism had gone down before the bayonets of General Pavia, and was no longer a vital, hardly even a respectable quantity. The radical leaders were in exile, Zorilla sullenly brooding in France over new possibilities for the Republic. General Grant had taken a special interest in the Republican movement in Spain, with a high admiration for Castelar. The brilliant Spaniard had been for a time president of the young Republic, had shown a warm interest in the United States, and notably in one or two speeches an extraordinary knowledge of the country. The hope of meeting Castelar had largely drawn Grant to Spain. They met at Hendaye, the frontier town between France and Spain, and journeyed on the same train as far as Vittoria, where the General remained as the guest of the king to witness some manœuvres, while Castelar went on to the capital. When General Grant reached Madrid, one of his first visits was to Castelar, then living, as I remember, in a modest apartment near the Bull Ring. The visit was an object of some comment in Madrid. In the first place an ex-President, having in the social courtesies to which his former place entitled him received semi-royal attentions, made first calls on no one but ambassadors and princes of the blood. There were many of the highest grandees of civilization in Madrid, and it was with something of a flutter that people learned that the ex-President had passed them by—ignoring them altogether I fear—visiting a private gentleman not much esteemed

by them, a mere member of the Republican opposition, and who but for the easy good nature of King Alfonso would have been an exile.

However, General Grant had his own way of doing things, and had paid Castelar such honor as was in his power, unconscious of the impression he was making upon the hidalgoes and others of immense rank. Mr. Lowell had not been taken into his confidence, perhaps hardly knew of the call, which was informal and personal; but among other things, the General thought it would have a good effect, and show Mr. Castelar the esteem in which he was held, not alone by an ex-President but by the people of the United States, if he would give him a dinner. It would not be much of a dinner, not more than twenty guests, and he would select the guests most agreeable to the host and the Minister. When Mr. Lowell learned of the purpose he was in sore trouble. The General had simply expressed his intention of paying a personal compliment to the ex-President of Spain. As the tides were running in Spain that was enough. Mr. Lowell came to me in a state of consternation. He was shy of speaking to the General, or even of appearing to cross him; but there were consequences involved. As Minister he not only could not personally take part in the arrangement, but if it were given he might as well take his legation from Spain. Mr. Castelar was simply a tolerated person in Madrid, and any such honor as General Grant proposed would be an affront to the ruling classes.

I presumed, as I said to Mr. Lowell, that this mere statement of the case would be enough for General Grant, and would save the Minister, who was shy of what might seem to be a want of acquiescence in Grant's wishes, the trouble of speaking to the General. It was one of the peculiarities of Grant that, having made up his mind to do a thing, he

was impatient of the processes of reasoning which made it necessary for him to change his mind. He could not see why, as a private gentleman, he could not select his guests at dinner. He could not see why, as an ex-President of one republic, he might not entertain the ex-President of another republic, especially when he wished to mark his sense of the friendly relations between them when they were rulers of nations. And, moreover, if the truth were known, he did not respect governments which came from military revolutions, nor thrones which rested upon bayonets, and especially detested whatever savored of Napoleonism. Alfonso had seized the throne in Bonaparte fashion, Bourbon as he was. Grant had half-hoped among other things that he would not meet Serrano because of the part that nobleman had taken in the coup d'état. To have his private actions governed by the susceptibilities of people whom he deemed as usurpers, who were in power from having thrown over a Republic by a successful revolution—this was not to be endured. It was with the utmost reluctance, and only, I am afraid, because the contingency was pressed upon him, that Mr. Lowell's mission would be at an end should he persist in his purpose, that I was requested to say that the dinner would be abandoned. General Grant, however, greatly esteemed Mr. Lowell, and that sentiment governed him in his reluctant and by no means gracious abandonment of the proposed dinner to Castelar.

This trouble, however, of which Mr. Lowell knew nothing, as I did not think it necessary to dwell upon the General's scruples, and which could only have been an embarrassment to his sensitive nature, was not so great as another, which assumed an amusing aspect. Mr. Lowell came into my rooms one morning in a somewhat perplexed mood, and asked me for the names of General Grant's

"secretaries." I told him that for the time I was the only one holding the office and that my rank was only a brevet. Well, it was very strange! The foreign minister had sent for him that morning and said that the King was graciously pleased to agree to the request of General Grant, and confer upon his "secretary" the order of Charles III. I assuredly had borne no such message, and General Grant, so far from seeking decorations had declined them, telling Marshal MacMahon, the President of France, when offered the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, that having held from the American people an office the incumbent of which could not by law receive a decoration, he felt that he would only be showing due respect to the law by declining it. But for this he would have returned to the United States, his breast covered with every order from the Golden Fleece of Spain to the Chrysanthemum of Japan. This I knew, saying that the King's grace had been abused. Mr. Lowell made further inquiries, only to learn that the message had been received duly from Grant, and the royal commands had issued. There was the decoration, where was the "secretary"?

It came out upon inquiry that among those who attended Grant was a gentleman from the continent, Holland, I think, who acted as courier and looked after hotels and trains, and other modest, necessary duties. This gentleman was deeply impressed with the dignity of General Grant, with the importance of his service, and sensitive lest foreign countries should lack in appreciation of the ex-President. Among other things, he had learned upon conference with his fellows in attendance upon travelers at various taverns that the "Foreign Traveling Secretary" of the Prince of Wales, as the courier of H. R. H. was euphemistically called, had been decorated. This incident had made a profound impression in the courier world.

The more it was brooded upon the more it was evident that by some oversight, of Mr. Lowell perhaps, the Spanish Government had been wanting in respect to Grant. For assuredly if the "Foreign Traveling Secretary" of the Prince of Wales were to be a chevalier and wear the button of knighthood, no less an honor should be awarded to Grant. Otherwise the Spanish people would think that England was a greater nation than the United States, which would be a deplorable business. And as Mr. Lowell had not anticipated this contingency, the courier saw that he himself could best solve it by calling upon the Spanish Foreign Minister, and pointing out to his excellency not only how gratifying such a compliment would be to himself personally as a recognition of his unique professional distinction, but a surprising and agreeable compliment to the General.

The emotions of Mr. Lowell when the incident was traced home were like those of Pendennis, when, after his row in the ballroom, he received a challenge from M. Alcide Mirobolaat, Chevalier de Juillet. The prodigious fun of the incident could not have but one effect upon the wittiest man of the day. And as for the proposed chevalier, when under examination by Mr. Lowell, he was unconscious of any departure from propriety; he knew what belonged to the President as well as the Prince of Wales. He knew also better than any mere Envoy how such things were done, and how due access could be had to the royal ear, and he had only given the Spanish Cabinet official an expression of opinion as to his duty in the matter. Due explanations were made to the Foreign Office. The cross was never bestowed, and when we returned to Paris our proposed chevalier retired without, I am afraid, the best feelings toward the American representative.

Lowell seemed to love Spain. He enjoyed a unique

distinction. Grant regretted that Lowell was not Minister to London. "He would be," he said, "an ideal Minister in England." There were various reasons for this opinion. The rare accomplishments of Lowell—his grace and courtesy, his entire appreciation of what gave splendor and acceptability to social diplomatic life, would have meant so much at the Court of Saint James. The very aristocracy of the man—I use the word in its highest sense—would have been at home in an English atmosphere. Furthermore the popularity of Lowell among the ruling classes in Spain, and the Minister's own sympathy with the new government, would have been reasons in the mind of Grant, whose thoughts were running more in the direction of Castelar, for his transfer to another and higher court. I do not think that Lowell believed that Spain was ripe for a republic. Grant did not think that there was a country in Europe that was ripe for anything else. The sympathies of Lowell seemed to be with the oldest and most venerable governments, and I remember his saying in a laughing way that he was afraid if he were a Frenchman he would be a follower of Henry V., "as it was so respectable." There was no such serious thought in the mind of Lowell, who was as Republican as Samuel Adams, but there might have been the fear, the housewifely anxiety that New England republicanism would not bear transplanting, that it would only grow in the stern New England soil. A superficial knowledge of Spain would have led to this opinion, and Lowell's knowledge of Spain was profound. Republicanism was to him, as to many who have studied French and Spanish experiments, such a blessed thing—for the twentieth century! And in the meantime since Republicanism had thus far failed to advance beyond Robespierre, Cavaignac, Louis Napoleon and other contrivances more or less questionable, since

Republicanism had been little more than a synonym for scandal,—such scandals as the Coup de État and the Reign of Terror,—what better than the institutions of a thousand years? When supplanted let it be by the sure, silent influences of education and time, and not by the violence with which continental republicanism was invariably born, and without which it had never thrived except in Switzerland and recently in France.

With this political trend in his mind, a Republican like Samuel Adams, but not quite sure that other than New England soil could support the strenuous, exhausting growth which had produced Samuel, with his fervid fancy and his entire appreciation of the wonderful color and glow of Spain, I can well see the reasons for Lowell's popularity. Moreover, his presence as our Minister was a compliment to this proud court and people. His fame had preceded him. He was known as one of the first of our scholars. His selection only emphasized the compliment paid in sending Washington Irving. He was the star of Spanish society, took the deepest interest in the literature and art of the country, and altogether served America as no Minister could have hoped to do. Mr. Lowell lived in a small, cheerful apartment near the palace. And at this time his home was illuminated and blessed by a gracious presence. No one could have seen it without seeing how much the tact, friendliness, consideration, the supreme qualities of a noble and gifted woman contributed to the triumph of a legation. These were the last days of that triumph. How often I have recalled with regret the fact that the light hours in which I met Mrs. Lowell were the eve of a terrible illness. Upon her life the sunshine was no more to fall. Illness—lingering, treacherous, irretrievable to the end! I refer to this partly because it enables me to bear this slight tribute to

a noble memory, and partly because of the effect the illness of his wife had upon Lowell. When I saw him in London some months later—the change—the terrible change! Misfortune had hit him, and hit him hard. He was never the man I had known in Spain. The sorrow of months fell upon him with the weight of years—of stern, bitter years, the heart worn with barrenness and pain.

The influence of Lowell in England was what General Grant anticipated, when he said in Madrid that if he had his way London should be the post. I fancy it was somewhat like that of Burlingame in China. In the matter of records, clerical work, routine, I question if any Minister made a poorer show than Burlingame, and none a better than Humphrey Marshall. Yet in the matter of definite diplomatic achievement, the name of Burlingame stands first on the roll of American envoys in Peking, and no one would dispute the claim of Mr. Marshall to be the last. Burlingame was a personage in China, as Lowell was in London. What Burlingame did he did with his tongue, by personal address and tact, by winning and holding the confidence of the Chinese. Lowell seemed to repeat this career in London. I can well believe what I read that his personal advice to Gladstone had much to do with the Liberal leader's acceptance of home rule. He saw and could explain those advantages of confederated government which had proved so beneficent in the American commonwealths. Although not so well known as Longfellow or Poe as a writer, Lowell had a strong body of admirers. People as well known as Thomas Hughes used to lecture on him, and I remember the gifted authoress of "John Halifax" telling me of the impression his poems had made upon her, when as a girl she came upon the thin volume which ushered his genius into the world. Lowell believed in what was best in England, was as much at home in

Oxford as in his own Cambridge; believed in her cathedrals, systems and institutions; saw what perhaps his reason confirmed as a first step toward Democracy. Take it as a definite contribution to the peace of the two great English-speaking races and the mission of Lowell should have high praise.

It was that conservative influence, that insensible, instant reverence for the venerable, the deference to time which General Grant regretted to see in a country like Spain, needing as it did to his mind radical democracy, which followed the career of Lowell at home and limited his political power. Owing great honors to the Republican party, he was so rarely in sympathy with it. He venerated Lincoln and admired Garfield, but here his active Republican sympathies ceased. I fancy it came from his over critical instinct. Love made him an abolitionist, but as I heard Wendell Phillips once say he was "an abolitionist suffering from the chill of Harvard." He could be no more at peace with the active movement of that cause than with the active Republicanism of Blaine, Arthur and Grant. A Republican teacher and thinker who could never rise into enthusiasm for Republican leaders until they had received the consecration of assassination, would feel sure that his voice was echoless and silent. In his latter days this was the fate of Lowell. He remained in power while Republicanism governed, and then became an admirer of Cleveland. When Republicanism returned there was no place for him in its councils.

From the point of view that the Minister serves his country best who is the most agreeable to those to whom he is commended, no diplomatist had a higher place than Lowell in Spain. That, however, is not the point of view most pleasing to those to whom diplomacy is an appeal toward a proletariat—a democracy. If our ideas have

any influence, if they should be expected to bear fruit, those who represent us abroad should represent them. This thought I have always believed governed the transfer of Mr. Lowell from Madrid to London, and that the advice upon which it was made came from General Grant, who, when he returned to the United States with his special knowledge of diplomatic men and things abroad, became with the President an authority upon whatever was done to strengthen our foreign service.

JOHN M. KEATING.

The death of Dr. John M. Keating, which forms a part of the sad bulletin of the week, is a distinct loss to his countrymen. Although Dr. Keating did not live until his work was done, he remained long enough for us to realize his value, not alone as a fellow citizen and fellow wayfarer, but as a gentleman of high attainments, of integrity, courage, piety and ambition. A member of the most self-denying of professions, he had mapped out a career of usefulness and industry. This was not to be. He had just passed forty when he died.

For a long and interesting episode in our lives I was in daily and intimate association with Dr. Keating, and thus came to know him so well. He was at the outset of his career, with the enthusiasm and joy of youth. He had accepted medicine with the alacrity and chivalry with which the true gentleman accepts his bride. His life seemed to be in medicine alone. Other things had a minor interest. And as his special studies went toward the distresses of women, and especially of children, his profession was a constant field for the manifestation of that chivalry, which was the highest part of his nature.

The health, the premonitions of the summons which

has just found answer, would have limited the usefulness of a less energetic man. He toiled bravely on. Struggling with his fate as long as was possible under the inclement conditions of a Pennsylvania climate he went to the Colorado countries. I never had the fortune to see him after this departure, but an occasional note brought cheerful tidings not alone as to his work, but improved conditions of health. We knew this meant the inherent bravery of the man. Somehow there was always the sad thought among those who knew him best that the battle of life was one in which he could not hope to be victorious. That he lived so long and did so much should be a cause for gratitude.

Keating belonged to the princely type of men. He had enjoyed what comes from gentle birth, the refinements of society, lofty associations, and the outcome of this was seen in his training. He was a gentleman. With a broad nature, a kindly spirit, and a recognition of the reservations and complaisances of human nature, he was likewise pious and believing—eminently a religious man. He accepted the government of his Church as to the relations between man and his Creator, and his life witnessed the beauty of his faith.

I recall many days with Keating under other skies, when we wandered about the ruins of Delhi and were rapt with the beauty of Taj Mahal. I recall many days in China—the pageantry of never to be forgotten hours in Hong Kong and Canton. It was then that I learned to love the man, and to realize those noble qualities which did so much for his fellow men. And now as the frosts enfold his untimely grave I send his gentle, lofty spirit a message of affection and farewell. The memory, the example, the possibilities of such a life must be our recompense for what we have loved and lost.

Feb. 12th, 1880.

My dear Mr. Young:—I know how sad you were to hear of the death of your dear good friend, Mr. Borie. He appreciated you and took so much pleasure in speaking of you. Such friends are not easily replaced. I have forwarded all your letters to Gen. Grant; and he very much regretted you could not accompany him to Cuba and Mexico.

Your book is much quoted, and grows in interest.

Always your sincere friend,

GEO. W. CHILDS.

48 Gower Street,
Bedford Square,
April 16, 1880.

My dear Russell Young:—I thank you most cordially for your superb gift. I am satisfied that our time has not seen a more attractive and instructive book. When it has been well read and studied, it shall have a place of honor on my shelves. How I envy you all your marvelous experiences!

Your sincere and grateful friend,

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

John Russell Young, Esq.

Upon receiving a copy of "Around the World with Grant."

CHINA AND JAPAN.

Mr. Young's visit to China and Japan was the beginning of a deep interest in Eastern questions, notably those affecting China; and his friendship with Li Hung Chang; and with the Imperial members of the Japanese Government. The most important event of the two years' trip, was his action with Grant, in urging upon China

and Japan, an alliance for controlling the East. Immediately on Grant's arrival, Prince Kung, in behalf of China, sought the General's influence with Japan to avert war over the Loochoo Islands' controversy. Gen. Grant's judgment was to the effect that the two governments should discuss the questions at issue, and come to an understanding, without foreign intervention.

Mr. Young earnestly advised the representatives of the two governments to follow the General's wise counsel.

Li Hung Chang's appreciation is shown in this letter, the beginning of a long and intimate correspondence:—

VICEROY YAMEN, TIENTSIN,
5. Mon. 12th day,
July 1, 1879.

My dear Sir:—Since bidding you farewell at Taku I have not ceased to think of you, and I have now to thank you for your letter of the 23rd from Nagasaki, which tells me of your safe journey.

The remarks made by Gen. Grant to those who received him, when he first landed in Japan, regarding the importance of preserving friendly relations with other countries, and especially of avoiding the interruption of long existing peaceful intercourse with neighboring Governments, are regarded with pleasure as an evidence of the General's philanthropy and comprehensive grasp of the whole situation; and show that he has not forgotten the appeal made by my Government, and myself.

For this, I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude. * * * I would feel much obliged, also, by your writing me fully upon the course of affairs, and I now avail myself of this opportunity to wish you every prosperity.

Yours very sincerely,
LI HUNG CHANG.

The Viceroy again writes:

TIENTSIN, Feb. 14th, 1881.

Dear Mr. Young:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your highly esteemed favors, dated 16th Nov. and 4th Dec., for which I thank you very much. * * * I was greatly obliged to you for the influence, you have already exerted in favor of China among your people.

Please give my best regards to my honored and dear friend, Gen. Grant, for what he has done and is doing, for my country and people.

I will forward your message to His Royal Highness, Prince Kung, and the others of the Chung li Yamen. I feel very much disappointed that Gen. Grant was not elected President of the United States, but no doubt Gen. Garfield is also a very good man. Please give him my compliments when you see him.

With highest esteem I avail myself the honor to be,

Yours very sincerely,

LI HUNG CHANG.

After Gen. Garfield's election, and at Grant's request, Mr. Young was mentioned as minister to China, but Garfield's death interposed, and the appointment was made by President Arthur in the spring of 1882. Mr. Young reached China in August, and one of the first to welcome him was the great viceroy. Arriving at Tientsin, August 9th, Mr. Young wrote:—"Arrived here tired. It is now 8.30 and at nine the Viceroy comes to return my call in splendor. As soon as the Viceroy calls, we leave for Peking."

Mr. Young's first letter home thus describes the Legation, where so much of terror and bloodshed was to be known in the after years.

PEKING, Aug. 14, 1882.

At noon yesterday under a shining sun, my chair swung into the courtyard of the American Legation, and I was finally at the end of a long trip. We had been four days coming from Tientsin, a journey of less than a hundred miles. Heavy rains came and we had to tie up to the banks and there huddle in from the showers.

I have written to Prince Kung for an audience, and then I shall take charge.

The grounds around the Legation are larger than I fancied. Holcombe's house is a beauty. Ours, though larger, is forlorn, and rather barny. The furniture is scant, and there has not been much repairing done in recent years. In the main building there are three bed rooms, and bath rooms, a drawing-room, a sitting-room, and an office. The dining-room will accommodate twenty.

There are two out-buildings that can be used as chambers. They are called "out" but connect with the house. These can be used for guests. There is stabling for four horses, servants' quarters, out houses. The grounds are pretty, a dozen trees large and small, a lawn, that needs trimming, a wall, a gate-house, and a pole from which the American flag floats. The drawing-room will have to have a new ceiling. The paper is not in good repair. We shall have to buy a new carpet for the drawing-room. The paper is cheap, and I am afraid when the $4,000 was spent by the Government, there was a good deal of swindling.

I came in very tired, and very lonely. There are so many things disheartening, an enormous mass of business, and just now a Corean question, which led me to send the "Monocacy."

My first responsibility is a very grave one, and as I lay in bed, and thought it all over, and saw one ugly, black

giant after another, start out of my fancy, and saw so much work to do, I lay awake and thought, and thought, and thought, and then resolved simply and sternly that I had done the best I could, that I would still do so, and the consequences must rest with the power to whom pertaineth all power.

PEKING, Aug. 18, 1882.

I have just returned from my official visit to the Prince Imperial, where I was received as Minister by His Highness and the Cabinet. It had rained all day, but the sun came out. At 1.30 I was swung aloft in my official chair, with horsemen ahead, and Holcombe following in an official cart drawn by a mule. The road was about as bad as could be, for a half hour. When we reached the Yamen or Palace, the members of the Cabinet, all in yellow gowns, came to the door and we saluted in Chinese fashion. Then we passed into another Court, where the Prince received me alone, and led me to a dais or seat on his left—the Chinese post of honor.

The Cabinet sat around an oblong table covered with sweetmeats, cakes, watermelon seeds, Chinese confections. Then a hot wine was poured from a teapot into sherry glasses. The Prince who is the brother of the last emperor and the uncle of the present, is a striking person, with a curious way of pursing his lips and half closing his eyes, and talking in a clear voice.

His reception of me was very cordial. I said that the President had commanded me to convey to his Highness and to his Majesty the assurance of the best wishes of the United States, and so on and so on. The Prince said I was especially welcome as I had been here before, knew China, and had a good word for the people.

Then I drank the wine, draining my glass, and talked to the others. All were men of the highest rank. Holcombe acted as interpreter. The Prince asked me many personal questions. The interview lasted about a half hour, and as I left the British Minister came in to take his leave. I am pleased to know that my reception was so cordial.

To-morrow the Prince returns my call. My reception of the Prince, however, is my official entrance upon the office of Minister.

I have been very busy since I came. I dined with Sir Thomas Wade, and called on the other Ministers who are here, only two, I think, the Jap and the Frenchman. I have written several despatches, one long one on the Corean question, explaining why I ordered the "Monocacy" to Corea. It was a grave responsibility to accept at the outset, but I think the government will approve.

Confidential.

TIENTSIN, 7th February, 1883.

My dear Friend:—I have read with much interest your confidential letter of the 20th ult. in which you gave me valuable information respecting the Canton Indemnity Fund, with your clear and decided views thereon, for which you have my sincere thanks. It would seem that the Fund which has been in existence for a great number of years, should, in justice to China, have been returned to her long ago; but for want of a competent person to take the matter up, it has not yet been paid. Now that you have kindly promised your good offices for obtaining repayment to China of the fund—principal and interest,—I sincerely hope that you will at your earliest convenience bring the matter to the attention of the State Department in Washington, with an earnest request that the same may promptly

be attended to and the sooner the better. I would also beg you to be good enough to write to General Grant and those various Senators and Representatives mentioned in your letter invoking their aid and co-operation, and to use your great influence and best endeavors for the cause so that the said fund may be speedily returned.

With reference to the American citizens' claims about which Mr. Holcombe has by your instructions come to Tientsin, I am pleased to say that a satisfactory arrangement has been come to for their settlement, though the details of which I need not relate here, as I have no doubt Mr. Holcombe has ere this made you fully acquainted with them. I may, however, mention that in consenting to the arrangement, I conceded as much as I possibly could, consistent with my public duty. I did this because I did not wish that a money question, however small, should be left unsettled in view of the close friendly relations now existing between China and the United States, and because I desired to do everything in my power to oblige you on account of our friendship.

I remain, with best compliments,

Your sincere friend,

LI HUNG CHANG.

NEW YORK CITY, Nov. 28th, 1882.

My dear Commodore:—Your very welcome letter came to hand about ten days ago. I should have written to you before, and have no excuse for not having done so except chronic laziness. But there has not been anything of special interest to write about that you do not get from the papers. The result of the election you have heard from and were no doubt surprised. The defeat was expected, but the magnitude of the defeat was a surprise.

It was deserved, and it is to be hoped the lesson will be appreciated. The fact is—aside from the half breed and the mock reform defection—the country has grown tired of war taxation in time of peace. The Democrats have been about as much to blame for the continuance of this taxation as the Republicans; but the latter having control of the government are of course held responsible. My family are all well, and all enjoyed reading your letter. I hope my old friend, Viceroy Li Hung Chang, is well. I have no idea of the cause of the delay in manufacturing the gun which I ordered for him. If it is ever made I will forward it by the first opportunity.

It is gratifying to me that the Corea question passed off without a conflict between China and Japan. A war between those two nations would be as disastrous to both —no matter which came out victorious—as a civil war in any other country. I hope Prince Kung and Li Hung Chang will see this.

With the kind regards of all my family.

Very truly yours,

U. S. Grant.

Gen. Grant's high opinion of Mr. Young's diplomatic services appears in the following letter:—

My dear Commodore:—Your letter of the 8th of March is received; I really feel ashamed that I have not answered your letters more promptly. All you have written me, up to the above date, have been received and read with great interest.

You have, unquestionably, conducted your duties with great skill and ability, and as I had occasion to remark within the last few days, have accomplished more than

all our Ministers to China combined, since I have been acquainted with our relations with that country.

Your former acquaintance with Li has, no doubt, been of great benefit. If you can keep the two countries, China and Japan, from laying hands on each other, you will have rendered a service worthy of any mission. Such a conflict could only end in disaster to both, because, no matter which power proved the stronger, it would end not only in exhaustion of both, but in European powers intervening and compelling a peace, humiliating and degrading to both. * * * * The papers keep you pretty well advised of the situation in this country. * * * * There is no possible hope for the Republican party in 1884, except in the folly of the Democrats in the State and National Legislatures, between now and then, together with the position they are being pushed into on the tariff. * * * *

Present my kindest regards to Prince Kung and Li Hung Chang, and assure them that I feel a deep interest in all that concerns them and the East generally.

Very truly yours,

U. S. Grant.

Upon the election of Cleveland to the Presidency in 1884 Mr. Young wrote of his intended resignation:—

* * * * "The last mail brings us news of the election for the first time, a month after the event. I am very sorry for Blaine; he had my warmest sympathy, but it looks as if his nomination threw away the canvass. * * * * About my own movements, I have nothing to suggest. Cleveland will want my place, and I think of going home in March as soon as navigation opens. The war may control that. * * * *"

LI HUNG CHANG.

A Character Sketch of the Premier of China.

In 1879 when returning from Asia in the company of General Grant, he spoke of the men whom he had known in his journey around the world—especially the sovereigns and statesmen of European and Asiatic nations.

"I have met on this journey," he said, "four great men, Bismarck, Beaconsfield, Gambetta, and Li Hung Chang. I am not sure, all things considered, but Li is the greatest of the four." With Gladstone and kindred enthusiasms, and no special admiration for the political career of Lord Beaconsfield, I recall my impatience over this judgment. But General Grant, intense in his single-mindedness, and the depth and sincerity of his feelings, saw European statesmen, face to face as he had seen them from the camp-fires of City Point. He never forgot, and down in his heart never forgave any apathy to the Union cause. He took unwonted trouble to meet the Duke of Argyle, greeted John Bright with a sentiment akin to adoration, and undoubtedly regarded Tom Hughes as one of England's greatest men. They had been the champions of the North. It was with reluctance, assuredly with indifference, the courtesy of the head, and not of the heart, that he greeted statesmen whom history will place far above Argyle or Bright. But to General Grant they were simply partisans of the South. Lord Beaconsfield, however, had given the North his sympathy. It was undoubtedly a problem of mathematics with that statesman, a presumption justified by what he said to General Grant and myself in Berlin in 1878.

He knew that it was impossible for the South to win,

and England should never weaken her empire by an unavailing and precipitate enthusiasm for an impossible cause.

How far the career of Li Hung Chang will justify the estimate of Gen. Grant, history will show. But he is undoubtedly one of the notable men of the century. When I first saw him in 1879 he was in the fulness of activity, an alert, imposing personage; tall, with a soldierly bearing, and the touch of the poet in his glittering eye. He had less of the passive Oriental manner than was common to Eastern statesmen, the result, I presume, of much contact with foreigners. He would give you the English grasp of the hand, or more likely rest his hand upon your arm in a gentle caressing way when taking leave. He had an abrupt and at times, turbulent manner,—with capacities, I was told, for vehement anger,—and there were occasions when courtiers and high people would seek safety in flight, as was the custom in Berlin in that era of flying bootjacks and imminent cudgels when the father of Frederick the Great was king. Li was never vouchsafed to me, in this condition, was always a stately imperative person, with a capacity for asking questions, and given to mockery and banter and unique views of western affairs. He welcomed talk running into narrative, did not disdain gossip, liked to hear of the customs of other lands, relished anecdotes of eminent men,—Lincoln, Grant and others. He had read international law, and I remember his handing me a copy of Wheaton in Chinese, and asking me to point out the passages in which Wheaton had laid it down that a negro should have more privileges than a Chinaman. The Viceroy intended this criticism as an offset to some demand I was presenting, for in his soul he cared no more for the emigration question than the average American does for the Digger Indians in Lower Cali-

fornia, and when I implied as much, he turned it off with a laugh. It was the only conversation I ever had with him on the burning issue of emigration. He called it "an English trade question," and cared nothing about it.

Li Hung Chang was princely in his courtesy, considerate, strove to divine some way of conferring a favor, would if possible, anticipate your wishes, and do it offhand. He would send his steam yacht fifty miles to render a service to the ladies of the legations. His industry was incessant, and he kept in touch with everything. He would innocently read telegrams passing to Peking through Tientsin, and if at all vague would send inquiry to the receiver as to their meaning. I remember that a foreign Minister heard of the death of a member of his family through a message of condolence from the Viceroy, which arrived before the despatch containing the news. The despatch had been entrusted to the Viceroy and was belated in its delivery. This tendency of the Viceregal mind to keep informed, by other people's telegrams was, if rumor was correct, utilized by some of the embassies. It is said that when negotiations came to a hitch they would be advanced by a confidential message of a warlike character addressed to an admiral through the Tientsin office, advising him to prepare for serious business.

Li was ever a Chinaman, and not superior to the superstitions of his race. There were stories of his adoration of a snake, at one time current in diplomatic circles. We look upon such performances very much as a Chinese observer would regard the acceptance of the "Real Presence" by Napoleon of the doctrine of eternal wrath as expounded by Cromwell. As a matter of fact, it was in the simplicity of his greatness, as history records of most men of his stamp, that Li did not disdain the superstitions of his people. Essentially a Chinaman, it is

difficult to make such a character clear to the Western mind. Learned beyond any man of his class, and yet his learning would be ignorance to us. He knew a few English words, which he would speak in a timid, laughing way, like a child with a Christmas toy which it did not quite comprehend. Otherwise he was familiar with no other language but his own. It was beneath his dignity to acquire the barbarian forms of speech known as European and French. He would not say this, because he was too polite, but it was in his innermost thought. He resented what had been done against China by Western powers, and would break out into bitter words and sum up England's part in the opium wars, the Japanese attack on Formosa, the spoliation of the Northern provinces by Russia, and the French invasion of Tong King, as showing that China had no friends among foreign nations. Her very love of peace was turned against China. He was tolerant of the missionaries, indulgent, caring nothing about them. I never could persuade him into serious talk on the missionary question. He rather spoke of missionaries as a great land-owner would of some gypsies who had encamped on his estate. So long as they left his chickens alone, he did not care. In medical missionaries, he took a deeper interest, and among his contemplated reforms was the introduction of Western medicine. "If these people," he said to me one day, "ever come into the Chinese heart the physician will open the door." The theory of any body of men and women coming over the sea to a strange land and enduring hardships for the good of the people was something no Chinese intellect could comprehend—not even the intellect of Li Hung Chang. There must be some ulterior purpose. And he would insist upon associating the gospel with the sword, and see in the devoted persons who stood on the high-

ways and preached Christ, the men who had battered down the Taku ports and forced opium upon China. I cannot call it altogether obliquity of vision. It was rather an unfortunate coincidence of circumstances. The faith of the Bible was compelled to bear in his eyes the stain of the sword.

The Viceroy's special grievance was opium. This was the curse of China. It was debasing her best people into a condition worse than slavery. It had been forced upon them so that out of its revenues England might govern India. Here was a drug—a government monopoly in India—sold at an incredible profit, and yielding India an annual income of several millions of rupees. China paid more for opium than she received for silk. I spoke to him once about the increase of the poppy crop in China-fields red with the flower—and suggested that it would be well to strike the evil at home. His intention, he answered, was to encourage the growth of the home poppy until the India supply was driven out. Then a decree from the throne would destroy opium in China and turn every poppy field over to rice and wheat.

It was never an easy matter to transact business with Li, and yet I always found him a man of his word. He would turn a question over and over again—look into it minutely,—quick to detect the slightest error in your statement. It was never safe to go to him without having your case prepared. He would take nothing for granted, nor accept "assurances" or "understandings." No Rialto usurer was severer in the reading of the bond. Blandishments or menaces were in vain. He knew the tension which each state would endure, what was meant by Gladstone or Salisbury ascendency in England, and the meaning of Democratic or Republican advent to power in the United States. He knew how to play one against the

other,—when to give a significant smile to the ambassador of one power, or a no less significant shrug to the envoy of another power. He never overlooked the relations between Germany and France, nor neglected the jealousies of Russia and England. But when once you had an understanding with Li—a complete accord—the matter was done. He never professed affection for foreign powers, and was free from sentiment so far as they were concerned. If he ever had sentiment as regards foreigners, it was toward General Gordon and General Grant. But to the average foreigner Li was the man behind the counter—his business to make the best bargain. You came there to serve your purpose; he would serve that of China. He had no pride of opinion as against a fact, and once the fact became patent, he would follow it to its conclusion with logic and courage. In this, Li was unlike any other statesman I ever met in China, and it gave a reason for his prolonged tenure of power. The advances of Li to the foreigners in China were never received graciously, and he ceased to make them. I was with him on one occasion when he visited Shanghai, and the attitude of the foreign population was that of indifference or contempt. I think he was invited to one or two houses, and made an afternoon visit to a rural club, looking at a game of lawn-tennis. Otherwise he was ignored. The commercial classes in the East never estimated the Chinese except as factors in commerce. I remember the disappointment of Sir Harry Parkes over this failure of his own people in Shanghai to bestow on Li the attentions his rank and his general policy toward foreigners deserved. There may have been a deep policy in their attitude, but I never could understand it except upon the theory that the only way in which to deal with the Orientals was after the fashion of the East India company. The success of that famous

commercial experiment would have justified the belief. But there was this exception. The Chinese and the Hindoos came from different races. The effeminate, submissive, compliant Hindoo, enervated under the searching Indian sun, was another being from the Chinaman, who lived in temperate lands, and could endure the severest tests of civilization.

Although the Viceroy was wedded to peace he had his valiant moments, and at times he would lose temper, and especially with Japan. The growth of Japan in Western ideas, her pains with her army and navy, the introduction of Western school systems, Li watched with suspicion. Why should the Japanese want to be Europeans? Were they ashamed of their ancestors? Why not, with the color, the poetry, the art, the faith, the history, the legends of an immemorial past, remain Japanese? "How would I look," he would say, "in French clothes, or talking French,—eating French food?" The sweeping of Japan toward Western customs he would discuss in a bantering way, seeing the comedy side and viewing the phenomena as indicating weakness and indecision in the Japanese character. He was an inflexible, conservative Chinaman. He would not remove a button from his garments, or a hair from his pigtail. So it had been for centuries. So the fathers had appointed. So it must ever be.

The impressions thus made upon Li by the "advancement of Japan toward civilization" led him to underestimate that country. There had been irritating questions arising out of the Japanese expedition to Formosa, and Japan's claim upon the Loo Choo Islands. These had been adjourned rather than settled, leaving the Viceroy in a temper with his bustling neighbor. But his special concern were the armies of Japan. Nor was he deceived as to their ultimate purposes. "The only nation

Japan can fight," he would say, "is China. And why war upon China? We have no designs upon Japan. Of what use the few islands that compose her kingdom, to one of the largest empires on the earth? It taxes human endurance to govern what we have. We are not an invading people and why this army and navy? It can have but one aim. When that aggression comes, China will sweep Japan from the face of the earth."

While these were the opinions of Li in his valiant moments, they never interfered with his steady policy of peace. He was sedulous to maintain terms with Japan. I know this, from personal knowledge, as time and again he requested me, as Minister, to do him some good office at Tokio, looking toward peace. It was to our government that he always turned when peace was in peril. In this he was sustained by the high-minded nobleman who then represented Japan in Peking, Count Ennomotto, now a member of the Mikado's cabinet. Count Ennomotto was a passionate believer in peace, seeing in war only the playing by Japan the game of Western aggression. To his patience, wisdom, and untiring zeal, sustained by the American government, I attribute the maintainance of peace with Japan at the time of the war between China and France. If Japan had taken part in the contest, and allowed her ports to become the base of French operations against China, the result would have been disastrous to the Celestial Kingdom. The Viceroy was grateful to the Japanese and especially to Count Ennomotto for averting this catastrophe. And when Japan, as a further earnest of good will, sent a special embassy to China, headed by Count Ito, the present Japanese premier, the Viceroy received it with honor, and saw in its coming a crowning victory in diplomacy.

I recall the importance attached to that Ito embassy,

hoping as we did that it was the end of strained relations between China and Japan.

I had many conversations with the Viceroy regarding it. So far as Japan was concerned he had been profoundly influenced by the advice of General Grant, whose last words to him, when leaving China, had been that a good understanding between the two nations was essential to their autonomy and development. The General had repeated this advice in letters from Japan, and in others to myself which I had duly conveyed to the Viceroy. I suggested that it would have a happy effect if he would return Count Ito's visit, and go to Japan as the head of a stately embassy and see the Japanese for himself. I knew the Mikado would honor him, and believed that personal intercourse with the rulers of Japan would improve relations. He would thus be following the custom of other nations. What would have become of such an embassy it would be idle to anticipate, but I am confident it would have been a long step toward that complete understanding between the two nations so essential to their independence, and that it might have tended to prevent this deplorable war.

THE VICEROY AND THE UNITED STATES.

The policy of the Viceroy toward the United States was amity. He believed, as he would say, in his cynical way, that the United States was the one power which had nothing to gain by assailing China,—that it was our selfish interest to be friendly, and therefore he could have no anxiety. Moreover, we were a power that had put two million of men in the field, and that was a potent factor in the Oriental mind. He aimed at the closest commercial alliance with us, and was ever willing to come more than

half way. He sold his China Merchant Steamship Company to American merchants, because, as he said, if they could not fly the Chinese flag he preferred to see them under the American. These relations were strengthened when the American Legation departed from the old policy of co-operative action. This policy, when studied, simply meant in practical experience that when matters went to please Great Britain there was joint action. Otherwise, there would be no action until Great Britain was pleased. And as there were few questions in which the United States were concerned, it was deemed best for the American interests that the Legation should act alone, and, like its British associate, unite in "joint action" when such a course served the United States. The Viceroy understood this attitude, and our relations were ever cordial. There were few points of foreign policy that were not submitted to us in an unofficial form. Although the Viceroy did not live in Peking, but at Tientsin, some eighty miles away, and although he never took part in the deliberations of the Foreign Office in the presence of foreign ambassadors, he was in constant touch with it. Nothing was done without his consent, and when a question became critical a journey to Tientsin by the foreign Minister was the only way of drawing it to a head.

I recall one incident as showing how closely the Viceroy held his fingers on the pulse of the machine. One evening Sir Harry Parkes, the British minister, came to our Legation. Sir Harry Parkes had been in the East for nearly half a century. Beginning in his boyhood as a student interpreter in the English consular service, he had risen to be Minister to Japan and Envoy to China. I knew him on terms of intimacy, an intrepid, untiring, vigilant gentleman, with acute, wide intelligence, prudent, painstaking—the kindliest of souls, but given to bursts of anger

when matters would not yield to his indomitable will. Parkes had known China in opium war days better than in recent years, and his theory of dealing with the Chinese had been formed upon a study of the character and career of Warren Hastings. The Indian proconsul was his one admiration, and his favorite walking-stick had, as he told me, been given to one of his ancestors by Hastings, and was a treasured heirloom in the family.

A temperament like that of Parkes, trained in the school of Warren Hastings—the belief that force was the only influence the Oriental would respect—was not calculated to have smooth experiences when opposed to Li Hung Chang. There was always a ripple in their relations, which, to say the least, prevented diplomatic society in Peking from becoming stagnant.

When Sir Harry Parkes came into my room he was half indignant and half amused over an incident at the Foreign Office. He was pressing some question upon the Ministers. It was a just English claim, one of unquestioned merit—which had been hanging and hanging—delays vexatious and inscrutable and no longer to be endured and so he was arguing his case with feeling. And yet in the middle of his statement the Ministers arose in a body and left the council-chamber and he came away—and he could not but see in that action a rudeness which he was not disposed as a British Minister to endure.

Sir Harry Parkes in repose was ever an animated being, but Sir Harry Parkes in a state of debate—especially with Chinamen—had in him cyclonic vibrations. His deep blue eyes, the questioning forehead and menacing eyebrows, the clanging, strident voice and the tendency to hammer the table with his fist, or send the nearest book or inkstand careering on some errand of emphasis, were apt to create a sensation in a tranquil Chinese council-

chamber. And as there could be no act of rudeness in Chinese eyes so inexcusable as expressing argument by violent gestures the question arose as to whether his deportment had not been misunderstood and whether the Ministers may not have left because they thought that he meant to insult them.

Sir Harry averred he had done nothing that he had not seen Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli do in the House of Commons, and the slight was not to be endured. He knew his course and simply came to tell me the news as his colleague and friend.

But the atmosphere of the House of Commons with its turbulent horse-play is one thing, while that of a calm Oriental Yamen is another, and I was not surprised to learn from a member of the Cabinet, who came after Sir Harry had left, that the foreign Ministers had never been so insulted as by this irascible Envoy—that he shook his fist at them and looked as if he meant personal violence and that they never would see him again.

Here was a Minister threatening to take down his flag because the Cabinet had insulted him, and the Cabinet resolved to send him home because he had been rude to them, and yet with no thought of offense in the minds of either party—nothing but good will. And although from this point of view, the incident was amusing, it was a quarrel boding no good.

I was puzzling over the business, seeing how it stood, and yet not clear as to what intervention might do, when next morning a messenger rode into the Legation yard with a letter from Li Hung Chang. He had ridden all night from Tientsin—haste, post-haste! Li had heard of the quarrel by telegraph, and was alarmed. There must be some way of ending it. China could not be on ill terms with Great Britain; and he had advised the

Cabinet to make a settlement, and to take any suggestion that our Legation might offer. And above all I was not to introduce his personality into the controversy or quote him as having given advice. I would know from his letter the heart of the Chinese government. There was no difficulty in conveying from one party to another the assurance that no insult had been intended by either; that it was an unfortunate misunderstanding, and that they should meet on the old terms as if nothing had happened, with no allusion to the incident or any of its details.

It is the custom—one of the evidences of that devotion to father and mother which distinguishes the Chinese above other people—that when either parent dies the sons shall resign honors and employments to repair to the ancestral tomb, and there in sackcloth and ashes mourn for a long period. When I was in China as Minister there was speculation in political, and especially opposition, circles as to what would happen upon the death of the Viceroy's mother. She was then in extreme old age—up in the nineties—and in the course of nature must soon pass away. This meant the resignation of the Viceroy—his enforced retirement from all office and a political revolution.

It came to pass in time, and Li hurried home to celebrate the rites at his mother's grave. His brother, Viceroy at Wuchang, accompanied him. Li had finally gone, and then what! Opposition had full sway, and before the season of sorrow was over his place would be filled and his power a memory. Suddenly, like a bolt from the blue, came a decree from the throne, signed with the vermilion pencil, commanding Li to lay aside mourning, and at the end of three months resume office. Such a decree was without precedent. To suspend the mourning rite in

Chinese eyes was as if the Pope were to suspend one of the sacraments. But the Emperor was sacred and the command was supreme. His brother, Li Hang Chang, was permitted to remain at the tomb and do the filial reverences. Li Hung Chang returned to Tientsin.

I was at Chefoo when the summons was issued, and one morning I saw the Viceroy's yacht come into the harbor. I sent my duty, and said that if a visit would not be an intrusion upon his period of mourning I would go on board and pay my respects. His staff officer came with not only a cordial invitation, but the expression of an earnest desire on the Viceroy's part to see me. I had had an idea, based upon the way in which sacrificial duties are performed at home, that the sackcloth and ashes and physical privations were perfunctory or sentimental. But when I met the Viceroy I saw the signs of mourning. He looked like a starving beggar. He wore the coarsest raiment. His beard and forehead had not been shaved, and his queue hung down from a clotted mass of hair. Lines of sorrow streaked his face, and his hands were grimy as if he had been lying in ashes. And yet this was a nobleman, careful as to comeliness in person and the niceties of raiment, rather disposed to ostentation than otherwise. There was every evidence that this, the first man in the empire, had been as if he were its meanest subject, down in the very dust, in privation and penance, doing reverence to his mother's memory as appointed by faith. A few days later when I met him at Tientsin, the beggar's mien had vanished and he was again the sumptuous and well-appointed nobleman. The incident, however, showed the depth of the Viceroy's devotional feeling, and that the creed of his ancestors was not absent from his life.

The Viceroy occupied a unique position among statesmen and rulers in this—that he had risen by merit alone.

As the cadet of an humble family living in a province on the Yangtse Kiang he had passed through the various stages of Chinese education, reaching the Hamlin College in Peking and graduating with eminence. He knew his Mencius and the words of the Superior Man, and his share of the forty thousand verses, which, as a Chinese scholar once told me, were necessary to proper attainments. He was a poet and a philosopher, one of the literati. And as in China the literary man holds the highest place in the social and political scale, he received civil employments. His field came within the region of the Tae Ping rebellion. This devolved military duties and brought him into relations with that extraordinary combination of the mystic, the soldier and the adventurer, General Gordon, of the British army. British history tells the story of the suppression of the rebellion as if Li sat at the feet of Gordon and was pushed into victory. Chinese history, however, and the traditions, other than those of English origin, prevalent in China, gave Li the credit of having broken the back of this rebellion. There was a quarrel between Li and Gordon at the time of the surrender of the rebel leaders, because Li awarded them instant execution. Gordon, it is said, went to the extent of pursuing Li with a pistol, meaning to shoot him for a breach of faith. The temper over, and Gordon realized that if Li had failed to take the heads of the rebels he would have lost his own.

In 1880 Gordon visited Li and was for some time his guest at Tientsin. Russia was threatening another of her earth-hunger wars, and Li was anxious for the counsel of this resolute man. Gordon's advice, so the rumor ran, was that Li should take his command to Peking and overturn the dynasty, offering to go along and help. The pale Viceroy listened in silence. I question if history tells of

a more alluring temptation. Before such troops as he could have commanded, with the aid of a brilliant soldier like Gordon, Peking would have fallen. China under the new dynasty would have had a different place in the world. The revolution would have been among the landmarks of the century. But Li in 1880 was no longer a young man. He lacked the adventurous spirit. The dynasty had loaded himself and his family with honors. His brother had been created a Viceroy. Even if ambition had had its will, the sentiment of gratitude was not dead. There was perhaps another thought. A dynasty created by the sword of Gordon might have rested under that sword, and Li would have reigned as the pupil of an English resident, like the Rajahs of Hindostan.

Whether some hint of this came to light or not I cannot say. But the presence of Gordon in Tientsin and these repeated conferences with Li reached St. Petersburg and London. They may have awakened anxiety in Peking, and assuredly did not escape the keen eye of Sir Robert Hart, the gifted statesman who presides over the customs service and has long been the confidential adviser of the Chinese Foreign Office. Russia was especially uneasy. She was not friendly with China and could not view without alarm the presence of Gordon talking military themes to the Viceroy. Complaint was made to London and Mr. Gladstone, ever complaisant where Russia was concerned, gave orders that General Gordon should quit China. So the incident closed. The vision of the crown passed away.

The relations between General Grant and Li had almost the element of romance. From the moment that General Grant arrived in China the Viceroy took the deepest interest in his movements. Messages from him awaited us at every point. Arriving at Tientsin on an American

war vessel, before we could debark the Viceroy came on board. I remember the meeting, the long, searching, curious glances bestowed upon General Grant, the courtesy, the deference and the respect. The fact that General Grant had held sovereign power sank deeply into the Viceroy's mind. And sovereignty could not be divested by any mere resignation or supersession by electoral forms. Then came the element of imagination to be expected from a poet like Li, whose mind was permeated with hyperbole and Oriental fancies. He and General Grant were born in the same year. The name of General Grant's opponent was Lee. His own name was Li. Their stars were in accord. I recall the fervor with which the Viceroy evolved this graceful fancy, as though it were a message from the stars.

His cynicism and haughtiness vanished. The fates had ordained their meeting for some high purpose. When General Grant returned his visit the Viceroy sent a guard and an official chair lined with yellow silk. Yellow was the imperial color. It could only be worn by the Emperor or Princes of the royal house. For the Viceroy himself to have ridden in such a chair would have been a sacrilege. But Grant had been a sovereign. American men of war gave him royal honors—and why not? And so all Tientsin saw and with wondering eyes that yellow chair surrounded by a guard. No such sight had been seen by Chinese eyes. For if the Emperor had been in the yellow chair every house would have been closed and the inhabitants in hiding from the glow of too much glory.

The Viceroy not alone attended the different entertainments given by the consuls and other officials in Tientsin, but arranged splendid feasts of his own. And during the entertainments he must needs have the whole party photographed, as well as a special photograph of himself

and the General. I remember the interest with which he arranged the details for the picture. The table must be so. The tea cups must be in such a fashion. And while the left hand was the place of honor in China, General Grant must appear on the right, as that was the place of honor in the United States. I was told by one of the Viceregal household that when General Grant left, the Viceroy moped about for a day or two and would do no work.

I was present at these conversations and remember that they were in a serious vein, with nothing of the banter common to the Viceroy. He studied whatever General Grant said and plied him with a multitude of questions. The theory and practice of government, the point of divergence and resemblance between China and the United States, the meaning of progress in its essentials and details, the wisdom of progress—these were the themes. General Grant was fitted to deal with such a man as Li Hung Chang. He had lucidity of view and sincerity of thought, and never said what was not mathematically exact for the grace of saying it. He realized the relations between China and the United States, and especially as Li summed them up, the difficulties of China so far as progress was concerned. Some law of nature would diverge the overflowing stream of China into the United States. Here on one side of the ocean channel was a teeming, on the other an empty country, the one an overflowing reservoir, the other an exhausted receiver. The law of nature would have its way.

General Grant urged upon the Viceroy that the solution of this Chinese problem—the outlet for a redundant population—was in the settlement of such islands as Borneo or New Guinea, or the newly opened countries of the Congo. There were vast tracts abandoned to the savage

and the beast of prey, even as America had been abandoned when Columbus saw San Salvador. Western enterprise had taken America and subdued the savage and driven out the beast of prey, and made it the seat of a ripe, fruitful and magnificent civilization. The energies of China under wise direction and with the accord of friendly governments would be diverted to these new lands, and they could establish new Shanghais and new Cantons. General Grant felt assured that any such policy would meet the heartiest sympathy, and he believed the practical support, of the United States. For as must be apparent to the Viceroy, the very tendency of things—geographical relations, the laws of supply and demand, and especially the currents of commerce after the Isthmus canal across America was opened—would necessitate the closest commercial relations between China and the United States. There would be an alliance for the good of both, and which contemplated alone the emigration of the commercial or learned classes from one country to the other.

The Viceroy believed that such an alliance would be the realization of his highest aims. The difficulty as to the proposed experiments in New Guinea and the Congo, arose from the fact that the Chinese were not a colonizing people—they lacked adventure. The emigration to California, the Pacific islands and elsewhere was the throwing off of a poor, helpless surplus that must live somewhere, and no movement of the people. There was no emigration from China. No Chinese laborers went out from China, but from the British island of Hong Kong. The British had made it an industry, as with slaves in the days of slavery. The Chinese followed civilization and lived on it. Their genius lay in work and thrift, and could only have full play where civilization already existed.

The Viceroy went over the railway problem. The Russians were building railways across the northern plains. But they disturbed only the shepherds and caravans. Suppose he built a railway from Chinghiang to Peking a distance of eight hundred miles, along the Grand Canal. What would he do with his fleet of junks and rice boats, the masts of which could be seen for miles from the windows of his Yamen? Here on these boats families lived —parents, grand-parents, and children. It was their only home, and their one industry was the transport of tribute rice to Peking. Transfer this rice to railway cars, and it would be a saving to the government. But what would he do with the twenty thousand families thrown on his hands? The problem with Chinese statesmen was the support of a vast population. It was alone rendered possible by the fish and the rice—the fish which came from the rivers and seas, the rice which came from a soil of unexampled fertility. And even with the utmost care, famines would sweep away millions. "There is but one relief from famine," said General Grant, "the railway." A comment that made a deep impression on the Viceroy.

When General Grant took leave of the Viceroy, he accompanied him down the Peiho river on his yacht, going out to sea to our man-of-war, the "Richmond." The Chinese fleet had assembled by his orders to give stately ceremonies of farewell. The two men parted never to meet again. Amid the firing of cannon, the manning of yards and all possible functions of honor, we steamed over the smoothest of seas to Japan. Nor did the impression made by this memorable visit on the Viceroy fade away. I never saw him that he did not refer to General Grant. His last words on taking leave at the close of my mission were a message of sympathy to the General in his fatal illness. No Minister comes to the United States from

China without some friendly word for the Grant family. When the New York monument was proposed, among the first subscriptions were $500 from his private purse. And upon every Decoration Day a trophy of flowers is by his orders laid upon the tomb at Riverside as an evidence of the reverence felt for an illustrious memory by Li Hung Chang.

As to the estimate of Li Hung Chang, by General Grant, as a statesman worthy to rank with Beaconsfield, Gambetta, and Bismarck, it will be remembered that General Grant was not given to extravagant opinions of men, and that he had seen Li upon terms of extreme intimacy. It is difficult to find a standard of comparison. Behind the Western statesmen were established civilizations, the forces of advanced empires. They did not create, but carried out what was begun. Bismarck was the successor of Frederick the Great, Gambetta of Mirabeau, while Lord Beaconsfield could only have found his ideal in the conquering soul of Chatham. Li Hung Chang was alone with his problem. History gave him no precedent, the political forces of China no encouragement, the outside world no sympathy. The Western nations looked upon China with carnivorous eyes. He would preserve the conservatism of China, and at the same time bring that conservatism into synchronical relations with other people. He accepted the appalling duty of war, realizing that if China would endure, she must take heed of blood and iron. He rejected nothing, was constant in the presence of any problem. He saw the forces of electricity. He comprehended the meaning of credit, the dependence of China upon the money markets, the fact there was an education beyond the Hamlin College—that men must live in deeds and not in dreams. Unable to educate young

Chinese noblemen in Western military schools, he would found better schools and train them at home. Seeing that China was paying Manchester fifty millions annually for cotton goods, he would build his own mills, in which the Chinese would handle their own yarns. He established the China Merchants' Company, and brought his commerce under his own flag. He strove to establish his banking system, and only failed through the folly of agents. There was no interest, no industry, no commercial establishment of the foreigner in China, which he did not mean in time to supersede in the interest of his people.

Whether the Viceroy will leave behind him a party devoted to this strenuous policy and ready to carry it on when his part is done, or whether it is but the expression of his genius and will—to end with him—I cannot say. There may be in the business larger issues than the boldest care to anticipate—issues whose magnitude may be conceived when we contemplate what is really meant by forcing the sinister litany of war upon a nation whose inhabitants comprise one-fourth, or perhaps one-third, of the human race—a nation consecrated to peace by centuries of detestation of war, and yet descended from men whose prowess was once the terror of Europe and the sorrow of Asia.

The attitude of the Viceroy to the present war will, I think, be like that of General Scott to the American civil war. He is no longer a young man. Too old to take the field, younger soldiers will win the honors of the field. It would have been a different story had the contest occurred when he was forty, and not, as now, an old man of seventy-three, burdened with years and illness. He could then have armed and led the empire.

Confronted with a peril he never invoked, he looks out upon a storm he cannot calm.

I see in him an historical figure of the century—the one Chinese statesman with the prescience and courage to lead his people toward what is best in our Western civilizations; a masterful, intrepid spirit, who has done his work with fortitude. I see in him a pathetic figure, remembering his own fair, proud hopes as to China and Japan,—now dashed to the ground through this miserable and unnecessary war. I see in him the truest of Chinese patriots, loving his native land with single-minded devotion. I see in him a statesman ever the friend of the United States. And recalling as I do many personal kindnesses during the long period of our friendship, I send him in this trying hour a word of affection and good will, with the hope that out of a war which can have no other incentive than intrigue of Western powers,—looking toward the endless implacable game of aggression in Asia, —China and Japan will emerge, with the happy if sadly earned consciousness that their independence can only be maintained by friendship, alliance and peace.

In 1896, the great Viceroy was sent to St. Petersburg, to represent the Emperor of China, at the coronation of the young Czar.

After that event, he continued his trip through Europe, returning to China, by New York, and the Canadian Pacific road. At Mr. Young's invitation (sent to Li when he first left China), he promised to break his journey, and come to Philadelphia, as our personal guest, for six hours; which event was one of the most unique and delightful in a life's experience, and until the end of Mr. Young's life the great Viceroy continued his ardent and faithful friend.

A FAMOUS DINNER.

(From the Philadelphia *Times*.)

"We talked yesterday about the personality of that lovable man, the late John Russell Young. (An outgrowth of his engaging qualities and strength of individuality back of his gentleness and modesty, are to be seen in the fact, that the great men of the earth found in him such congenial companionship that they affiliated with him naturally.) There are many illustrations of this trait of his character that are worth the telling, and with which the narrator happens to be personally familiar. For instance, when General Roger A. Pryor, in October, 1890, was elevated to the bench by Governor Hill, of New York, Mr. Young invited forty gentlemen to meet him in a quiet dinner at the Astor House, where the great journalist was then living. Each one was summoned in a written note in the host's microscopic handwriting, and in the lower left-hand corner of each of these informal missives were the two words: 'No speeches.' There were three unavoidable declinations, those of the Duke of Marlborough, Edwin Booth and Robert G. Ingersoll. The remaining thirty-seven made a gathering of which A. K. McClure, in the course of the evening, said: 'Such an assemblage was impossible prior to the rebellion, and there has been none such since, and it is not likely that any man at this table will ever look upon its like again.'

"Those present at the bidding of the quiet-voiced host represented the most eminent men in nearly every walk of American life, but the gathering was most remarkable by the past lives of those who were brought into social contact. Chauncey M. Depew not only exchanged badinage

with Henry George, the Socialist, but in warmly glowing terms—for, of course, the admonition as to 'no speeches' was not observed, for where Americans gather there will be talk—presented Grover Cleveland as 'the typical American.' John S. Wise, then of Virginia, (who when still in his teens carried the last despatch from Jefferson Davis to Robert E. Lee,) introduced to the gathering General W. T. Sherman, then the general of the United States army, who was present to do honor to one of the fiercest spirits of the Confederate army in the person of Roger A. Pryor. These situations alone would be sufficient to make any dinner memorable, but in addition to those mentioned there were present Senator Arthur P. Gorman, who but for his smiling face and suave manner might be termed the Bismarck of the Democratic party; Senator George Hearst, of California, whose wealth at that time would make the Dumas fable of 'Monte Cristo' pale into insignificance and which is now being employed by his son in rattling the dry bones of New York journalism; General Daniel E. Sickles, who left one of his legs upon the field of Gettysburg, and is so proud of the fact that he has never called upon an artificer to supply the place of the missing limb; Mark Twain, who has made countless thousands better for the laughing; Joseph Jefferson and the late William J. Florence, whose achievements in the high profession of mummers are an integral part of the histrionic history of this country; George Jones, then the proprietor of the New York *Times;* Daniel Dougherty, Philadelphia's silver-tongued orator, who was then winning new fame in the metropolis; John B. Haskins, one of the most renowned members of Congress in ante-bellum days and a man with millions to burn; Thomas Nast, whose cartoons inspired Union hearts during the rebellion, who made Boss Tweed's nose a household effigy, who idealized his idol, Grant, and whose pencil

fell from his grasp when the editor of *Harper's Weekly* commanded him to picture the charms and beauties of the Mugwump; Murat Halsted, then the field marshal of Western journalism; Daniel Lamont, who had been not only the Secretary but friend and adviser of President Cleveland and destined in the latter's second term of office to become Secretary of War; Dr. A. P. Martin, the president of the University of Peking, and the most distinguished of Chinese scholars; F. B. Carpenter, the artist who painted the famous picture of Lincoln and his Cabinet, engravings of which are familiar throughout the land; Augustin Daly, whose genius has made a company of American comedians command the commendation of the most prominent capitals of Europe; these and many more of almost equal mark were brought together in a quiet, private gathering at the simple request of the modest-mannered man who sat at the head of the table, saying little above the whispered intonations that distinguished his conversation. Who else could have had such a response made to his simple invitation?

"Another example of the regard in which he was held by men of force, the closeness of his touch with those who have made history in our day!

"In April, 1893, he brought together on the battlefield of Gettysburg a truly Homeric gathering, a meeting of heroes who fought their battle over again thirty years after the tide of blood had deluged the fair fields of one of Pennsylvania's garden spots. As the result of John Russell Young's invitations, the scene of that famous carnage seemed for two days to throb with new strife when Longstreet and Howard and Mahone and Alexander, standing side by side in fraternal amity, pointed out with swelling forms and kindling eyes the various scenes whose struggles they had directed. Mr. Young at that time was the

president of the Union League, and in a private car he took to the historic spot in the Susquehanna Valley a party that comprised among others Lieutenant General James Longstreet, the ranking surviving officer of the Confederacy and Lee's chief of staff during the memorable three days' fight; General E. P. Alexander, the artillery leader of the lost cause and the man who upon the part of the Confederates directed the most famous and sanguinary artillery duel known in the history of the world; General, and ex-Senator William Mahone, then the famous fire-eater from Virginia; Major General O. O. Howard, of the regular United States army, who after the death of the gallant Reynolds commanded the Union forces during the first day's fight at Gettysburg; his brother and chief of staff, General C. C. Howard; General Lewis Merrill, whose memory is still green in the rooms of the Union League, and of whom all cavalry officers love to speak as 'Horse' Merrill; Major General Daniel E. Sickles, of whom we spoke above; General D. McMurtrie Gregg, known in the history of the Gettysburg field as the opponent of Zeb Stuart in the greatest cavalry combat of the civil war. These and many warriors of minor note made up a gathering that for two days, through the inspiration of Mr. Young, viewed again, thirty years after, the scene of the most sanguinary battle in the world's history and in which they had figured as leaders and on opposing sides.

"Nor was John Russell Young's close intimacy with men of public affairs limited to this country. Apart from the associations that he made through his tour with Grant around the world and his occupancy of a ministerial post in China, he was in touch with men of moment in every part of the civilized globe. Much of this was due to his connection with the New York *Herald,* and intimacy with

James Gordon Bennett, the owner and publisher. The latter frequently summoned Mr. Young to join him in Europe and invariably made him his closest companion. The narrator recalls paying a visit to the journalist in his rooms in the Astor House, in New York City, shortly after his return from one of his journeys. He was enthusiastic about a voyage on Mr. Bennett's yacht. Some men would have deemed the experience worthy of a book.

"'We started from Nice,' said he. 'We had two French noblemen, friends of Mr. Bennett; an English officer, colonel of the guards; Mr. Chas. Longfellow, son of the poet, and Mr. Peters. We sailed with the White Squadron from Nice to Pezzi. Here we remained for a day, exchanging courtesies with the gentlemen of the squadron, and then we went to Messina. After another stay of a few hours we crossed the Mediterranean to Suez, and through the canal from Suez the party went to Cairo to see Stanley, remaining there three or four days. Stanley looked older, but we all had a good time with him. Mr. Bennett gave him a magnificent banquet, including besides our own party several gentlemen he knew, and thence we went to Aden, down the Red Sea, remaining a day. From Aden to Ceylon, a trip of eight days, and we enabled our French friends to see India, and make one or two short visits to the interior. Next we sailed to Point de Gal, paying a short visit, and afterwards down through the tropics to the Maldevis. These islands are out of the range of ships, occupied by a simple, primitive people, who received us with almost child-like courtesy. From the Maldevis we went on to where Chinese Gordon lived, and believed that he had found the Garden of Eden. He based his belief on the fact that there is grown there a fruit that can be found in no other part of the world, which he called the forbidden fruit, which Adam and Eve did eat

to our everlasting sorrow. Returning to Aden and Suez, we sailed to Zante and Corfu, taking the route traced by Homer in the Odyssey. Our next stopping place was Antevar, the seaport town of Montenegro. The Prince of Montenegro, with his son-in-law, the Duke Leuchtenery, who was the great-grandson of the Empress Josephine, received us cordially. Our party dined with the Prince, and the Prince lunched on the 'Namouna,' and afterwards Mr. Bennett took him for a hundred-mile cruise along the wonderfully beautiful Montenegrin coast. From thence we crossed to Venice, and leaving the yacht came to Paris. We sailed 1,130 miles and were absent sixty-five days. Mr. Bennett during nearly all this time was in constant communication with his newspaper.'

"What a book could have been written by a man with experiences such as these!"

Of the thirty-seven guests gathered at the famous dinner given by Mr. Young October 9th, 1890, fourteen have passed on to the "Great Mystery," and the three gentlemen, who either by absence or unavoidable engagement, sent regrets—the Duke of Marlborough, Edwin Booth, and Robert Ingersoll—have also finished their appointed tasks. General William T. Sherman was the first of the company to fall from the ranks, and of his death, so closely followed by the loss of two other friends, Mr. Young wrote, March 9th, 1891.

GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.

NEW YORK, March 27.—The year has not gone far, and yet it has taken from us three men whom New York cannot well spare—General Sherman, Judge Brady and Lawrence Barrett. It seems only the other day that I saw them

in a group—a merry, eager, talking group—to whom the winter sunshine seemed to bring hope and purpose, and the possibilities of many years. There were no figures more conspicuous in New York society. They were intimate personal friends, meeting frequently in the sweep and go of metropolitan life. To those who know what that meant, a darkness may be said to have fallen upon the city.

Sherman is a national figure and belongs to the ages. Although he was coming and going for half a century, New York really knew him as a citizen for six or seven years. I remember meeting him about the time he was making the change from St. Louis, and his saying that he came to New York because his youngest son was a student at Yale, and his wife did not like to be so far away from her boy. His family circle was narrowing. His oldest son had consecrated himself to the holy service of the Church, and could have no home but as the Church decreed. Two of his daughters had married, one in Pittsburg, the other near Philadelphia. Sherman was a national man in his friendships. He had not formed those ties which come from long residence and life-long associations. Early orphanage, West Point, California, Florida, Louisiana, Kansas, Missouri, the war, with all which that implied, a dislocated, interrupted existence, as it were, and as everybody came to New York, he found more friends on Broadway than elsewhere.

Sherman at first lived in the Fifth Avenue Hotel. This was the center of the very vortex of American life. He had pleasant rooms, looking out on Madison Square. You were sure to see him once or twice during the day in the hotel corridors, going from one group to another—politicians, soldiers, curious people from the country—apparently with a word for everybody, a nod, a smile, or, if invited, a swift, stern rebuke.

There was deep kindness in his wonderful eyes, but with kindness, justice and capacity for swift, lightning-like resentment. You were impressed with his eye and voice. He had the intense eye—deep, penetrating—that looked you full in the face and followed you about—an eye on the wing, as it were. It gave him an eager, restless, searching manner, intensified, I presume, by his mental activity and personal vitality. The voice had a singular charm—pathetic, I should call it—a voice that never changed, whether in private talk, or at the dinner table, or in public addresses—always simple, natural, direct, the immediate outcome of the soul.

It was a sympathetic voice, with rich, full undertones, that lingered in the air like a musical refrain. There were cheery, laughing tones—a merriment that did not come from a sheer sense of fun, of which I never saw much in Sherman, but that laughter of earnestness and deep conviction which belongs to the highest form of eloquence. It used to remind me somewhat of my few scattered recollections of President Lincoln,—although Lincoln's voice was high and strident—an archaic voice in an ascending key, apt to grate harshly until you became accustomed to it. This was especially so in the immortal Gettysburg speech, which I reported sitting within a few feet of the President at the time.

Sherman was pre-eminently an earnest man. His talk was ready and as free as a stream rushing down a mountain gorge. There was no artifice, no calculation, no reserve—frankness like the sea breeze, descriptive without being dramatic or mimetic with imaginations and fancy; throwing animation, color and go into a story; lacking that quiet concentration when everything seemed to condense into a sentence, as with Grant. He never talked for effect, nor measured his words, nor cared for

the impression he was making, nor whether you were with him or opposed.

What he had to say he said as naturally as the singing bird streaming its morning notes. I never heard him talk persiflage or nonsense, or play with his theme or advance paradoxies for the fun of answering them or perplexing the hearer. If he was right or wrong he was absolutely so, and without appearing pedantic or dogmatic, he talked as one giving, not asking information.

Like Grant—and this is the charm of really useful conversation—Sherman never talked about what he did not know. At times he seemed oppressed and tired, with a touch of impatience which came, I fancy, from weariness. I attribute to this intellectual fatigue, in a degree, his fondness for the theater. It was a rest. The story was told for him, and others did the movement and thinking. He preferred comedy to the serious drama, but the comedy must be based upon the higher aims and duties of living. His proud, soaring spirit never descended into slime.

Sherman was fond of the surroundings of the stage. There was a charm to him in the ingenuousness and innocent, something of the beauty belonging to childhood, so attractive in the actor's character. He was also preeminently a man without a mission, nor with a world to reform, nor with aims, nor with purposes that bored you. He found this a very good world, with limitless possibilities, if one could only look them out, and not sit at the wayside to moan or pout. The actor, as the embodiment of the sunshine, was Sherman's chum and friend.

Sherman could always be counted on for an outing with the players. I remember the Daly supper to Henry Irving, at the close of Irving's New York engagement. There was a princely entertainment, such as might have

been spread before the gods on Mount Olympus. Although Daly was the host, the modesty of that gifted and estimable gentleman was undissuadable, and he shifted out of the chair, coaxing the General into his place. Sherman was amusing, direct, irresistible, keeping the table on the go, calling one celebrity out after another, by a word or a hint which came like a command. Sometimes a miss, as when he called upon William Winter as "Marshall Wilder," correcting the mistake into "Henry Winter Davis," but no one seemed to care. The night went on into morning—the sun was well up, and as Mark Twain remarked, the milk carts were rattling over the stony streets when Sherman, taking Irving by the hand, bade him farewell in a speech of singular eloquence. I shall never forget the scene. The pale, statuesque, clear-cut, intellectual face of the actor—that might have been marble—eyes drooped in emotion, and the rugged, earnest face of Sherman—the head sovereign, white with the snows of many a glorious winter, and that exquisite, pathetic voice, which rested with you as a musical number.

Something should be written of the relations of Sherman, Sheridan and Grant, and when duly written it will be one of the cherished pages of our history. Occasion does not serve, but I recall one or two incidents in which Sherman was associated with Sheridan. We had had the news of Sheridan's serious illness. Only those who knew the mighty soldier could realize its gravity. Sherman had conjured me to send him at any time, and at whatever apparent inconvenience to himself, any news over the wires about Sheridan. One morning he came into my room, suddenly, unannounced, and his eyes streaming with tears. "Sheridan is dead," he said. I answered by pointing to the Broadway flags,

none of which were at half-mast, but to make assurance sure, would telegraph to Washington over a private wire.

Sherman had heard the news on his way down town, and through his tears spoke of Sheridan—of the boyhood of his illustrious comrade—how Sheridan had stolen apples from his wife's orchard—how in the course of nature Sheridan should have survived him many years, and how hard it was that others should have to go, leaving him alone. Intelligence soon came that the report was premature. Sherman's face flushed with hope and joy, and for hours he sat talking as he only could talk of war companionships and war memories. The news, however, was only a few days before its time. Sheridan soon passed away. Sherman was the last of the mourners to leave that renowned grave on the Arlington slopes. He stood and looked for a time at the descended coffin, over which the clay was already crumbling, and paced sadly away as the funeral volley was fired. It was the last of the heroes doing reverence to a hero. Sherman at Sheridan's grave would be a noble theme for a painter, and its value would be its truth.

Sherman took no part in the turmoil and selfishness of politics, but he had earnest views all the same. Toward Southern men as men, toward those whom he had known before the war in his profession of arms, he was untiring in his kindness. There was nothing that social attention, courtesy or good will, in whatever way good will could be shown, that was ever lacking on his part to show that peace meant peace, as war had meant war—that he was as sincere in one duty as he had been in the other. He had, however, intense political convictions of the higher sort. The whole contrivance known as the Southern Confederacy he hated with the intensity of Cromwell. It was altogether a crime, a snare, an abomina-

tion—something to be utterly stamped out in blood and fire, and made to perish from the earth. I could realize when I came to know Sherman that his journeys through the South were not in search of any "erring brethren," who needed to be persuaded into better courses; no coaxing of "wayward sisters," who might be petted back into the home circle from which they had been seduced; but as the embodiment of a terrible justice, bent on the destruction even to the death of whatever living thing menaced the Union. Nor did Sherman outlive the feeling. "I can forgive Cleveland a good deal," he said one day, "but when it comes to sending that unreconstructed old rebel abroad to represent our country and apologize for the Union he tried to break, I have no mercy." His objection was not in the giving of office or honor to this distinguished Confederate, but appointing him as our representative abroad.

General Sherman spent with me the evening of the last Presidential election day, sitting up until after midnight to hear the returns. He was deeply interested in Harrison's election, and did not go home until the full returns from Brooklyn showed that the result was beyond peradventure. He talked politics a great deal, and in the vein I have intimated. He valued the electoral expressions of popular opinion so far as they went to affirm the essential results of the war for the Union, namely that there should be a Union. As to the future he was optimistic. He did not expect any sentimental fraternization, burying of the past, forgetting war memories. He cherished his own memories, and he knew the South would cherish theirs. Time, he thought, industrial and commercial activity, and friendly relations between residents in all sections, would, in the coming generations, bring the desired results. It might not be in his life, nor in that

of any one now living, but he believed in the generous, all-embracing, magnanimous forces of time. As to the war, he neither made apologies nor cared to receive them. So long as what the war achieved was undisturbed, he had no party, but if the Union ever become a political issue, General Sherman would have stumped the Union in its behalf with as much enthusiasm as Snowden, Ingersoll or Blaine.

Sherman was proudly jealous of what history might say of his army, his companions, and their deeds. I recall, not without a sense of gratitude, that it was my privilege at times, by his suggestion and advice, to correct false impressions or deepen true ones, in matters concerning the war. About himself he was indifferent, but sensitive in whatever concerned the fame of his companions. To follow this thought, however, would be to enter upon a larger theme, and I refer to it in passing to show the honest earnestness of the man, not alone in his work, but that justice should not be withheld from the humblest coadjutor in the work. If ever his letters and diaries are printed, history will be so enriched that I cannot conceive the truth of the war to be known until they reach the light of day.

The last time I saw Sherman was a few evenings before his death. The night was cold and raw, a sharp rain falling, and I was hurrying along to keep an appointment to dine with Henry M. Stanley. As I turned toward Broadway, in front of me, slowly plodding through the rain, was a tall figure, slightly bent, which I recognized as that of Sherman. I joined him, rather reproaching him for not carrying an umbrella. He replied banteringly that he was no feather-bed dawdler, that he despised the rain, but that the best daughters in the world always saw that he was duly swathed and caparisoned against the

storm. He talked of the war records which were coming from the national press, and now that they had come down to Missionary Ridge they would become interesting. He made a charming speech later in the evening, mainly about the old army, a speech of wisdom, wit and anecdote. It is a loss to literature that it was not reported. We parted at the door with a promise to meet in a few days, for a purpose that had at times been a subject of conversation. Few were the days to pass before I was to see his illustrious ashes borne, with banners and with music, and all the sad pomp of military splendor to their resting place on the banks of the Mississippi, and to feel, as his coffin vanished into the shadows of that dreary winter night, that the last of the leaders had gone, and that now, even now, at last and in very truth, a memory alone remained of our commanders in a glorious war.

As the martial procession which carried Sherman to his rest passed down Broadway, I viewed it, in the company of Lawrence Barrett. His rooms at the Windsor overlooked Fifth Avenue, and I was among the friends, whom he had asked to be with him in this place of vantage. I happened to be the first who arrived at the rendezvous. Mr. Barrett was writing, and evidently under the stress of a deep personal grief. "I cannot tell you," he said, pointing to the vast multitude and the movements of the armed men which indicated the coming of the procession; "I cannot tell you how this oppresses me; how I grieve over an irreparable personal sorrow. Sherman was very dear to me. This is the last letter he ever wrote, regretting that he could not keep an appointment he had made to sup with some friends at the Union League. So ill that he could not leave his room." Taking up some leaves, Barrett continued: "I have been writing some thoughts which passed through my mind as I saw

the pageant form and grow." He then read a personal tribute to Sherman which was published over his own name in the *Tribune* the morning after. This was on February 19. Thirty days afterwards, that is to say, on March 21, in the very room where we spent the afternoon looking at the long and sombre procession, the summons came to the great actor even as it had come to the great soldier. For them it was appointed that in this world their work was done.

LAWRENCE BARRETT.

I had known Lawrence Barrett for many years—since 1874, as I roughly take the date from memory. I met him first through the late General Custer, with whom Barrett was on terms of close and loving intimacy. During the years that remained to us I saw him again and again, coming to have a sincere affection for the man as a high-minded, proud, resolute, chivalrous character; a man of dignity and courage—a consummate student, and in his endowments rarely gifted. Hours with him in the greenroom during the pauses of "Rienzi" and "Macbeth"; midnight conversations over literature and dramatic art, and one bright illumined ocean journey, now mournfully memorable, when his companionship brightened many a weary hour on the sea, come sorrowfully back, as I write his name.

Of Barrett as an artist much has been said, and I think with a universal consensus of opinion that his death was a special and definite loss to the stage. This is the judgment of Mr. Winter, as expressed in the exquisite tribute which that accomplished and conscientious writer paid to his memory. The controlling thought in the mind of Barrett, and it was ever concentrated on his profession,

was, if I might express it in the phrases of heraldry, "Onward and Upward" and "Thorough." His enthusiasm was blended with common sense, sagacity, a clear, definite knowledge of the practicalities of life, of the Divine commandment that two and two make four, and that no attainable genius has ever, even in dreams, succeeded in making them five. He was a great actor, as those who have seen him in Cassius, Harebell and Othello, know. He was a great manager in what concerned the details of the stage. He never stooped to conquer the public, nor to study that subtle art of which Mr. Barnum is the supreme master, the art of seeking out the public mind, and bending art to the popular fancy of the hour. He had his ideals. Obeying Emerson, he had hitched his wagon to a star. He would deserve and in time command recognition. If he had not found a taste, he would create it. The world should come to him as it had come to other great men—to Keats and Carlyle and Browning in literature, to Hugo in dramatic art. I remember complimenting him once on his Ghost in "Hamlet," when he supported Booth, at poor Lester Wallack's benefit, saying that I had never seen a more charming performance, that I could understand why Shakespeare had written the part for himself now that he had shown its strength and beauty. But, plainly, this proud and gifted man was not to be honored for a minor part. His mind was on Cassius and Coriolanus, on Timon and Richelieu, on Rienzi, the Tribune and Becket, the mighty prelate, who dared the anger of a king in his devotion to his people and his Church.

Barrett was a serious man. Some writers call him austere. I do not think so. You could not long converse with Barrett, if in any degree admitted to his intimacy, without seeing that he went into his art with the daunt-

less spirit of Richelieu or Napoleon. When he made business mistakes—that is to say, when he was compelled to realize that this rushing world had little concern with the days of the Round Table, or with the tragedies of mediæval Italian life, he was still resolute, cheerful, confident, never fearing that time would bring recognition. And so he went from one experiment to another, never for a moment lowering the standard of his art. A serious but not at heart an austere man, rather when you come to the innermost recesses of his nature, prone to gaiety and laughter, and quaint, droll conceits. I have seen him with women, and especially with children, when his manner had an exquisite charm—such courtesy, such consideration, such spontaneous appreciation and promptitude of self-denial as come with the finest sense of chivalry. He welcomed with due reserve banter and fun. These come back in many amusing instances, quaint, grave, mocking notes, dwelling seriously on some absurd proposition or paradox, but breathing gaiety, cheeriness, good will.

I remember on one occasion, when he had written of some engagement of Booth and himself in Chicago, advising him how to invest his money, and that I knew of no more permanent form than to establish a Republican newspaper, and, with Booth as associate editor, reform American politics, and the fun that came of that correspondence. I remember advising him to consider the possibilities of the negro in a drama—what might be done with a dialect "Othello," based upon the plantation idioms of Uncle Remus; or suggesting, as a change, an operatic performance of "Hamlet" and "Romeo" on the ground that people would never be satisfied that his genius had reached its full fruition until they had heard him sing; or appealing to him to popularize and broaden

the stage by taking Mr. Sullivan into his combination, thus showing the all-embracing genius of Shakespeare by a performance within the limits and under the rules of the prize ring. I remember, and how sadly, as with a sense of loss it all appears now, the fun that came out of that and other absurd suggestions; his demure, grave, mock, heroic way of discussing and considering them. This was not the quality of an austere man. Austerity with Barrett came from his experience, and not from his heart.

I have said that Barrett was a consummate student. The last time I saw him, a few days before he died, he was deep in the memoirs of Lord Houghton. The talk ran on memoirs, and especially what we read in French literature in that regard. Lord Houghton he had known and honored. He spoke much of Browning, of the "Blot on the 'Scutcheon" as a strong drama, venturing the opinion that Macready was to blame for Browning's not having done more for the drama. Laying down as an axiom that no man could be a good, successful dramatic author without a technical knowledge of the stage, he sketched the influence of Macready over Bulwer, that only by vigorous hacking and sawing apart and putting together by a process of literary carpentery, as it were, Bulwer was made possible for the stage. That "Richelieu" was entirely an actor's play, and without Macready would have been only an ornate and perhaps not a very successful poem. As for Shakespeare, no actor can play him without seeing how carefully the writer had studied the limitations of the actor's person and voice. Goethe and Voltaire were at home on the stage, and knew its technicalities as well as Shakespeare. Barrett spoke of Becket and what he believed could be done with that part. The English-speaking people should know what they owed

to that brave and patriotic Englishman, the first patriot of the race, the predecessor of Hampden and Washington and Lincoln. There was the old enthusiasm, the old-time resolution, the unchangeable, undissuadable Barrett. Not willing that Englishmen should be satisfied with their Hamlets, Falstaffs and Roman warriors, they must have Becket and know him. Irving had created Charles I., and why not Becket, who was more of a man than Charles? And when there was a question, or rather a demur, expressive of some doubt as to whether the rows between a wayward French King and a haughty Canterbury priest, who had flourished over seven hundred years ago, and the very causes of whose quarrels were as hushed and dead as if they belonged to the Devonian age, would interest the nineteenth century, there was the buoyant, eager confidence which had overridden the same objections with Francesca and Rienzi, and given these notable works to the stage.

I was never to see Barrett again. Those afternoon hours linger in the memory. Only a few days since, but now swept by an inscrutable fate into the infinite eternities, they seem so long, long ago. He was in a cheerful mood, gay, hopeful, charming. Of Edwin Booth he spoke with affectionate fondness, and with reverence of Edwin Forrest, of whose genius he had an impetuous, intolerant admiration. He had had a good season, and showing me a paper upon which were some business memoranda, said, with a smile: "Acting is better than one of Mackay's bonanza mines."

Between Mackay and himself there had been a warm friendship for years. He would be over his work in a few weeks, he hoped, and then for Germany to see a daughter and finish his cure at the springs. As for the cruel ailment which had caused him so much suffering, bring-

ing him to the very valley of the shadow of death—that, thank the benignant Heavens, was over and done, and life and work and possibilities, and fine artistic achievements —what were not possible to this eloquent, resolute man? I had never seen him in so radiant a mood—never so content with life. What blessings else? Care had become a captive—there were those still to love and cherish him—children and grandchildren to do him honor and bear his name. The world could give no more.

I did not then know, nor was it in fact known, until after the death of Barrett, that when, last year, he was rescued from a serious illness by a surgical operation, of extraordinary delicacy, his doctors agreed that it was not a cure, but a respite; that the hand of death was inexorably upon him; that he might live one or perhaps two years, but that the illness would surely return in a graver form, and that no science could then arrest its will. It was said, likewise, that those who loved Barrett and knew his sad environment should pray that when the end came it might be in the gentle form of pneumonia. And thus, happily, it came.

Barrett never knew this, but those who watched and sheltered his life were told that even in the presence of an imminent fate nothing could be better for his physical conditions than incessant work on the stage. He died as such a man could only wish to die, doing his work. For three acts of De Mauprat on that ominous Wednesday night he held the stage, striving and struggling toward the end. He could not even remain until the curtain fell—disease overmastering his will. He could only go home to die.

On Wednesday, as I have said, the summons came and on Friday evening he answered it—answering it as he lived, with dignity and peace, with absolute courage,

we can well believe, for those few, solemn, sacred hours of introspection and retrospection could recall only to the dying Lawrence Barrett a heroic, manly, honorable career, one that had made the world better because he had lived in it—a memory that will be honored so long as the history of the American stage endures.

JUDGE JOHN R. BRADY.

John R. Brady, unlike his friends, Sherman and Barrett, had a metropolitan rather than a national reputation. And yet, wherever the history of the administration of justice was known to Americans, his fame was that of a wise judge. Of him it should be written, as of the noble ones in the past, that he walked in the fear of God.

So he walked and lived, man and boy, in this teeming, multitudinous, harassing town for nearly seventy years—thirty-five of them on the bench. He died a Justice of the Supreme Court, an office to which he had twice been elected without opposition as the candidate of all parties. This is done sometimes in generous, complaisant Philadelphia, but rarely if ever in New York.

John R. Brady, however, had won from New York so complete a recognition of his fine discernment as a lawyer and judge, of his probity and kindness as a man, that no politician would venture an electoral experiment against him. He was known to be a just judge, and New York held him on the bench until summoned to a higher tribunal.

Brady was a New Yorker to the core, an Irishman by descent, and a devout member of the Roman Catholic communion. His father was a well-esteemed citizen in the earlier days. His brother, James T. Brady, was a towering intellectual force at the New York bar. At a pe-

riod when it might be said giants ruled the bar James T. Brady had no superior. He was a turbulent, kindly, effervescent soul. A combination, I should say, of Mirabeau and Daniel O'Connell, formed by nature in one of her prodigal, extravagant moods, dowered with intellectual gifts, which were squandered in profusion. He had a royal, sovereign head, such a head as I have rarely seen among men, and power of eloquence surpassed by no man in his day—the day, be it remembered, of Webster and Clay. There was a fascination, a contagion in his shaggy, handsome face, the humor that kept many a table in a roar, the lawless, defiant way in which he seemed to swagger through the world.

If James T. Brady had had the duty or the opportunity of O'Connell, if there had been any cause to have summoned and refined his better nature, he could have made as deep an impression upon American history as the Irish liberator. At one time it seemed as if the civil war would arouse him to the full measure of his powers. But although loyal to the Union, the time had passed. Brady died at the bar, while still a young man, and is remembered as a stupendous intellectual force, that never had true development. John, his younger brother, loved with even more than fraternal affection, was elevated by him to the bench at an early age. It was the choice of wisdom as well as love. John bore either in his character or appearance little resemblance to his supremely gifted kinsman, of whose genius he was intensely proud. He was a comely man, with frank, winning countenance, a hearty, friendly manner, which came with his blood, his ways the embodiment of courtesy. Every one, from the merchant prince on the wayside to the beggar at his gate, had the generous word of recognition. While James was turbulent, wayward, lawless, John observed the amenities

of life. Marriage, the ties of home, the reserve, perhaps inseparable from the bench; the tenderness of his nature, which was receptive rather than obtrusive and ostentatious, sheltered him from those disturbing influences of New York life which have been so fatal to many doomed to endure them without his character or his courage.

So he lived his almost seventy years, and on the bench, too, which like the throne is ever, as Tennyson would say, under the fierce light which blackens every blot. In all that time no word was spoken against John R. Brady. During the twenty years it was my privilege to know him, and always on terms of intimacy, I never heard a word or the tradition of a word that could attach contumely to his name. I do not write this as the highest praise that even a judge might earn in New York, but so remarkable as to be unique, almost unprecedented, and only to be earned by a stern, unpausing devotion to the canons of a blameless life. John R. Brady observed them to the end. In that sense, as I have said, he walked in the fear of God.

It would be unjust to his memory to infer from this that the life of Brady was austere, ascetic, or even that of a religious devotee. He was the merriest of men, liked clever people, enjoyed a good time, was the center of jest and merriment. For many years, until a great domestic sorrow brought woe to his fireside, he was famous as an after-dinner speaker, and could govern the wine and conversation with infinite humor and skill. He was fond of the theater, and one of the attractions of a New York first night was the coming of Sherman, Sickles and Brady, without whom the play never seemed to go. He was modest, unobtrusive, and avoided acerbities, burning questions, and did not welcome responsibilities. He was not a man to take up a cause and lead it; to go upon a

forlorn hope if he could help it; to be a Wendell Phillips, or even a Samuel J. Tilden. This was not expected from him on the bench; but I fancy it was not in his nature. He liked the shady lanes, the meadows flushed with the beauty of spring; the placid brooks, where dwelt peace and sweet content. For others the roaring main, the seething sweep and surge of life—the tempest and the rain.

As a judge, and this at a time when judges were driven from the bench to ruin and death; at a time when the ermine was dragged into the very sewers of pollution, and Americans blushed with tears that such things could be, John R. Brady was pure above reproach, his name was one of the few that shone like stars out of that dreary night of sin and shame.

He had passed through every temptation with an untainted name. New York came to love him as with a fond spirit of comradeship; to welcome his honest, kindly face when it appeared in the crowds and public places as one of the citizens of whom they too could be proud, and no longer despairing of a citizenship which gave her so worthy a son. Thus he lived, and thus he died, walking in the fear of God.

WILLIAM FLORENCE.

(From the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin,* Wednesday November 11, 1891.)

A particularly happy and unique event was the luncheon given by John Russell Young at the Union League yesterday in honor of Joseph Jefferson and William J. Florence. The gentlemen invited to meet the eminent

actors were: Mayor Stuart, Wayne MacVeagh, A. K. McClure, Clayton McMichael, General Bingham, Frank McLaughlin, Captain Robert J. Cook, William H. Hurley, Ferdinand J. Dreer, J. F. Graeff, William Potter, George D. McCreary, District Attorney Graham, Henry George, Professor Stille, William M. Singerly, L. Clarke Davis and James R. Young. William Winter, of New York, was prevented by illness from being present, and George W. Childs and A. J. Drexel were kept away by a meeting of the Drexel Institute. Walt Whitman wrote that he was "too dilapidated" and sick to come over. Archbishop Ryan regretted that absence from town upon diocesan business prevented his being present.

Mr. Young proposed the health of the two distinguished guests. Mr. Jefferson's speech in reply was a pleasant commingling of wit and sentiment, and his reference to the fact that this is the last season in which he and Florence will act together was almost pathetic. Mr. Florence in his speech paid compliments all around him, and his expressions of admiration for his colleague were touching. Wayne MacVeagh toasted Mayor Stuart, and told him that the stage was the only career left open to ex-mayors under the Bullitt bill. Then the formal speech-making ended.

The company broke into groups and the chat ran on for two hours. Mr. F. J. Dreer showed a collection of famous autographs, mainly of actors since the time of Betterton and Garrick, with letters written by the father and grandfather of Jefferson. Mr. Dreer also presented Mr. Jefferson with a series of theatrical portraits, and showed an autograph letter from Junius Brutus Booth announcing the birth of his son, the present Edwin Booth, while he was performing at the Arch Street Theater. The company spent a good deal of time studying the auto-

graphs and prints, in which Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Florence were deeply interested.

The little luncheon to Jefferson and Florence was given by Mr. Young November 10th, and the following evening, after a matinée, when we saw Florence for the last time, in his inimitable part of Sir Lucius O'Trigger,—this little note was received:—

CONTINENTAL, Wednesday, Nov. 11.

My dear John R.:— * * * I cannot forget to-day the faces in your box; the whole planetary system, Sun, Moon, and twin Stars—yourself, wife and pretty lads.

God bless you all,

BILLY.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL, Friday, Nov. 13th.

My dear John R.:—Thank the donor for me. "I have hooked my fish" and will wait a proper moment to land him. White heart, you have, dear friend.

God bless you,

BILLY.

On the 14th of November Mr. Florence was taken seriously ill, and passed away on the morning of the 20th.

(From the Philadelphia *Press*, Nov. 22, 1891.)

"The death of William J. Florence, apart from the universal sorrow awakened by the departure of an amiable and accomplished man, awakens other thoughts. Mr. Florence was among the latest of the old school of actors. His art was in a sense of tradition. He had supported Macready, Burton and the elder Booth. When making

early starring tours in England he had been supported by Toole and Henry Irving. He had been for many years a star and as his genius never left its parallax other stars arose and outshone him with their newer splendor. He was Burton to those who remembered the famous English comedian—John Drew to those who recalled the graceful, high-toned Irishman whose early death is even still a fondly mourned tradition of the stage.

"Florence was about the last of his race, and yet as years go he was not an old man. He began early and his rise was rapid. The companions of his earlier triumphs! It is hard to realize them as memories! Forrest, the dramatic Titan of his time—the shadow of whose genius seems to rest over the path of whoever has aimed to take his place; Macready, who retired when he was even a younger man than Mr. Florence—we recall as though he were of the time of Garrick; Charlotte Cushman, the sombre beauty of whose musical cadences still lingers with those who recall her genius and truth; Fanny Kemble, whom our grandfathers applauded at the old Chestnut, now in extreme old age—to rejoice us with memories of a forgotten past, rich in noble names and high achievements; Murdoch, too—Murdoch, whose influence was ruling the stage when the young Florence came as a trembling neophyte into the temple of the drama—but how few, even of those who brought tears and laughter to us all not so many years ago—how few remain.

"And other names press—other shadows seem to come out of the past, to welcome this new shadow which now in the eternities accepts their affectionate recognition. Davenport, of the other days, almost a great actor—his finger-tips, as it were, within the touch of genius, but not quite grasping it all the same: in his day a dominant influence, master of tears, master of smiles, comedian and

tragedian as well. Edwin Adams, almost a Philadelphian, the other day a lustrous figure, to vanish too soon into the night. Poor Barney Williams, near to the dead comedian, and his accomplished wife—long in retirement, but whose loving care was to soothe the dying hours of her kinsman and friend; the genial, many-sided Brougham, with his wild, Irish, rack-rent, roaring ways; Davenport, Adams, Williams, Brougham—all gone! And Barrett, with his austere communions with the gravest problems of tragedy; the ever-to-be-remembered Cassius; the never-to-be-forgotten Harebell—Barrett gone too soon for his usefulness, but not too soon for his fame. Truly the fates have been inexorable in their summons to this shining company, who were of us, as it were, but the other day.

"With the passing away of the men there comes the passing away of the time. Dramatic art, like the art of war, is ever changing. The stage belongs to the hour. What would be the verdict of even a Philadelphia audience upon Mr. Forrest as 'Metamora,' 'Jack Cade' or the 'Broker of Bogota'? Would we even accept his 'Hamlet' or 'Othello'? And Kean, who, as Byron said, played Shakespeare so that you felt as if you were reading Shakespeare by the glow of lightning flashes—would Kean be endured by the dramatic taste created by Lawrence Barrett and Edwin Booth? Or would Macready, with his measured Kemble ways, have more than one night's success, and that only before a company of critical middle-aged spectators? The growth of dramatic art has been toward the elimination of the very qualities upon which their success and greatness depended. The stage is no longer subordinated to the genius of any one actor—is no longer a forum for elocution and passionate dramatic fire. It has become an academy. We go to the play to see acting, and not merely actors.

"Mr. Florence, like Booth and Barrett before him—like Davenport and Wallack in earlier days—recognized the advent of the new dramatic era so far as to associate himself with Mr. Jefferson in the remarkable series of performances which delighted so many thousands last week at the Arch. These eminent comedians saw that the drama was now beyond the reach of any single genius. Education has developed public taste. The playgoer is not satisfied with 'Bob Acres' alone—he must have his 'O'Trigger,' his 'Absolute,' his 'Mrs. Malaprop.' He craves a gallery, and not a single picture. What to him would be even the supreme genius of Booth in the cold watches of 'Elsinore,' with indifferent supporters to mouth and mull about him, affronting the mighty spirit of the dead with their imperfections? The old scenery—a chair at each side and a sofa in the middle to represent the royal presence chamber—this we have outgrown. We want our story to be told by men and women of power. The music must embody the harmonies, and no weary scraping of fiddles to Virginia reels and German waltzes. The scenery must be elaborate, truthful, precise; the time and its appertainings even as recorded in history. The stage must be as it was intended by those who conceived and developed the wise, beneficent institution we call the drama—a school, an academy where the lessons of existence are taught in the highest sense, and life and manners are presented as life and manners must necessarily be to attain the true ideal.

"In our farewell to the dead comedian, whose smiles only yesterday were among the blessings of the living hour; in taking leave of so much talent, so much chivalrous courtesy—so much that was noble and tender and true; in giving to William J. Florence our proud, sad word of gratitude and farewell we feel likewise that we take

leave of the dramatic period of which he was a conscientious and worthy representative. His work was done. His time was past. We are in the presence of the new, and for the old—the kindly words of leave-taking and remembrance. 'Obenreizer' and 'Cuttle,' 'O'Trigger' and 'Homespun,' the Irish boy and the Yankee lass, the drama that meant simply the personal interpretation of special gifts—farewell to it, and to them all! They go with 'Cade' and 'Charles de Moir,' with Peseara and Bertuccio, as mere types, to be remembered for their impressions, but with no place in the drama of to-day. It is something to have done so well what was appointed to the dead gentleman whose untimely death awakens universal sorrow. Those who come after him and who are the interpreters of the new dramatic era will find strength in their larger and broader work by studying his character and aims, and by following their dramatic careers with the courage, sincerity and patience which we all remember to his honorable fame."

HAMILTON FISH.

The kindest of messages, borne by the kindest of friends, was the warrant for my visit to Hamilton Fish. I had not seen him since taking leave in 1882, on my departure for China. I knew him well in other days, knew his noble, modest work in national achievement. I knew, likewise, that Grant leaned heavily upon him and believed in him as he did in no other man. To Grant he was the nearest counsellor in statesmanship, friend in personal relations, choice for the Presidency in succession to himself. "History," as I have heard Grant say, "will write that we have had two great Secretaries of State,—Governor Marcy and Governor Fish." When history is written—history

rather than clamor or newspaper suggestions and chronicles—this, I think, will be the verdict. My own experience with the secret archives of the American Legation in China, where I read so much of the diplomatic history which never comes to light, gave me an increased admiration for the genius, the patriotism, the painstaking industry of Governor Fish. And it was with a sentiment even above that of friendship, the homage commanded by merit and fame, and long honorable years given to the public welfare, that I took his kind and gracious hand.

The Governor sits on his revolutionary hillside and looks down upon his wonder-world of the Hudson Highlands. Hills rising above hills, tumbled, caressing, as if nature had made them in a loving mood. The forests, rich and bending, drowsy under autumnal skies; deepening in color as if dipped in wine. The narrowed Hudson forced its silvered rippling way under frowning battlemented hills, which the Titans may have rifted in their fury in the days before there was light. Across the river the turrets and battlements of West Point! Memorable in every period of American history—the treason of Arnold, the unhappy fate of Andre, the almost divine patience of Washington. Down this descending path, over which the dogs are scampering, within a biscuit throw of this porch where we sit, Benedict Arnold made his mad morning ride from his breakfast table, treason discovered, wife in despair, Washington expected from Hartford, Hamilton and Lafayette, gay young military blades, in wonder at the sudden farewell. Yes, for life, from the hangman's grasp, down that very road to the boat and off to the British man-of-war. You can see, as I did that afternoon, the home from which Arnold fled; nursery maids in the grounds, domestic, living antiquated, unconscious of the annals embodied in its low, narrow, droop-

ing walls. There, too, on that very plain on the other bank, where young gentlemen in gray are spirited hither and thither to bugle note and drum beat, are memories of later days. Lee and Johnston and Sherman, Jefferson Davis, Stonewall Jackson, Sheridan and Grant—you may see their phantoms in imagination, even on yonder plain, where they learned the stern duties whose performance was to win immortal fame. No one spot on this continent so dowered with historical associations as this upon which the Secretary gazes from the sheltered peace of his beautiful home.

The Secretary sits in his hillside home, and looks even as the laborer enjoying his rest after the day's sore task. He is an old man. He was born in 1808, the same year as Andrew Johnson, some weeks before Lincoln came to us, elder by a twelve-month than Gladstone and Tennyson, eight years the senior of Bismarck, two years older than Greeley, who died in 1872, junior to French President Grevy, might be the father of Lord Salisbury, President Carnot, Harrison, Cleveland and Blaine. Bodily conditions all that could be hoped, eye intense, penetrating, the once partly shorn face hidden in a brisk, tousled fringe of gray, the hair thick and matted, as we see so often in those to whom parents bequeath the legacy of simple, pious, industrious lives, an ancestral heritage priceless above heirloom or coronet in the way of milk, meal and the open air. Apart from a measured, somewhat imperfect walk, I could see no change in the Secretary since 1882. His more than fourscore years touched him gently; no apparent abrasions from the wearing of that heavy crown of Time. In conversation he was the middle-aged gentleman of fifty, mind pellucid; memory in complete control, running far back to the Napoleonic days, with glimpses even to mimicry and portraiture of Burr, Gallatin, Monroe,

Marcy, Scott—statesmen and heroes who flourished in the days of our grandfathers—definite, positive, considerate in his judgment, without animosity or partisan leanings, a philosopher looking at the compensation rather than the bitterness of public career. Now and then an old-fashioned Federalism would lurk out, curious in its admirations and antipathies, which shows as I have read somewhere, that as the years grow youth returns, and, resenting the officious present, we live again in the vivid and indelible past. I fancy I could have talked with Governor Fish until the spirit of weariness would have no further hindrance, upon the war and its burning questions, only to rejoice in the calm, impartial philosophy of his mind. The one subject upon which he had any obvious feeling was that unfortunate business between Colonel Hamilton and Colonel Burr, which raged about his infant days in angry fashion, and was, perhaps, his first realization of the fact that the world of summer beauty and domestic love to which he had been summoned was likewise a world of contention, politics and war.

F. B. Carpenter was of our company, the modest and highly gifted artist, whose name will ever be associated with the Proclamation of Emancipation. It had been his rare felicity to commemorate on canvas—now on the walls of the Capitol—the greatest event in our history since the Declaration of Independence. And as if fortune would not be truant to his genius and endeavor, he had just painted as a companion picture, the meeting of the High Joint Commission in Washington, and the discussion of the Treaty of Arbitration. In this work Governor Fish had taken a deep interest, giving the artist valuable counsel, and although prevented from seeing the canvas in its complete state, he examined a photograph

with critical attention and congratulated Mr. Carpenter upon the fidelity with which he had grasped the historical features of the scene. He could not but share our regret that while "Emancipation" remained with us in the national capital, "Arbitration" would go to Windsor Castle. The painting was destined for the collection of Queen Victoria, there to remain for coming time a memento of what the two great English-speaking nations of the world had done toward perpetual peace among Christian men.

In one of many remembered conversations with Mr. Blaine, when he was discussing the famous Cabinet of Polk, and what it had done for the material development of the Republic, I recall his observation that "no administration can do more than one thing in its career, and happy is the administration that can do that wisely and well." The one thing done by the first administration of Grant was this arbitration, and although it has an almost colorless place at the side of lurid achievements, its still and silent splendor, as a victory of peace no less renowned than a victory of war, will ever be a part of our national fame—an assurance and inspiration to other deeds of beneficence and patriotism.

Our talk naturally trended toward the arbitration, and what had been done in Geneva in fulfilment of this treaty of Washington.

I was in Geneva during the sessions of the tribunal, and recalled especially the final session, which was public, when the award was given. The little, modest Geneva town-house where the tribunal met, the idle groups of travelers and curious people, a couple of flags drooping from a pole near the door—flags, American and English —and a small brass fieldpiece hard by, provided by an enthusiastic American, somewhat in the banking line,

who had drummed the tourists from their table d'hote to see the consummation of the historical scene. This American largely in evidence with his flags and gun, eloquent to the inquiring mind as to the advantages of Geneva, should there be, for instance, other Commune outbreaks as in Paris, and people wanted store for their treasure! I remember the tribunal coming into its crescent row of seats, like those of advanced boys in an academy. Charles Francis Adams, the years well upon him, with his scientific features calm, prepossessed, silent. There was the Italian nobleman, Sclopis, vivacious with every one, and the swarthy Brazilian nobleman, Itajuba, jurists on the part of Italy and Brazil. The most striking figure was Jacob Staempfli, the Swiss arbitrator, our strenuous friend, more American if perhaps less judicious than Mr. Adams—dominant, brusque, something of the Bismarck about him, a Demos who would have bewitched Whitman into another stanza on Democracy, to be seen daily in radiant public session over his German beer in the boulevard cafés. It lingers with me as a vague, dying memory that I first met Staempfli with these homely surroundings, and that so marked was his rugged, honest personality that they in no manner detracted from his dignity as an ex-President of the Republic.

The dramatic member of the tribunal was Sir Alexander Cockburn, the English representative, and Lord Chief Justice of England. Cockburn was a handsome man; stately, a haughty, clearly limned face; character deeply written. He was very angry. Sir Alexander had come to Geneva with the prestige of his name and the authority of his position, and, as the schoolboys would say, had been "downed." The tribunal had gone against him, and as here was to be the public award—here even in Geneva—the eyes of the world upon him, more especially those of

the vociferous American, with his two flags on the pole and the gun, ready to thunder his humiliation, little wonder that temper had gone, with anger mounting. I stood beside his chair and remember the magnificent scowl as he glared over the assemblage. A notable company, so many of them shadows! Adams, Staempfli, the angry, handsome Cockburn, vanished; the others likewise, as far as I remember. There was the English group of contestants who had fought the fight for England, headed by Sir Roundell Palmer, with his smooth Archbishop face, on the eve of becoming Lord Chancellor, and Lord Selborne, as we now know him in English politics. The Americans formed a notable company: Caleb Cushing with that dark gypsy gleam, and a flash of triumph in his luminous eyes; Waite, a modest lawyer from Ohio, little dreaming of the supreme honor that was so soon to come to him—the succession to Marshall, Taney and Chase; Evarts with his mediæval features, calmly observant. This was our company, governed, so it appeared, by Bancroft Davis, our agent, to whom if there were personal honor in a National triumph, more than to any one in that company, this triumph belonged.

Well, the judgment was read! Cockburn in a singularly musical voice, whose harmonies even anger could not wound, dashed his opinion on the table and abruptly strode away; the pendant flags were fluttered, the little gun roared out its benediction, the exuberant banker gave unpausing exhortations about America, with invitations to cakes and ale, and the curtain came down on one of the memorable scenes of the nineteenth century.

The recalling of this scene in scrappy talking fashion led to the history of the arbitration from the lips of Governor Fish. I shall not assume to give his words, and I should be in despair if I were to attempt to convey

the graceful, eloquent, at times dramatic manner, in which the venerable statesman, as we lingered over the luncheon, told the beginning and the end of it all. There had been, as all men knew, a treaty between the United States and Great Britain under Lord Clarendon and Mr. Seward. Andrew Johnson was our President, Reverdy Johnson our Minister. Reverdy, I am afraid, has not commended himself to Americans at home by his exuberances and acquiescences in England; had almost forgotten there had been a war, and that heavy memories of it lingered in torn and desolate homes; had thrown himself with fervor into the arms of "Confederate peers" and associates of Semmes; had among other things been duly trounced therefor by Tribune Smalley and many grieved correspondents, and no treaty he could ever make would receive even kitchen hospitality in a Republican Senate. Behind the disappointment over Reverdy, there was the rage over Andrew, and the ebbing of impeachment, and although cool minds might deplore the temper of the Senate over the treaty, even the great personal influence of Seward as the Secretary of State could not prevent its ignominious rejection. But one vote in its favor, from Senator McCreary, of Kentucky; and not alone the rejection, but such a speech from Charles Sumner as made the ears of Englishmen tingle and set poor Harriet Martineau to write in pity and despair. I cannot recall the exact sum Mr. Sumner wanted as "damages" from England; "$110,000,000 for losses in tonnage only an item in the bill." One-half the national debt, as England's interference in favor of the South had doubled the war—that at least, in the Sumner figures, say three thousand millions in round numbers before there could be satisfaction and peace.

So it stood in 1869, when Grant came into power. The

treaty with England thrown into her face with a matter of some thousand millions at issue, backed by the demand of the leader of the Republican majority in the Senate. England angry, of course—angry with a sense of mortified pride. She had offered terms and no hand in the Senate to take her proffer but that of the poor old Kentucky McCreary. America was incensed with the sense of wrong. The new President had shown his devotion to peace on a hundred battlefields, and no Chief Magistrate was a more inflexible enemy of war. The new Secretary, —of mature years, with wide experience, above the blandishments of political favor, had one thought—peace! There should be peace, an honorable peace, honorable above all else to the United States. And how could there be peace with these lowering clouds—"consequential damages," and so on—hanging in the heavens, to burst and fall at any time, and under wild conditions, under the pressure, perhaps, of some momentary Irish excitement or ebullition of political strife.

Matters between the two nations could not have been in a worse condition, and we can well imagine anxious rulers seeking adjustment, when a Canadian gentleman, who had gone to London on business, happened in at Washington. This was Sir John Rose, then a knight, later on to be a baronet; to become famous in banking circles as the Rose of Morton, Rose & Co., counsellor and friend in philanthropic and financial transactions of the Prince of Wales and other high people, and only three years ago to fall dead in the Scottish highlands while stalking a deer. Rose was a Scotchman, had risen to colonial eminence in Canada, became head of the exchequer, I think; was connected by marriage with an American family, and well known in American circles. A quiet, steady, shrewd, reserved Scotchman, with fine capacities

for observation and silence—one of those men in whom mothers with marriageable daughters would be apt to confide and seek delicate advice; a sure-footed, cautious man, strong with what is perhaps the surest, safest element of power, that which is unseen, unknown, and therefore not exposed to envy or disparagement; with the Scottish faculty of being around when wanted and of giving sound, practical advice when requested and not before. I remember Rose when I knew him in London as an ideal of courtesy and discretion, who might have been a first cousin to Bailie Nicol Jarvie, with better advantages in the way of education than the Salt Market of Glasgow could afford.

So Sir John happened in at Washington in his fortunate Scotch way, the luck that seems inseparable from the heather; could not well leave without seeing the Secretary of State, which, of course, meant a dinner with Governor Fish and gracious confidences, as might well ensue from two gentlemen who loved peace and could not readily be denied their hopes of the fond embrace. Why could there not be a commission or something of the kind? Great Britain must surely see that the rejection of the Clarendon-Johnson instrument was rather a rejection of President Johnson's noisome Administration than a desire to quarrel with England. Why not a commission, and if possible an imposing commission? If, for instance, the Secretary hinted, England could spare one of her dukes for the business. There would be social moral suasion in the strawberry leaves. Not of course one of the rat-baiting, horse-racing, razzle-dazzle species of dukes, prone to music-halls, and the pleasures of the capital, but a sensible duke, who could stand around in the drawing-rooms and throw lustre over his company. We had seen what a peer could do

when Lord Ashburton came over and negotiated the Ashburton treaty with Daniel Webster. And although Ashburton was a peer of mild degree, baron, I think, he made his treaty. What might not be hoped with a duke?

As I understood Governor Fish, the outline of the arbitration idea came with the overflow of the dinner talk—dinner arranged for that purpose, the hostess discreetly withdrawing at an early moment—talk going on to two in the morning, none present but Sir John Rose, Bancroft Davis and himself. Sir John saw that he was in the presence of an administration which not only meant peace, but a fresh and powerful administration, a majority in both houses strong enough to neutralize even Sumner and the champions of the consequential claims. And in order that the settlement should be thorough, that there should be no rubs and blotches in the work, why not take up all matters at issue between the United States and Great Britain—the fisheries, the boundary disputes, the ownership of Vancouver and San Juan and the Alabama claims? Why not? Take an earnest, clear-headed Scotchman, and a Yankee Secretary equally earnest and quite as clear headed; consider that behind one were Russell, Gladstone, Argyle and the English statesmen of peace, that behind the other was Grant, who never wanted to see another sword unsheathed in anger, and what more easy than an understanding!

When that dinner was over in the early morning hours, and the well-dinnered Sir John padded home to his dreams, arbitration was conceived! Sir John returned to England, and was soon at the ear of those in authority. Then came correspondence, cipher cables, this and that to be overcome and explained, party prejudices to be considered. Here was the eagle scrutiny of Sumner, not in love with Grant nor his diplomacy, on the verge of resonant mutiny,

ready to pounce on a flaw. There in London were the keen eyes of Disraeli, only too eager to discover any surrender of British honor by the weak and wretched Liberal Cabinet. There was no trouble about the Duke. How would Argyle suit? And with Grace—why not John Bright? They would come. This Sir John had discovered and arranged. They had been our leal friends when friends were needed, and what a reception from the enthusiastic North. Yes, well, yes; no better Duke than the Macallum Moore, no British soul more welcome than the lion-faced commoner who had pleaded for the Union amid the discordant shouts of an inimical Parliament. But as Governor Fish pointed out to Sir John Rose—while the Duke of Argyle and John Bright would awaken commendable patriotism and make the rosiest of all commissions, they never could have the political or moral power at home to secure the concessions which America must demand. For there was business in this all the time, business under the rose-water when we came to its last analysis. Neither Argyle nor Bright represented the sentiment in England without whose assent any concession was possible. Their slightest yielding to our just demands would be called "Birmingham and the Quakers truckling to Yankee bluster." Nothing could be done, and the two nations would come out of it on worse terms than before.

This seems to have shown consummate wisdom on the part of the Secretary. For first of all, and there could be no advance until this was conceded, there must be an admission on the part of England that she had wronged the Union, and with this admission an ample apology. That was the most difficult point in the negotiation. Anything but that! Fish was inexorable. Sumner had demanded it in his speech, and any reserve would be fatal to the treaty in the Senate. The apology was arranged, and

after the usual diplomatic and legislative formulas, red-tape, sealing-wax, cipher telegrams, special messengers, and so on, the commission was born.

The sessions of the High Joint Commission began in the old State Department building, now a school or an asylum of some kind out on Fourteenth street, in Washington, late in February, 1871. They lasted until May of the same year. It was a strong commission, as you may see on the canvas of Mr. Carpenter. Sir Stafford Northcote, a Tory leader, was a member, as on our side was the Democrat, Judge Nelson. This, upon which Governor Fish had laid much stress, took away the partisan tinge. The head of the Commission was Earl De Gray and Ripon, now Marquis of Ripon. His lordship was scarcely a duke, but an earl, lineage of the great house of Grey, and would do. His handsome, bearded face, with the youth of forty, looks frankly out of the Carpenter picture as the central figure of the British group. Northcote was from one of the oldest families in Devonshire, line indubitable to the Conqueror's days and to be in time Lord Iddlesleigh, and among other consequences of this solemn tribunal it befell that one of his sons should espouse a daughter of Governor Fish, and thus give a link of peace between the nations stronger than ever diplomacy could forge. Thornton was British Minister, well known in Washington. Montague Bernard was an Oxford professor of international law, learned in its intricacies, and had written books in its elucidation. Sir John A. McDonald, Premier of Canada until his death the other day, who sits with folded arms, a Disraelian face, a kind of Scotch double to the Hebrew statesman, was there to look after the Canadas.

The head of the American section was Hamilton Fish. The bench, and likewise the Democratic party, as I have

said, were represented by the venerable Justice Nelson, of the Supreme Court. Nelson was, I think, in his eightieth year. This among the last services he was to do for his country, as he died in 1873. Tyler had made him Judge from New York State in 1845, and no one stood higher in the esteem of his countrymen. Schenck was about to leave as Minister to England, having been named in place of the brilliant, but diplomatically unfortunate Motley. He was then in the zenith of his fame, much talked of by Horace Greeley in those days, as I recall, as an inevitable candidate for the Presidency. He was to go to England, and have foolish scandals invented about him in regard to games of chance, which clouded his ripe, well-earned fame. Williams was Senator from Oregon, much in favor with Grant, with whom he was to fall much in disfavor, and was on the Commission because of his technical knowledge of the fishery and boundary questions. The other member was Rockwood Hoar, the "wise Judge" of the Lowell poems, grandson of Roger Sherman, a learned and meritorious man, esteemed by Grant, who took him to his Cabinet and tried to seat him on the Supreme bench. Some Senators found him not over-civil when Attorney General, and so Senatorial revenge or caprice, or some other questionable motive, was permitted to dictate his rejection when he came to be confirmed. The American Secretary was Bancroft Davis, Assistant Secretary of State, son of the "Honest John Davis," who served in the Senate with Hamilton Fish, and upon whom the labor of the Commission had been thrown—now Judge, and one of the strongest figures in our diplomatic history. The English agent was Lord Tenterden, son of the Chief Justice Tenterden, and the permanent Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

Of the details of the Commission much was said by

Governor Fish. There were minor troubles. Schenck would insist upon talking as if it were a Congress, and debate could run without range, and now and then would make startling concessions. Deliberations would at times come to a tension, relations incandescent, on one occasion breaking off in the whitest of white heat, on a threat from Lord Ripon that it "was about time to close the Commission," his Lordship snapping his despatch box lids together as if it were "time at last" to end the accursed thing. "Yes, time at last, as I have been thinking for days," answered the firm secretary. Commission divided off to separate rooms to commune with its wrath. But if these gentlemen were high-spirited, touchy and resolute for their cause, they were serious and just; who loved peace and would win her at any cost but honor. She was won. Arbitration came. It was the gift of the United States to Christianity, and the venerable statesman in whose brain the mighty thought was conceived, and by whose strenuous hands it was shaped into being, may feel in his old age that in that victory of peace he won the title to a more enduring fame than any the century has given to the diplomatic triumphs of Canning, Gortchakoff and Bismarck.

Of Grant, Mr. Fish spoke at length and with discriminating affection. In response to a question as to what, after eight years of the closest personal and political relations with the President, he regarded his dominant quality, the Governor promptly answered: "Absolute truthfulness, complete, inflexible veracity. I do not think," he continued, "that it would have been possible for Grant to have told a lie, even if he had composed it and written it down." I recalled a statement of Grant in regard to the late General Taylor, the ex-President, almost in these identical words: "If old Taylor," said Grant, "had made

up his mind that he must tell a lie, and that he should therefore take the utmost pains to have it on paper, he would be sure to get it straight in reading it out." "This quality," said the Governor, "was shown by Grant when the inflation question came before the Cabinet." There had never been so great a pressure upon an Executive to sign a measure as this of inflation and by the friends of Grant, his especial and personal friends. The party must be saved. There was an irresistible voice from the party which could not be neglected or silenced, and something was needed like inflation to satisfy the impatient West. There was no knowing what might happen to the party else, and it was in the power of Grant to save all. This was the view of the ablest and truest of Republican friends in that quarter, and its effect upon Grant was natural. The Cabinet, with the exception of Creswell and Fish, had given way to the current, and it seemed there was nothing to be done. "So the President," said Governor Fish, "resolved to sign the bill, and as a measure of peace with his conscience, made up his mind to write a message giving his reason for doing so. I think he denied himself to everybody and went to work on the message. But it seemed that the more he wrote the more he saw that he was on untenable ground, and what he began as a message of approval developed into a veto. Having decided his course, he directed the clerks to copy it and make ready for the Senate. Then when the Cabinet met, knowing how much he was in the minority, even in his own official family, he simply announced what he had done, read the message which he had directed to be sent, and said no more." I ventured to say to the Governor that the story of that most remarkable of Grant's many estimable services to the country had been told me *mutatis mutandis* by Grant in Bordeaux; that he had also

said that none of his friends were so earnest in its support as Mr. Edmunds and himself; that the duty of writing that message and the vast political responsibilities involved had kept him awake all night, which no battle of the war had ever done, and that the enthusiasm showed by Mr. Bristow in support of the message was the beginning of the train of thought which culminated in the appointment of Bristow to the Treasury.

One or two interesting glimpses of Aaron Burr which came vividly out of his conversation, a strange touch with the past, remembering that Burr had been a colonel in the Revolutionary war, aide to Montgomery and soldier under Arnold. When Mr. Fish first saw Burr the old man was far on in the seventies. Had occasion to take Burr some legal instrument which wanted verification, and when Burr saw the young attorney's name, he said, "I suppose you are the son of my old Revolutionary compatriot, Nicholas Fish?" "Yes," was the reply. "Will you," said Burr kindly, "present your father with my compliments?" "I bowed," said the Governor, with a laugh, "but as a matter of fact I would have as soon given my father the compliments of a rattlesnake, which Burr knew very well, as they had never spoken since the duel with Hamilton." Colonel Fish, it was believed, would have gone out with Hamilton as his second, as he had been Hamilton's counsel in other affairs that only prudence prevented from becoming affairs of honor. But he had just married, and Hamilton did not feel like imposing upon him a duty which might have entailed ulterior consequences.

In the course of some running talk on that extraordinary meeting and its consequences, not alone to the principals, but to American politics, I could not see that there was any impression that there had been unfairness

in the duel as a contest on the part of Burr, nor any surprise that they should have met at a time when the code prevailed among gentlemen. Burr and Hamilton were alike soldiers skilled in arms, Hamilton having been Major General at the express nomination of Washington as the fittest person to command the army in the event of hostilities. The censure so severely visited upon Burr, and which culminated in his political and personal ruin, as, as I understood from Governor Fish, because he forced a quarrel upon Hamilton without provocation, forced him under circumstances where there was no reason for fighting. The message through young Fish to his father was a part of the old man's swagger which he never ceased to maintain. There was another story which had the same tone of swagger, about Burr's remarking to a friend of Fish as he stood before a bust of Hamilton: "I sent that man out of the world, but not one moment too soon for his fame." No reason in the world for the remark, simply the atmosphere of arrogance in which Burr lived his almost outlawed life far on into old age.

Further glimpses of the past came out of this long bright, and at times brilliant conversation—men and scenes as they remained in his memory. Gallatin, for instance, the Swiss Gallatin from Geneva, who was to give so much political trouble in the early days with his differences with Washington, "Whisky Rebellion," and other questionable complications; a rasping, excitable and enthusiastic personage, as he appears in the chronicles, who had Hamilton among his many aversions, which I presumed was a political legacy from Jefferson. And it appeared, as Gallatin in later years confessed to Fish and other friends, that when he went into the treasury, as he did under Jefferson in 1801, it was with the resolution of undoing all the harm of Hamilton's career by a series

of the most needed reforms. "And yet," said old Gallatin, "when the matter at last came to me seriously in hand I could do nothing. There was no building or even rebuilding, after the sovereign workmanship of Hamilton's genius." A graceful tribute to the memory of a dead patriot from a one-time fierce political antagonist which it is well to rescue out of the dust-storms of current talk and keep in memory as due to the founder of our financial system.

Governor Fish was, I presume, rather removed from Lincoln by the presence of Seward in the Cabinet, and Preston King in the Senate. Lincoln intervening between Stewart and Stanton, had taken the side of Fish in some small point of difference with the Secretary of State. A sunny glimpse of the famous Mackenzie, whom Grant regarded as after Sheridan the most brilliant young soldier of the war, one of the very few generals that he would like to have put in command of an army,—the brilliant, brave Mackenzie, to die only the other day on the threshold of his fame. Mackenzie, it seems, was a West Point cadet, and having broken bounds in some skylarking expedition, came foraging upon Mrs. Fish, at the Garrison's mansion for food, knowing that he might hope for at least charitable treatment, truant as he was, from a lady who had known him from infancy, and who had been his mother's schoolmate and friend. So having made the descent the hungry young outlaw would heed no womanly intimations to "return to duty," until he had been given due hospitality, more toothsome, one can well believe, than the spare rations of the Academy, and worth breaking the bounds, especially if cream and pastry possibilities were well considered. So when the feast was at its height, and Mackenzie and a cadet comrade in vagrancy were forgetting possible tours of guard duty and other forms of

military punishment, in the immediate joys of the hour, who should be seen driving up the grounds, but Lieutenant General Winfield Scott, the commander-in-chief of the army! What a situation! What a horror! Surely no other errand could have brought the lieutenant general, but that he had heard of their crime, and was about to visit it with due expiation. "Well," said the Governor, "I hustled Randall and his chum into the closet there in the billiard room, and had them well locked in before the General could descend. When we were snugly here on the porch, I told Scott that I had a couple of his scapegraces locked up in hiding and in terror over his coming, waiting to be dragged out to humiliation and shame. The General laughed and said that he was not quite sure that there was any part of the curriculum at the Academy that went farther toward making the cadets good, ingenious, shifty soldiers, than in learning how to break bounds and escape from the eyes of their professors. When the General left the young culprits were released with the kindest admonitions from Mrs. Fish, and renewed supplies of rations and allowed to get to their quarters as best they could."

Serene, quiet talk, with kindly words for friends and foes likewise, as might well become an old workingman, the rough belongings of his task done, and glad to come in out of the heat and burden of the day, and think only of what had been attained, with no thought of resentment or regret. A gentle reference to Sumner and Motley, in a spirit of appreciation and sorrow. Of current affairs there was little said. The panorama of this foolish hour could only awaken a languid interest in one who had lived and acted in the great days; whose own life was almost in touch with the Revolution, his father having served under Washington; who had sat in the Senate with Henry

Clay; the counsellor and friend of Grant! With such memories, the consciousness of eminent public service, in a beautiful home, children to the third and fourth generation clustering about his knees, sure of a world wide and enduring fame, secure in the affectionate, grateful veneration of his countrymen, what more beautiful than these twilight days of a noble life! "And that which should accompany old age, as honor, love, obedience, troops of friends," all vouchsafed to him in rounded, abundant measure. This was my thought as we took our leave of the illustrious statesman and received his smiling welcome and farewell at the door. The sunset gun rang out from the empurpling shadows of West Point, and the colors fluttered down the staff as we drove to the station. The day was done! It seemed to echo the sentiment in which we had taken our farewell. The day was done! But no day in our time has earned a more honorable repose than that which every American will desire for the evening hours of Hamilton Fish.

GLENCLYFFE.

GARRISON'S P. O., PUTNAM CO., N. Y., Oct. 30, 1891.

My dear Mr. Young:—I owe you more thanks than I can convey for the very kind and flattering article which I have received.

In my younger days I was never insensible or forgetful of kindness; now far in the vale of years, possibly I am not insensible of flattery.

You have given a very graphic account of what I feared must have been a rather dull afternoon to you and Mr. Carpenter; although a most agreeable and delightful diversion in the monotony of an old man's retreat.

I am very faithfully yours,

HAMILTON FISH.

EXTRACT FROM "NOTES AND QUERIES" BY J. R. Y.

(December 31st, 1892.)

"The year that goes, and I dash the snow from his cape as he is going, was a good fellow enough. He brought much joy and much sorrow."

Tha I fancy is the way with the years, at least, since Christ began to number them over again and try to save us from the consequences of ourselves. * * *

I have lost some friends in this year. Of that—silence! My griefs are sacred, and therefore my own! The world has had losses. The navy shall never again see that fine old Chesterfield-Nelson of a hero, Raymond Rodgers, the admiral. I knew him well, and he has my welcome beyond the stars. Cardinal Manning was a beneficent influence. Man of the world, and prince of the church—at home in Marlborough House and on the London docks. He once gave me his blessing. I return it with a prayer. Freeman, the historian, with his dumpy body, great head, shaggy beard, and that sing-song of a voice, as if he pumped it out while speaking. The most learned of men, only he would not permit folks like Froude and the rest of us to know so little while he knew so much. D. Hayes Agnew, one of my oldest friends, the friend of my father and mother—how the good that he did streams after him like the radiance of some shining star on its way through the heavens. Walt Whitman, the Titanic amorphous poet, whose influence will be better understood a hundred years from now, and eyes will be strong enough to see what he has seen. Cyrus Field, of whom it was so finely said that he was a second Columbus and rediscovered America. The dear and venerable E. C. Knight, with the presence and the traditions of a merchant prince. George Wil-

liam Curtis, to redeem the New World from the reproach of never having produced an Addison. Dougherty, the brilliant, intrepid, high-souled Christian gentleman and orator. Whittier, who sang the wail of slavery and the triumph of freedom; and Tennyson—lord, master, king. Yes, Old Year, as you go from us, and as I brush the snow from your cape while taking leave, you are richly laden in what the world is loath to spare! But, go then, and God bless you, and keep you a gentle place in the eternities.

(Jan. 27th, 1893.)

"The new year gives death a fearful harvest. How many names that belonged to our present, go into history!—Hayes, Blaine, Butler, Lamar, Kenna, Jay Gould, Phillips Brooks, Fanny Kemble. Among our generals, Rufus Ingalls and Abner Doubleday. January of ninety-three will be remembered as the month of months wherein Time paid largess to Eternity.

Three of these were statesmen of the North, none more conspicuous. One had been President, the other two had proudly looked upon the office with the assurance to prove barren of political nominations. Two were statesmen of the South, and had served in the Confederate army. Two had been generals in our Northern army, eminent and useful soldiers. One was the most brilliant of our theologians. The other in her day had been queen of the stage. Jay Gould was a monarch in finance. The Reaper's sickle has mowed with impartial hand.

In the aggregate, looked at as in cold philosophy, these departures may be dismissed as incidents of fate. The angel stands on the threshold. The name is called. We go. But is that all?

I thought of this to-night as I looked out upon

the bluest sky I had seen for weeks. A starry, stainless blue,—not a vagabond cloud to make a kaleidoscope of the constellations. I thought of my own dead—reverent and sacred to me—who rest with God. I thought of these mighty dead, summoned in these January days, every name an epic, and now at rest. The statesmen with their ambitions, the soldiers whose pulse will never quicken to the cannon peal, the insatiate master of finance, the bishop in touch with God, the queen of the stage, over whom our grandmothers wept as Juliet and rejoiced as Beatrice. Yesterday with us,—to-day farther than the most distant stars.

It was my privilege to know more or less every one in this company. And alone with the stars, looking out upon the frosty, snowbound night, they seemed to come back with messages and remembrances, and I am afraid with needed admonitions. If I had time, or you would care about it, I could write you—my midnight hour with the dead.

For many years I knew Blaine and Butler on terms of intimacy. I last saw Blaine in Washington, driving from the Department of State, late in the spring of 1891. He was huddled in the corner of a carriage, listening to some talk from a Judge of the Supreme Court beside him. As he raised his hat it was with the motion of one who might have been a hundred years old. So white, so wan, so weary. I had a short note from him subsequently, but never to see him again.

I last saw Butler in Boston on the Thursday preceding the Presidential election. We had not met for some years, and as he came into the room I noted his feebleness. However, once surely in the chair, and the unlighted cigar in his mouth, he threw himself together and talked for an hour with eloquence and freedom. It was

only a call of courtesy, and the talk mere friendliness. I recall among other things that he was sure of Harrison's re-election.

I had the great honor and pleasure of knowing Mrs. Butler, and this allusion of her husband brings her to mind. I have often thought if I were in the book writing business that I should sketch a few lives which have come within the range of my own; lives based upon a perfect marriage. That of General Butler should have the first place. His marriage was one of singular felicity. Mrs. Butler was a woman of extraordinary ability, in intellectual force the equal of the General, and that means a great deal, for in mental force Butler is one of the first men of the age. She had more self-command than the General, had a singular grace and dignity, a consciousness of power and genius which attracted you with a sentiment of respect and admiration. She was an exquisite reader, only surpassed in my knowledge by Fanny Kemble. Shakespeare she knew by heart, and Mr. Donnelly will be pleased to learn had anticipated him in the acceptance of the Baconian theory. She even believed that the music and the imagination of Shakespeare could be found in Bacon, and I remember her reading one summer evening at her Washington home many parallel passages in support of this theory.

Leave me, O Love! which reaches but to dust,
And then, my mind, aspire to higher things,
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust;
Whatever fades but fading pleasure brings.
Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might,
So that sweet yoke where tasting freedoms be,
Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth the light,
That doth but shine and give us sight to see,

O, take fast hold, let that light be thy guide
In this small course whence birth draws out of death;
And think how ill becometh him to slide
Who seeketh heaven, and comes of heavenly breath.
Then, farewell, world, thine uttermost I see;
Eternal Love; maintain thy life in me.

It is not, however, the intellectual side of Mrs. Butler that comes back to me now, thinking of her as I read her husband's tribute to her memory, but her high serene womanliness. Her power over the General was unbounded. "I have never," he once said to me, "done anything of any import without taking counsel of my wife, and I have never made a mistake except when I failed to follow her advice." This is high praise. I am proud to write it, as due to a noble and gracious memory. Her influence was always for gentleness, peace, mercy; and how much this must have meant at the side of that proud turbulent nature. I remember a story in illustration, as told me by an officer who served under Butler during the war. "Some Confederate," said my informant, "had carried news, or run the lines, or committed a military offense. The court martial had condemned him to death, and it was my duty to carry out the sentence. It was not a serious offense—military rather than otherwise, and I was very sorry for Johnny Reb, and hated to see him die. So the evening before the execution I went to headquarters to see whether the General relented. I found him over his papers, working on in his huge, ravenous fashion, like one gorging himself. Mrs. Butler in a corner behind the lamp, quietly sewing. The General was in a towering humor. He intended no mercy for this or any condemned rebel. More of them should be punished, and soon, with Butlerian vehemence. 'So execu-

tion at sunrise?' I said. 'Yes, at sunrise,' was the command, Butler never taking his eyes from the newspapers. As I turned away and bowed my good night to Mrs. Butler she quietly raised her finger and said nothing. I knew what the signal meant. The woman in her humanity was begging a man's life. Well, I did not turn in that night, hung around my quarters waiting, and just before sunrise came an order from the General suspending the execution. The woman had won." Yes, the woman had won. And in reprinting the General's tribute to his wife's memory I would likewise throw this flower upon her grave, remembering her as a true friend, a perfect wife, and a supremely gifted, noble-minded woman.

Of this company I would like to say a word of Rufus Ingalls. Of the others much will be written. We shall have a Niagara of anecdote. Rufus Ingalls is one of the unappreciated and soon to be forgotten great men of the century. He was quartermaster general of the Army of the Potomac from the beginning to the end of the war. McClellan, Burnside, Pope, Hooker, Meade, Grant, he served them all and held their entire confidence. He disbursed for the Government thousands of millions. He never had an account that was questioned. He died poor. If he had served upon the line, instead of upon the staff, he might have had the highest command, as Grant ranked him in his published records with Sherman and Sheridan.

He fought his fight to the end. Always the gentleman, always the soldier, always the embodiment of perfect integrity. He was the kindliest of men, had an easy, positive, charming manner—was never in a hurry, nor in a temper, but somehow was always obeyed. I presume he was nearer to Grant than any of the officers. They had been classmates at West Point, had served on the

Pacific, and had a perfect appreciation of one another. In all my days I never knew a courtlier or kinder gentleman. I thought of this as I met him just before the holidays on Broadway. He had returned from the West, and as he paused for a moment he referred in a bantering mood to his infirmities. When I took my leave, it was with a feeling that it was an assured farewell. And when I read that Ingalls likewise had received and answered the summons, I was not surprised.

CHARLES LONGFELLOW.

(April 14th, 1893.)

It will be three years in May since standing on the deck of a vessel riding at her moorings in the Bay of Venice, under the shadow of the Bridge of Sighs, I took my leave of Charles A. Longfellow, the elder son of the poet. I was not to see him again, for in this morning's paper I read that he died yesterday in the old Longfellow mansion of Cambridge.

I knew Longfellow well; came to have a sincere affection for the man; had met him in Japan, and again in New York, and when we last parted it was after a three-months' companionship in a journey which embraced Ceylon, the Red Sea, the Grecian Archipelago, the Riviera and the Adriatic.

Longfellow bore with modesty an illustrious name. He was brave, far-seeing, modest. Proud of his father, he had no sympathy with the poetic spirit; had never written a couplet, and if he read his father's poems, it was from a sense of filial duty. He seemed to have an aversion to poetry, and wicked friends would tease him by advising sentimental ladies to send their albums to him

and ask for "a stanza." He seemed rather shy of having his father's poetic achievements thrust upon him, and it was rarely he referred to them.

Longfellow used to say that he was born to roam the seas, that he had probably Viking or pirate blood in his veins, that he must have blended his line with some buccaneer of the Spanish Main. I think he said that one ancestor had been an admiral. He never was at rest except when journeying. He loved the sea with passion. There was no storm that daunted him, and nature had no such eloquent voices as those which came out of seething, combing waves. He had his own little yacht with which he hovered about New England coasts, and he was one of a small venturesome company who crossed the ocean in a fifty-feet yacht. But then, while he loved the ocean and had no prouder companionship than the storm, he never knew fear—was one of the bravest men I have ever known, that unconscious bravery which gives a charm to the manly nature.

High-spirited, self-respecting—ready as a flash if the moment came—Longfellow was like all the truly brave men, gentle, low-voiced, amiable, considerate, polite. There was something of his father, the poet, in his mild, winning eyes. His courage, tested in many an adventurous feat at sea, had undergone the highest test of all when shot through the body during the war.

It was a severe wound, and undoubtedly invited the disease which was to cut him down in his prime, but I never heard him refer to it. The two things that you never learned from Longfellow was that he was the son of one of the noblest Americans, and that he had given his blood to his country.

Longfellow was free from the cares of life. He had an inherited income and was a bachelor. He spent

his days in travel, observation and in the sunny, sparkling coteries called "society" in England and France. Of the East he always spoke as one under a fascination, and when I first met him in Japan, in 1885, he was about to explore the Inland Sea on a small chartered fishing schooner. When he returned to New York he told me that after a month of superb idleness on the Inland Sea his vessel came upon a rock one day near Simonoscki and went down, while he saved himself by good swimming.

If Longfellow had had material duties thrown upon him, he would have made his mark in some career of enterpise or adventure. He was a very intelligent man; learned in the languages, with a practical mind, well-poised, independent, candid, and generous in his opinions. I valued his friendship, and it was a pleasure to know it as among my possessions. There was nothing in his character that an American would not be proud to see in one who bore the name of Longfellow.

THE PASSING OF BOOTH.

(April 22nd, 1893.—*Editorial.*)

April 21.—So this our actor, the chiefest of them all, is dying. It is impossible to read the bulletins in regard to Edwin Booth other than as messages from a death-bed. We read them as with a prayer for his departing soul.

It is the going out of a great light, a dimming of the skies even as when Tennyson died. Yet Tennyson might have been the father of the actor. There were few years between the birth of Lord Tennyson and the elder Booth, whose fervid, wayward genius vanished on a Mississippi steamboat some forty years ago.

I have known Edwin Booth for many years. I first met him when at the Arch Street Theater in the early days of the war. I remember seeing him as "Richard III." for several nights in succession. [I was young and had time, and the spell of the stage was upon me.] There was one scene—Booth as Richard in armor, the armorer putting the last touches to the King's boots as the scenes parted, while his Majesty read the enigmatic message to Jockey of Norfolk.

I never cared much for Richard II. Booth, however, his face radiant with fire and beauty; the figure in glittering steel-like armor; the youth, suppleness and martial attributes; the buoyant, bounding presence, form a picture which ever remains with me.

Booth in those Arch street days was crude—without the natural genius of his unhappy brother. I do not recall seeing him again until the Winter Garden engagement, famous in theatrical annals, when he played the hundred nights of "Hamlet." From the moment that he appeared as "Hamlet," shivering on the battlements until the end, it was a revelation. There was a transformation. The apprentice had become the master. Here was the "Hamlet" of the poet's imagination. I thought then that he was the greatest actor who spoke the English tongue. I have not changed that opinion—not even when under the spell of Forrest, or Davenport, or Henry Irving. These were eminent men, rarely gifted. I write of them with gratitude. But there was that in Booth that none of them attained.

You cannot describe genius. As well describe the sunshine or a storm at sea, or Niagara. I cannot describe wherein Booth was more to me than Forrest or Irving. I only know that when I had seen his "Hamlet" I felt that I had received the message of the master. I could criticise

Irving or Forrest, follow the details of their art, strive to unravel it. I never criticised Booth.

We read of the famous revivals in Irving's Lyceum Theatre, works of art, the music by Arthur Sullivan, the scenery by Alma Tadema and so on. But Mr. Booth's revivals when he opened his own ill-starred Theater in New York were upon a scale of magnificence which even Mr. Irving could not surpass. The "Romeo and Juliet," and the "Richelieu" as he presented them were especially marvels of dramatic skill and opulence of management.

I saw more of Mr. Booth when he had his own theater that at any period of our acquaintance; was among the favored few who would go into his dressing room during the long wait in "Hamlet" which occurs while Ophelia is essaying her madness, and talk with him as he sat cuddled up, arms hugging his knees, the sombre Hamlet hood thrown over his shoulders, smoking the blackest of pipes and drinking the blackest of coffee.

Booth was interesting, cordial, candid, but not effusive. He told a story well, but never with elaboration nor with mimicry, as is the way with actors. The only anecdote I now recall which depended upon mimicry was in regard to Frederick Le Maitre, the famous French actor, the friend of Hugo, as "Don Cæsar de Bazan." Booth pointed out the difference in the conception of the character as between Frederick and himself; acted parts of a scene in his conversation. Writing with Hugo's stupendous eulogy of Le Maitre in mind, Booth's treatment seemed truer than that of the Frenchman.

Booth lived under a cloud. Critics were wont to call it affectation, and say that it was a business advantage to parade Broadway with his long hair and the pensive aspect of the melancholy Dane. That it brought women to

the play and that mystery made him an object of sympathy.

Never was a man freer from affectations than Booth from those petty posings and the incentives to gossip which surround the stage. He had known sorrows which well might enfold him as with dense, undying gloom. He inherited from his brilliant father tastes which only the constant exercise of the strongest will could master. He was ever at war with the fiercest appetite which ever cursed with its thraldom the soul of man. He fought and held it down. The bride of his youth died in the spring time of her days, and no one knows how much of his heart went into her untimely grave. His beloved brother was the slayer of Lincoln, and apart from the crushing blow to his affections, his name was to be allied with a never-to-be-forgotten crime. And in later years other sorrows fell, upon which the curtain has never been lifted. We know that they were with him, and as for the rest let there be silence and peace.

In its highest sense, looking upon the drama as potent in forming the manners and morals of a nation, this generation can never repay its debt to Booth. The stage was a moral agency, a means for the dissemination of light and truth. In this there was a reflection of his character. I have never known a gentler, kindlier, purer or more high-minded soul. He had the power of attaching friends to him as with links of steel; but it was a power that rested as much upon their appreciation of his serene, lofty character, as upon the charm and glow of his personality. The gentleman, the scholar, the friend! This he remains to those who knew him. The sovereign of the stage, under whose sceptre millions have knelt! This will be his place in our annals.

WHAT BOOTH DID FOR HIS ART.

Booth's and Forrest's Schools Compared.

As the dynasty of the English stage passed from Garrick to the Kembles, and thence, through Kean and Macready to Henry Irving, so of American tragedians it may be said that Forrest and Booth have held sovereign sway.

They won their sovereignty in their youth. Forrest was in his thirties when he returned, laurel laden, from England to have a royal welcome, to be surfeited with fame.

Booth had a severe apprenticeship, but under conditions improved by the frailties of others, yet he was still a young man when he launched into an ascendancy which was never disputed. It was a long reign from 1857 until 1890, and its glory was undimmed to the end.

Forrest is almost a memory to the present generation. He passed his professional climax before the war. Personal misfortunes and embarrassments because of his waywardness warped and thwarted his career. Tried by any canon, he was a great actor. He had rare gifts, a superabundance of energy, perhaps, and a want of what Booth possessed to an eminent degree—poetry of expression. He had read deeply. While his learning was crude, and under the sway of his dominant personality never permitted to interfere with a prejudice, Forrest believed in his art and pursued it with devotion.

As a student he surpassed Booth or, in fact, any actor. Of Edmund Kean it was said that his acting was like reading Shakespeare by lightning flashes. The same might be said of certain creations of Edwin Booth. The criticism would never apply to Forrest, whose work showed hard, stern, conscientious toil.

If genius be, as Bulwer describes it, a form of concentrated industry, then no actor can have a higher place than Forrest. But while industry is not to be despised, but on the contrary accepted and guarded as a commendable thing, there was in Edwin Booth, as in the elder Kean, and perhaps in a lesser degree in Garrick, the touch of the heavenly fire which is inseparable from genius.

Fielding, in his remarkable criticism of Garrick in the novel, pointed out the naturalness and simplicity of that memorable artist—the acting, so true that the impression was that of course this was the only way in which it could be done. Rogers, in his "Table Talk," recalls the thrill that came over him when as a child he heard one or two of Garrick's speeches as "Lear." It was the spell of genius.

We felt this spell with Booth in the graveyard at Elsinore; when Cardinal Richelieu invokes the power of Rome as against the intrigues of Baradas; and in the final scene of "The Fool's Revenge."

These scenes or points of action in the art of Edwin Booth are an exemplification of what is meant by dramatic genius. No such effects can be recalled on the part of Forrest. His farewell soliloquy in "Othello" and the speech in "Jack Cade," where Alymere tells of the stormy night in the Coliseum, when he resolved upon the adventure which made him a rebel against his King, had something of the lightning flash.

The art of Forrest was intense, conscientious acting. His high gift was that of a reader. The glory, the majesty, the majority, the reverberation of that voice, with its tones which Mirabeau or Webster did not surpass; the perfect elocution, every syllable with due expression and refinement, until the critics in their wickedness dwelt upon Forrest's pauses as mannerisms.

The charm of this extraordinary gift was so winning

that it was said that Forrest, as "Hamlet," was seen at his best when the auditor sat with his back to the stage. This criticism expresses better than in any elaborate explanation the difference between Forrest and Booth.

The audience saw in the "Hamlet" of Forrest, an impossible personage, a robust, exuberant, teeming person, who made love like an elephant. It is a tradition that Shakespeare made "Hamlet" fat and scant of breath to satisfy the physical exigencies of a certain tragedian. But, even while such a liberty might be grudged, not even the genius of Shakespeare could have adjusted "Hamlet" to Forrest.

While in Forrest, therefore, the poetry of "Hamlet" disappeared, while there was only the mournful echo of his exquisite voice, Edwin Booth was the "Hamlet" of the poet's dream. He had youth, personal comeliness beyond any of his peers, the physical attributes supposed to appertain to princely station, a swift, instant commanding eye and a voice surpassed alone by that of Forrest in its harmony.

It was as an expression of the poetic drama that Booth surpassed Forrest or indeed any actor of our day. He could reach effects as tremendous as those of Kean, but his art, unlike that of Kean, did not rest upon effects alone. He could make points which showed the range of his genius, but when not making points, when in the body and matter of the play, he was always acting.

The same was true of Forrest, but with this exception —the elder actor seemed to be doing his best in a mechanical way. He never trifled with his art. On the other hand, Booth was never mechanical. You might see him a hundred times as "Hamlet," and in each performance some new thought, a poetic touch, a glance, a gesture fell upon you like a new light.

It was this poetic faculty which enabled Booth to grasp

the sceptre of Forrest long before Forrest would lay it down. It was not in the nature of the elder to make a gracious surrender, and his antipathy to Booth, although the son of a friend and his own namesake, was among the things to be regretted in the closing years of his wayward and brilliant career.

The supreme attainment of Forrest was that of the stately, formal school of acting, inherited from the Kembles, intensified by Macready. Acting, like painting and literature, goes in periods and schools. Forrest was under the Macready influence, as much as Bryant under Wadsworth. We had a Forrest school in dramatic art, as we had a Byronian school in poetry.

For a generation the Forrest influence pervaded the stage. The sneer, the imperious stride, the half hour Macduff and Richmond and Laertes combats to the joy of a quivering pit; the sedate, the pedantic pauses, the odd emphasis upon words and questionable phrases that modern taste would have eliminated; the roar, the swagger and the scowl—for a generation we indorsed this as a legacy and remembrance of a master whose genius was beyond mimetic art but whose faults and exaggerations could alone be copied.

This vanished under the refined and gentle influence of Booth. It is a question whether the tragic stage, as now suffused with his spirit and in a degree with the melodramatic fire and subtlety of Henry Irving, would understand or accept Forrest. This is not meant as a reflection upon his genius; for this writer, at least, would not say one word in derogation of a mighty name. It means that the old must give way to the new; that even art itself, eternal in its principles, must accept the discoveries of the student, the whims and mutations of fashion; that

in theology, science, literature, the drama, the law is change.

The dramatic school, as it came from Forrest, was rugged, harsh, crude, amorphous, with a power which awakened wonder, admiration, at times terror and pain.

The school of Booth was gentle, refined, spiritual, seeking for dramatic effects by deep, philosophical inquiry—a school of poetry, aspiration—and in it we feel not alone the strength of art, but its sublime harmonies and truths.

The change was an advance in our civilization. We had seen Niagara and were lost in bewilderment and awe. We were to see the mountain hemmed plain, the solemn mysteries of sea and sky, nature itself, and over it all a beauty, as of peace, and an inspiration to nobler deeds and a truer life.

GEORGE W. CHILDS.

Here, lying on my desk, disentombed from a heap of forgotten papers, I find a yellow, dingy note written during the war days—a message of personal kindness and good will. It has rested amid the inevitable dust for a generation, the silent but living voice of my friend. My friend is dead and it is now a voice from the grave. I have been standing at the vaulted doors of his tomb as the bishops of the church recited the last offices. Below us, swimming in the wintry haze, was the city that had loved and honored him,—about us a grieving multitude to whom he was but an example and a name. And thus we left him likewise to rest with God. The beginning and the end of a friendship unbroken, cloudless, during these intervening teeming years, and not to be valued by words.

Much has been written of George W. Childs, tributes of personal esteem in some cases, but largely the recog-

nition of public opinion, which has gone out to him as to no American in my recollection since the farewell guns echoed at Riverside. These honors are given to a private gentleman, who never served the State but as a citizen, who did his work in the narrow sphere of his adopted town, and who lived outside of the temptations of ambition or the allurements of power and state. He won a world-wide fame, our pride when he lived, and now a gracious, solemn memory.

He was without the endowments which are supposed to command the hearts of men. He had none of the advantages of birth, descent or fortune. It was not appointed that he should go to the wars. He had never heard a gun fired in anger. As to oratory he was silent, his one speech a modest expression of gratitude to some admiring friends in the Rocky Mountains. He had had no part in those vast enterprises which in this generation have transformed the forces of nature. He was not a man of letters. He had never been swayed by the charm of adventure. He never attended a political convention, and there is room for speculation as to the party character of his ballots. Here he lived and here he died. During the more than forty years of his active life in Philadelphia his aggregate absences could be embraced in a few months. And yet walking his way, doing his work outside of the accepted paths of power and fame, he became one of our most strenuous and powerful men, and his fame encompassed the world.

The character of such a man is worthier of study than that of many whose work was either done amid the glare and noise of opportunity, or made easy by rare endowments. We can understand Sheridan and Morse, Boker and Hawthorne and Edgar Allan Poe. The spell of a strange power was upon them, and their lives were an

expression of what lies within the scope of genius. Sheridan was a soldier, because he had the soul of Judas Maccabeus. Longfellow sang because his soul was attuned to harmony and light. No gifts, none at least of those envied by men, and whose possessors come upon our horizon with an auroral radiance, were permitted to Mr. Childs. None at least but the cheerful spirit, the dauntless, much-aspiring soul, the supreme, far-seeing sense which looks above and beyond from what seems to what is.

The story of the Kane expedition and the manner in which it was handled by Mr. Childs will illustrate this remarkable aptitude for affairs. Kane was a young Philadelphian of a distinguished family. Graduating in medicine he became a surgeon in the navy, going, in 1843, at the age of twenty-three to China. He seems to have been bewitched with the spirit of discovery and romance. Before he was twenty-five he had gone around the world, crossing the continent of Asia and returning home to do gallant and honorable service in the Mexican war. Then came the first or rather the "Grinnell expedition" to the Arctic regions, and the second, both of which he commanded, and from which he returned in his thirty-fifth year, to die at thirty-seven in Havana.

The publication of Dr. Kane's Arctic story in 1856, Mr. Childs then a young man of twenty-seven, marked a new era in the book-selling business. It was the old-fashioned custom to print a book in solid, clumsy type, and throw it upon the waters to sink or swim. Mr. Childs gave the Kane volumes such an advertising as the trade had never known. The body of the lamented explorer was brought from Cuba with royal honors, and in the regulation of those details was seen the master hand. In a short time the name of Kane was made a household word, and when the work was published it was for the

day an edition de luxe. The young publisher paid the heirs of Kane $65,000 as a copyright. In its way as a business venture the Kane publication was as fine as the Bonaparte campaigns in Italy. Others have followed. It is now an old, ordinary story. There have been successes even more noteworthy than what attended the Kane publication. But Mr. Childs was the pioneer in the work of printing books worth reading in a style worthy of their merit, and compelling the world to buy them.

I might also recall the works of Benjamin Franklin, in ten volumes, which look down from my shelves, graced by the now mournful inscription of Mr. Childs. And then another achievement, which should win for him the gratitude of the literary world, namely, Allibone's Dictionary of Authors.

We owe the publication of this monumental work to Mr. Childs. The dedication of the first volume, written September 1, 1858, was in these words: "To George William Childs, the original publisher of this volume, who has greatly furthered my labors by his enterprise and zealous intelligent interest, I dedicate the fruit of many years of anxious research and conscientious toil. S. Austin Allibone." The completion of the work was to be achieved by the late Joshua B. Lippincott, and the supplementary volumes still later by Craige Lippincott, to whom likewise be great honor; but as I have said, the inception came from Mr. Childs. And I am not sure that he surpassed the Allibone publication in any of his later achievements, however memorable.

I have sometimes had the impression that if Mr. Childs had not been swept out of his publishing purposes by the fascinations of daily journalism; its rapid returns in the way of money, when money comes at all; its lawless, eccentric and at times appalling power; its from day to day

dynasty—he would have become among our greatest publishers, as much of a monarch in that regard as Murray when he swayed literary England from his parlor on Albemarle street. As the reader will see from the character of the books published by Mr. Childs, his aims were lofty and daring. The Kane book and the Allibone Dictionary belong to the high ranges of literature.

The purchase of the *Ledger* is generally accepted as the crowning achievement of Mr. Childs. True, the larger part of his life work was to be done in the *Ledger,* and here his fame gathered glitter and color. But I deem it rather an opportunity than an achievement. They would do him injustice who saw in his labors as the editor of the *Ledger* the sole, or even the highest expression of his genius. The Allibone Dictionary issued from that little Childs and Peterson shop, on Arch street above Sixth, by a young man not in his thirties, is to my mind a nobler evidence of real original merit than even those subsequent experiences in journalism which were to attract the gaze of mankind.

It should not be forgotten that the *Ledger* was an institution, that it had had many years of fair national repute before it passed into the hands of Mr. Childs. A word should be said of William M. Swain, its founder, whose ashes now rest within a few paces of those of his successor. Swain is forgotten, or a mere echo in local traditions, his very name unknown in biographical dictionaries, and his career recalling what I sometimes quote as the epitome of the journalist's career.

Who sweep the crossings, wet or dry,
And all the world go by them.

My earliest recollections of Philadelphia journalism go out to Mr. Swain. He was a remarkable man, and in

his time a journalist of distinction and authority. We were all of us, the newspaper youngsters of those days, in awe of Swain. There were traditions of austerity and severe discipline in his service, and it might be as well to cross over to the other side of the way when you saw his large form, bowed and absent-minded, with its strong-lined, mournful face coming down Chestnut street. Upon the few occasions when I had speech with Swain he was abrupt, critical, censorious. I recall some kindnesses—thrown at me, rather than given—for which I now record a word of grateful thanks. Under this shagginess of manner and his semi-articulate, decided, peremptory methods of talk, there was, as I learned from those who knew him better, a kind heart, a yearning for the very sympathy which he seemed to repel, and a proud, repelling, arrogant spirit of independence which made him a masterful influence in journalism, and laid the foundation of the unique and extraordinary power of the *Ledger.*

An original, and in a practical sense an eminent man, Mr. Swain should hold his place in history as among the pioneers of a cheap and independent press. The revolt against the solemn, didactic journalism of the earlier decades, with its sixpenny sheets, its five column editorials and its contempt for news, of which James Watson Webb was the representative in New York and Joseph R. Chandler in Philadelphia, was led by James Gordon Bennett in New York, and a group of craftsmen named Swain, Abel and Simmons in Philadelphia. Abel was to found and govern the *Baltimore Sun,* which remains in his family. The others made and ruled the *Ledger.*

Under its earliest *régime* the *Ledger* was not always wholesome reading. It hammered our venerated fathers with saucy freedom, had opinions verging upon insolence and invective, edged into riots and quarrels, but kept the

squeezed fingers on the penny and printed the news. As business grew, the news was sacrificed to the advertisements and the opinions were washed out in deference to prejudices, until the sheet became pale and colorless.

This was the problem awaiting Mr. Childs, and he took it up in his own thorough, wise way. I remember the day when he purchased the *Ledger*—his stopping to talk about it on lower Chestnut street, and sketching out his plans in his bright, pushing, confident manner. It was a critical position. A false step meant ruin. He might have surrounded himself with inspired men of genius, born journalists, indispensable people and young lions generally and gone over the abyss. He might have despised the past of the *Ledger* and disregarded its traditions. Or he might have gone into that mad will-of-the-wisp hunt after political preferment. Or worse than all, he might have what is the saddest thing that can befall a paper—ideas and a mission.

Mr. Childs at once turned a losing business into a profit. He advanced the price of the paper from one to two cents, and doubled the rates of advertising. Even with these changes it was the cheap paper of the day, its rivals costing four or five cents. He strengthened himself by selecting men who would carry out his policy with fidelity and patience. His chief associate was Mr. W. V. McKean, a name ever to be honored in our profession, and now retired to the position of Editor Emeritus. He brought Mr. Childs information unsurpassed as to men and things in Pennsylvania. McKean had been private secretary to James Buchanan, and the confidential associate of John W. Forney. He was amiable, sagacious, and in the government of the press of the city and State, which was to be among the shining achievements of Mr. Childs, no one could have served him so well.

There were others upon whom I may not dwell, as an estimate of their services would unduly prolong this article. Coleman—invariably called Tom—the burly city editor, with the questionable gift of eloquence, a kind of heavy father to the reporting boys, irascible, but generous if you were not impatient, or insensible to his years and dignity. Mr. Childs in time and with fine judgment transferred Tom from the monotony of the city desk to the breezy outdoor work of awakening the enthusiasm of suburban churches, and rural secret, friendly and beneficial societies for the *Ledger*. Joel Cook, a valued boyhood friend, one time my colleague on the *Press*, was transplanted from that nursery,—a man of skill, discernment and rare acquirements, clear-headed, faithful and familiar with finance. The changes, however, were few. Mr. Childs preferred to trust the running of his ship and the handling of its sailing gear to the veterans who had browned on his forecastle to newcomers. He purified the advertising columns. Before his compelling broom the unclean and loathsome things which will creep like vermin into the columns of the most carefully guarded journal, made swift exodus. The new foot was heard on the quarter-deck. Discipline was enforced. Every department was scrutinized by the master, with such a business eye as had not been seen for many a day. Where a dollar could be saved there was judicious economy. When a hundred dollars could be spent with advantage, a thousand would be apt to go, on the principle that what was worth doing at all was worth doing well.

Mr. Childs was too clear-headed, too conservative to take any essential departure from the governing lines of policy laid down by Mr. Swain, and to the observance of which the *Ledger* owed its original success. With these changes in the details of administration and policy he rested. He

saw the false and true under the preceding *régime.* He kept the true and the false was thrown away. There was no meddling with approved traditions, no springing of sensations upon a staid and sober people. The news features were increased, and pains taken to sift out the news and reject the gossip. A statement that might do harm, a rumor with the possible doubt as to its accuracy, was hunted down. I have been surprised at the effect of the *Ledger* emissary to trace to its source an item of no more apparent consequence than the travels of the house-fly upon a wall. Yet in this was rare commendable judgment. It was the slowly building up of credit, like the banker with the good name of his bank. What Mr. Childs sought for his paper was character. If it had been necessary for the *Ledger* to become a financial chronicle or a shipping gazette, or a budget of riddles and fairy stories, he would have worked upon the necessary lines with the patience and omniscient courage which gave his journal its renown.

Mr. Ruskin says that a genius is the power to do whatever it attempts; that no matter the channel into which the man of genius is forced he will assert his God-given mastery, rise to the surface, and in time govern and possess it. The *Ledger* was the fate of Mr. Childs. But he was a man that even fate could not easily subdue. In any other calling he would have won as widespread if not as enviable repute as that which rewarded his editorship of the *Ledger.*

I come now to the question of independent journalism, with which the name of Mr. Childs was to be associated.

What under Mr. Swain was done in a rough, blind way, because he would not interfere with the money earning power of the *Ledger,* attained under the direction of Mr. Childs the dignity of a science. It was independent

journalism as we have never seen it before. The independence of the *London Times* even in its flowering days was ever subordinate to the adoration with which Mr. Delane regarded the late Lord Palmerston. Upon certain questions, Home Rule, the relations between England and the United States, the French Republic, the *Times* has always been a truculent partisan. If the editor had had his wish as expressed in his paper, we should have probably had two wars with England since 1861, one to resist English interference with the Confederacy, the other upon the Alabama Claims. The independence of the *Times* means that it is above mercenary considerations. That is all. Otherwise, and there is no more unreasonable partisan in journalism.

The independence of the New York *Herald* is explained by what I once heard from the lips of the elder Bennett: "I print my paper every day." The caprice which averred that on Monday the world was almost in the shape of a camel, while on Tuesday it was backed like a weasel, and on Wednesday very like a whale, was rather the profound mature purpose of one who resolved to draw upon his journal the wondering attention of mankind. "Oh, the Sunday papers are silent about the *Herald*," he said one day. "Well, let us see if we cannot by next Sunday stir them up." And when in answer to a few moxa-like paragraphs, concerning the Sunday editors aforesaid, which Mr. Bennett knew so well how to indite, the ensuing Sunday journals teemed with invectives upon himself, his country, and his paper, he smiled and said, "I thought so." He might be praised or attacked. He would not be ignored. He was bound to be in evidence before the world.

The independence of the *Ledger* under Mr. Childs was neither the indifference of Mr. Swain, nor the echo of the narrow, severely English, and therefore ignorant

and insular prejudices of the Tory world of Mayfair, or the business sense which made even a pillory tolerable if it added to a journal's power, but a recondite study of human nature. Mr. Childs respected the moral influences which govern society. He saw that there were no forces so potent as religion and the aspirations of labor. He was with the clergyman and the laborer whose bread meant the sweat of his brow. He would never print a Sunday paper. He added from ten to twenty per cent. above the ruling rate of labor to the wages of his people. His politics was a flexible quantity. When the Democrats were in power, the *Ledger* was a Republican paper with Democratic tendencies. When the Democrats acceded, it became Republican with leanings toward the Democracy. Behind this was a scrupulous, chivalric attitude toward political leaders. Whoever reigned, his ambassador was on the steps of the throne. Since Lincoln, during the last days of whose administration Mr. Childs became the master of the *Ledger,* no voice has been listened to with more respect in the inner councils of executive authority. It was the same with Garfield as with Cleveland. The advice of Mr. Childs was ever an influence given to the general welfare. Upon every question, with few exceptions, the *Ledger* maintained its independence. The exceptions were whatever concerned the financial domination of the great house of Drexel and the policy of protection. These were defended as against the exigencies or the blandishments of any party in power. In other things the *Ledger* was ruled like a commonwealth. It was not what Mr. Childs from his interests or personal convictions would like to do, but what in his wisdom, as the head of a great trust, it was best to do. The consummate tact, with which, for nearly thirty years, he main-

tained this independence has never been excelled in the experiences of newspaper management.

An extraordinary achievement, it could only have succeeded in the hands of an extraordinary man. And as my readers will see in this attempt to limn the character of Mr. Childs as it grew upon me during many years of intimacy, I find in these intellectual successes something above the giving of money or the exchange of courtesies. There are many men, yes, many thousands of men, who could have won the honors bestowed upon Mr. Childs because of pecuniary benefactions. I know of no one who could have conducted a great journal upon lines laid down at the outset and from which he never swerved.

In addition to the independence of the *Ledger,* which never wavered under the stress of menace or temptation, we must recall the mastery which for so many years he had over the press of Philadelphia. We have all rested under that bewitching glamor. It was as if we had come upon the realization of some sweet prophecy of revelation; yea, even as when the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling go together and a little child shall lead them. There is a pregnant import in this when we consider the acerbities of journalism, the abrasions and heartburnings incident to a business which deals with public opinion, and when we recall the history of newspaper controversy from the time of Junius to our own. Many readers will remember the relish, something akin to that of the Romans on their return from a day with Dacian gladiators, with which they welcomed a newspaper row. How we rejoiced when the *Thunderer* banged the *Roarer* with the discovered proofs of his great grandmother's elopement with an Indian brave, while the *Roarer* forged the last link in the chain of evidence which

proved the *Thunderer* to be a lineal descendant of Benedict Arnold. What fun! What rare, racy sport! It comes back to us as the memories of the forbidden fruits and stolen sweets of childhood's innocent days, and not without impatience over the loss.

Mr. Childs acted as if he believed that while in the economy of things and among the editorial gentlemen there should be the just as well as the unjust, it was his privilege to be as the rain from heaven, to refresh and bless them all. And they sat at his feet and took courage from his smiles, and welcomed his benedictions and lived in peace.

How far this may have been for the good of journalism or the welfare of the community to whom the editor is a sentinel on the battlements, or how long it may endure, now that the hands of the master are at rest, or whether it may not be as well to have at times Vesuvius flames and lava torrents of righteous indignation, I will not say. That would be a far venture into the philosophies of journalism. The influence of Mr. Childs toward peace will, I hope, not soon pass away. We have outgrown the seasons of passion and pride and strenuous rending asunder. We are no more apt to return to them than to the times of the gladiator, when men were butchered to make a Roman holiday.

Much might be written upon the friendships of Mr. Childs. It would be a volume, perhaps many volumes, of surpassing interest. In regard to one or two of them, a word may be said in passing, and as illustrative of his character.

The relations between Gen. Grant and Mr. Childs should have a place in our annals. With Mr. Childs, in whom sentiment was unusual, his friendship for Grant could be best described as a sentiment. They became friends

during the war. For many summers they were neighbors. Grant, harried and worn with military cares while in command of the armies, with civil cares while President; with deep, corroding personal cares in his later private life—found comfort and freedom with Mr. Childs. Upon his gentle, soothing nature, his quick, spontaneous way of anticipating and doing kindly offices, Grant rested as if upon a pillow. Then, moreover, there was the higher quality—the wise, brave, friendly words, based upon a consummate knowledge of men and affairs—words which Mr. Childs never failed to speak, and to which Grant was ever glad to listen.

Mr. Childs had nothing to ask, and to such a man as Grant, little to give. They were suited to one another; and in time the journalist grew to be a kind of habit with Grant. The General would seek him when he could think of nobody else. What he craved was given. It may have been courtesy, banter, anecdote, the trifle of the gossiping hour, or the serious words of a statesman concerned about the country. But whether the theme was the decoration of the children's kite, or the pace of the latest stable trophy, or some feminine fancy about ribbons or gowns, or the place of Sheridan among warriors, or the effect of inflation upon the nation's credit, there was no one from whom Grant would receive a quicker, surer response than Mr. Childs.

And this is what I mean when saying that Childs grew upon Grant as a habit. During our trip around the world there was no correspondent whose letters were more welcome and to whom he wrote with more regularity than Childs. And thus it happened that our friend was able to do the country a momentous service in urging the veto of the Inflation bill. I do not believe that Grant, even under the pressure of his Western political friends,

would have approved that seductive, but pernicious measure. The friends, however, whose advice had most weight with him in doing his country splendid service were Hamilton Fish, Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, and Mr. Childs. I say this upon the authority of Gen. Grant himself and lay it among the laurels that should rest upon the tomb of my friend.

Among his valued friendships was that of Dickens. It came with the visit of Dickens to America in 1863. I remember dining with the illustrious writer on his return to New York from Philadelphia—the company including Horace Greeley among others, and his vivid picture of his visit, and especially of Mr. Childs. He gave it as though it were a dramatic episode. Mr. Childs there before him, when he came out of the car, and so like one of the characters from his books that he was startled. I do not recall the character cited by Mr. Dickens, would say Pickwick if I trusted my memory. But in a published letter I read that it was Mr. Esse. "The great man of this place," as Mr. Dickens wrote to his daughter, "is Mr. Childs, a newspaper proprietor, and he is so like Mr. Esse, in all conceivable respects, except being an inch or two taller, that I was quite confounded when I saw him at the station with his carriage." That this friendship was appreciated by the Dickens family will be seen in this sentence from the published life of the novelist: "Mr. and Mrs. Childs, of Philadelphia," says the author, "from whom he had received the greatest kindness and hospitality, and for whom he had a hearty regard."

Much also might be written upon the personality of Childs, as it came to our community after so many years of acquaintanceship and association.

The supposition, strengthened by crude, indiscriminate eulogy, that Mr. Childs was like one of the Brothers

Cheeryble, sitting behind his desk with bonny, smiling face, handing out crisp hundred dollar bills to belated fellow wayfarers over the sands of time, or persistent clergymen who wanted a new peal of bells, does him great injustice. The charitable side of the character of Mr. Childs, about which so much is written, was in fact a minor part of it. Nor have I ever taken much interest in the published enumerations of what he did in the giving of money. None of us know, nor may we know before the Great Accounting, what the other has done in that regard. There is as much charity in the mite of the widow as in the largess of the prince, and we should not forget that Mr. Childs was himself a rich man and in alliance with one of the strongest financial combinations in the world. He dowered his generation with multitudinous evidences of beneficence. So have others after their opportunities. So it will be while kindness and Christian love endure.

No philanthropist ever granted benefits with greater discrimination than Mr. Childs. He had no use for the barren soul, for the man who bore no fruit in the way of achievement, who was like those flushed roses of the Indian gardens, with color and without perfume. To be sure no one in want ever left empty-handed. The enthusiast, with his scheme for revising the laws of the universe; the philosopher, who had about finished his masterpiece in reply to Bacon; the adventurer, who would annex the Levant; the outcast, who, with the prison smell on his garments, proposed to deliver lectures upon himself as a warning to society; the devotees who would convert the Pope to Presbyterianism, as well as the devotee who would bring recalcitrant Protestantism back to the faith of mediæval days—each and all had a courteous word and a warm touch of sympathy from that kind and

gracious hand. There it ended. Mr. Childs had no time to lose in tramping upon idle errands through the land of doubts and dreams.

As a rule he expected success as the return for his beneficence. He discovered the successful man with the instinct of genius, and read character as it were by divination. The late Jay Gould said that no one ever failed in the battle of life—unless there was some inherent weakness in the man himself which made success impossible. I have heard Mr. Childs, long before Mr. Gould or his sayings were known, make the same observation. He believed in the simple, manly virtues. Truth above all —and with truth temperance, even to austerity—energy, patience. And when the young aspirant came to him, with these apparent endowments, counsel, criticism, practical aid were never wanting. Mr. Pulitzer, the now famous editor of the *World,* told me that when he ventured upon his New York career the first word of recognition came from Mr. Childs. "I was a stranger to Mr. Childs," said Mr. Pulitzer. "As a stranger he wrote me, congratulating me upon my assured success."

What Mr. Childs saw in Mr. Pulitzer was the blossoming of those qualities which have made the editor of the *World* one of the most successful men of the day. So he went up to him and took his hand and stood by his side. He had met a peer, and recognized him by that spirit subtle as of Free Masonry, which makes all fellow-craftsmen peers. There would have been no unkindness to Mr. Pulitzer had he failed. Not the least, but all the same, no time wasted over him. Our Brother Cheeryble would have thrown him a crisp hundred dollar bill and bade him "God speed" and "save his money."

Mr. Child's affinities were toward successful men. His associates were people who had made some mark in the

world. Into whatever realm this man entered he was a peer of the realm. And thus it came to pass that before he had reached the zenith of his manhood he had a wider range of acquaintance, friends, allies than perhaps any other in the nation. This circumstance alone was of the utmost value to the house of Drexel. I can readily see how the counsel, the tact, the statesmanship of this wisest of friends contributed to the success of that famous house. "What I see in Mr. Childs," said the late Anthony J. Drexel to me, when we were spending some idle weeks in Paris, "is his sound common sense, his knowledge of men and their motives. I never knew one whose advice was as safe to follow, or whose warnings it were more unfortunate to neglect."

Mr. Childs lived in his journal. There was no detail too minute for his painstaking observation. He carried the *Ledger* in his hat. Its success was his one thought. He talked of it with a fond enthusiasm—like the lover of his mistress, or the devotee of his faith. To him it was really a sentient, responsible being, with a kind of supernatural quality, to be approached with reverence, even awe. You could never say a bantering word in his presence about the *Ledger,* nor question its infallibility. There was instant admonition. A compliment to the *Ledger* flushed his face with smiles. Not to read the *Ledger* or advertise in its columns was an indignity. He did not want the revenue nor the recognition. He had more money than he could spend, and recognition had come from thrones. But the *Ledger* was his personal friend and he would endure no neglect. "So-and-so," he said to me one day, referring to one of the most distinguished and powerful men of the day, "allowed an advertisement to appear in * * * * of a corporation to which he belonged, and not in the *Ledger.* I sent for him and called

his attention to the oversight. He apologized and said it would never occur again." There was no arrogance in this thought, nor in the manner of saying it. Here was a man who reigned. He was Cæsar. And the things which should be rendered unto Cæsar must be rendered unto him.

This was also seen in the resoluteness of the character of Mr. Childs. He was firm, brave, outspoken, with a capacity for swift, trenchant, emphatic wrath. You could not cross him with impunity, nor tell him lies, nor assail his business. What he had won he kept. It was his own. He would maintain his right. And in such a cause he could strike a swift, sudden, and generally a decisive blow. I recall some of these antagonisms in the early periods of his career, when he was fighting a way and before he had conquered a place. I realized his marvelous resources, his intrepidity and his success. You could win his affection, his sympathy, his aid; but you must neither attempt to deceive him, nor cross his path, nor strike him down.

Here it was that the wonderful business sense of Mr. Childs came into play. In business there was no clearer head. Cold, lucid, swift, decisive. A perfect knowledge of the value of money—how it was made and how it was lost. He went straight to his point, was singularly free from illusions, looking ahead and seeing the truth of the matter. Let a business proposition come into conversation, and how the manner of the man changed. The easy, fluent, caressing, débonnaire man of books and charming personal recollections was at once the keen-eyed, critical man of affairs. There came earnestness, sincerity, precision of thought, a judgment as cold as mathematics and as absolute as fate. How he would pierce the subject to the core, dissect it from bone to bone, apply to it the laws of trade, custom, common sense and the current thought

of the hour. And while doing so, throwing forth maxim after maxim, materialistic, based upon business traditions, the hopes and the weaknesses of men, out would crop a remembrance or a hint—how old Winfield Scott saw a market for ten million of his memoirs, how Fremont was sure to sell twenty million of his explorations. And yet it was all to come to the homely duty of lining trunks, or guarding the integrity of pats of butter and pasty rolls.

This is the man as he seemed to me in his days of stress and endeavor. The years grew, and with success came the transfer of responsibility, the rapture and glow of society. Over his life fell the deepening autumnal tints, which bring their season of peace and repose, and time for chat and wine, and the amenities, the incense of friendship, and the exchange of fellowship and good will.

In these later days Mr. Childs sat in the bric-a-brac museum called his office, which looks out upon the venerable building where had assembled the first Congress of the United States. Here he received tribute from the world he had won. The airs that breathed upon him were incense laden. Hither came the wise, the great, the learned; whoever of renown happened to be in Philadelphia. Dickens on his second American journey, Grant to receive the hand of fellowship from comrades of the Grand Army, Forrest to recall the traditions of Kean and the Kembles, the brilliant Irving, the leader of the new school in which so many find the new birth of the drama. Here you were sure to encounter the latest celebrity, the newest fancy, or perhaps the reigning absurdity of the town. The shadows that came and went from that famous room during the twenty-five years when the master reigned. The statesman who would have further eminence, the politician who would have a place in the customs, the

professional man who required recognition, the stricken one starving for bread.

There was the cheerful, ready welcome, and the feeling it inspired, as if all these years you had been expected and at last had come. If you were a stranger there was, as when you meet a Chinese gentleman, a cluster of questions, a kind of ritual in the way of introduction. How long have you been in town? How glad to know your business was prospering. Was your life insured? Did you save your money? Did you know how good and true a man was Anthony J. Drexel? And if the comer were a lady, she must keep him apprised of her wedding purposes so that he might be among those who would show on the happy day remembrance and regard.

The impression might arise as you went through this ritual of introduction, that you were dealing with one whose notable trait was paucity of intellect. It was really an expression of modesty or shyness, the prudence of a cautious mind feeling its way. As acquaintance ripened you soon discovered underneath this awkwardness the rarest gifts in the way of observation and conversation. The running stream of talk, memories of everybody, a world of knowledge about men and things such as no other of his time possessed. His estimate of men was accurate and at times startling. He would throw at you sketch after sketch, in a condensed, airy way, and you saw the character before you, minutely drawn. You knew every hole in his coat, every peg in his shoes. As a rule his judgments were kindly, which did not prevent his cherishing a few deep resentments. He had a clear estimate of character, had taken stock of humanity, took no one at a published market rate, but marked each man at his true value. His information as to current affairs was prodigious. He could give you the genesis of every rumor, the true version

of every bit of gossip. He had the soothing gift of discovering your fad, your sorrow, your special ambition, and of coming, as it were, close to your very heart, and digging it out and wrapping it up in the most delicate sympathy, so that when it came back it brought hope and joy. If it were possible to do a practical thing toward the fruition of a hope, or the abatement of a sorrow, it would be surely done, with gentleness and courtesy. His talk was decorated with little maxims, pertaining to the practical ways of temperance, thrift, avoiding clubs as a rule, never forgetting that the *Ledger* was your lode-star if you would triumph in this battle of life. His philosophy was ever homely and practical, based as it seemed upon the writings of Franklin. I used to think of him as the Poor Richard himself, stepped out of the Almanac, and face to face with the nineteenth century.

He had no enthusiasm outside of the *Ledger* and the House of Drexel, and little sentiment. He never cared for the stages of progress, or for the experiments which determined eras in achievement and thought. He was interested in things done. No man of his day, not even Napoleon, could go with more celerity to a purpose when it concerned him. And like Napoleon he was lavish in the concentration of his forces upon any special point. He was given to pondering over his enterprises. I remember that when contemplating the radical changes recently introduced into the *Ledger,* I would never see him but he would take out his dummy paper and go over it in detail —what he would do with this page or the other, where he would keep his review of the finance, and what should be done with the marriages and deaths. Undoubtedly a hundred other friends had a similar experience, and if any suggestion of value were made he would remember it and note it down.

He never gave way to the illusion that Philadelphia was anything else than Philadelphia. He put aside metropolitan aspirations in journalism. He knew the town, its intense municipal pride, its select, exclusive society, its prejudices, its vanities, its magnificent undaunted Americanism. He made his paper for his people, and was indifferent to other interests. With the imperial revenues of the *Ledger* there was no limit to what he might have done in scouring the world for news. He could have distanced the *Herald* or the *Tribune* in special bulletins from Berlin and St. Petersburg, and given reports of the prize ring that would have put even sporting reporters to shame. But Philadelphia had no interest in Germany and Russia, and there was nothing more offensive to its people than the foul echoes of pugilism. I have heard journalists speak with impatience over the failure of Mr. Childs to compete with the New York dailies in the news gathering. But he had thought it out. He knew his trade. What good would ensue? Why pay sixpence a word for stories which no one cared to read? A flag-raising in the Twenty-ninth ward, or a narrative of some old pollard tree in Kensington was of more value to the Philadelphian than Kaiser speeches or the rubbish of the Boulevards. He knew his people. He gave them what they wanted—no more. If more had been required it would have been given with a lavish hand.

The death of Mr. Drexel was not alone the severance of a lifelong friendship. It was the loss of one who had been counsellor, ally, supporter, friend; an intellectual and moral force, upon which he had leaned for the better part of his days.

I have heard from many friends that this great sorrow weighed upon Mr. Childs and changed him, and that he moved about as prostrate with grief. I never gathered this

impression when in his company. He seemed to bear his misfortune in a brave, manly, uncomplaining fashion, and never for an instant appeared to be out of touch with affairs.

I had the privilege of seeing much of Mr. Childs in recent years. My last interview was not long before his death. I was anxious to borrow for some literary purpose a letter written by the late Hamilton Fish, and I sought him out for the required permission. He remembered it, gave me a synopsis of its contents, and promised me a copy as soon as he could fish it out from his correspondence, "which," he said, "had fallen somewhat into chaos."

My visit was inherently a ten minutes' errand, but he persuaded me into a long conversation. He spoke much of Drexel, his regret that he had not gone with him to Carlsbad, that he had permitted the Carlsbad journey alone. He dwelt upon the Drexel Institute and hoped it would grow in power for good from year to year. He had much to say about Grant, always with him a tender and glowing theme, and his interest in the Grant people and their fortunes. He had a bit of banter now and then about some of the mounting, high-flying celebrities apparently in vogue, and there was the old characteristic catalogue of the virtues of friends whom he esteemed. He spoke of the coming generation, and was, he said, disheartened to discover so few young folks of promise. He thought he had detected in some whom he named latent superior merit that would ripen if only they would remember, and here came the dear old Poor Richard refrain, to save their money and avoid grog shops and not keep company with useless persons. It was just as easy to consort with good as with indifferent people, and you gave the world an idea of your value by the standard of comparison expressed in your friendships.

He spoke of certain stages of his career in a meditative, ruminating way, not as one who regrets, but to throw light. He had found comfort in the recent vanishing of certain misunderstandings, which had been a grief to him, seeing now, as any sensible man should have seen at the time, that they should not have taken place. "There was never a quarrel," he said, "which did not mean that one of the parties was a fool. The wise man was the one who first found it out and brushed it away." He dwelt upon these reconciliations with unusual satisfaction. "I do not think," he said, "I have an enemy. If there be such I would go to the East Indies to remove the cause. I want to take my leave of a world which holds none who are not my friends."

He was a little impatient as to public affairs. The world, however, would last his time and politics was a series of experiments. He spoke with warm regard of Cleveland; and while he could not follow the President in his protection ideas, felt an assured safety in his patriotism and integrity. He recurred again to Mr. Drexel, saying that he envied him the bliss of sudden death, and that when his own time came he wanted to turn his head on the pillow and fall asleep. I ventured the remonstrance that never in his life had he higher duties than now. To which he laughed in his gentle way, and said that there were others not so tired who could do them quite as well. He craved rest and peace.

Rest and Peace.—It had been a serious life. Even this Delectable mountain had not been climbed without sore toil and stern endeavor. It was a life that had known many sorrows, boyhood days dark and chill and loveless, when the tear-dimmed eyes entreated the very stars with the prayer of poverty and want. To this man also, known only to our later generation as in sunshine and smiles,

there had been many a battle. He had won his victories at the point of the bayonet. His way through the world had not been a holiday jaunt amid roses and wine. He fought as the strong man must fight. He fought and won. His dominion was just and kindly. To his fellows he gave what had been denied him. The sorrows that darkened his young soul should never fall upon others while God gave him strength and grace. In that more than anything else, as long ago I read in the character of Mr. Childs, was the undoubted incentive toward his tireless charity and well-doing.

But the battle is done, and now another of our most valiant has lain down his arms. I thought of this as I looked at his still, calm face and said my proud farewell, the form sprayed with flowers and entwining stems, those gracious hands forever clasped and still, the tinge of pallor, the smile of satisfaction as if some potent, living question had found answer, and in that smile an exquisite touch of sympathy and remembrance. At rest after so many cares, at peace after so much endeavor! I had seen the same look in the face of tired childhood in a mother's arms, the day with its playground crosses and hardships over and done, the same look of satisfaction and content. And the fancy rested with me that here once more was a weary, heavy laden son, who, folded to his mother's bosom, had fallen asleep.

HENRY GEORGE.

I was a very young man when I first met Henry George. He had come to New York from California upon some newspaper. The friendship, then formed, grew into intimacy and affection, retaining to the end. When I first knew Henry George, he was a young journalist who had

made a modest mark in his calling in San Francisco. He had been before the mast and used to speak of cruises to India. He never, until in later years, threw off the sea manner, the breeziness and good fellowship which recall the comradeship of the waves. He was open-handed, unconventional, friendly; loving talk. Would prowl about Printing House Square and chum with printers and newspaper men, doomed to late hours, with no recreation but a modest midnight supper, not too dear in price. He had been a sailor, a compositor; coming to New York a journalist. As we came to know him better, he showed that direct, urgent way, suggesting the atmosphere of the composing room. Above all, there was a fine intelligence, a mind sober and condensed,—his writings noted for strength and lucidity. Henry George in those days did not display the brilliancy and waywardness which marked the subaltern newspaper life. He could swim along, if the tide ran toward merriment, but as a listener rather than a partaker. He was a serious man, given to solid talk, wanted to know a thing exactly; exemplary in all that goes toward making a perfect manhood. And so when he was summoned to California I felt that I was not only losing a friend to whom I had become attached, but an earnest, original, forceful character, who had that within him to which the world would pay heed. I do not remember that in these early days, George showed proneness toward themes, like single tax and other matters. I used to hear from him, through California friends. "George was a good fellow, but rather odd, you know."

"Harry George. Oh, yes, we all know Harry; sets type, has a small paper; but an odd chap. Has queer ideas about some things, and unless you watch him, will run his ideas into the paper. Can't make him understand that a good prize fight is worth all the political economies

that ever lined trunks. Good man, but hasn't the fundamental ideas of journalism." It was to be seen by these friendly stories, that George was not in sympathy with Eldorado,—was, pérhaps the round peg in the square hole. I was not to meet him until arriving in San Francisco with Gen. Grant, then ending his tour of the world. I was more than glad to see George and renew old associations. He had not changed, but spoke as a stranger with his abiding place in a strange land. He had not succeeded in his paper, was not in the best of fortune, and had written a book which he thought would establish his fame. He had given this book his very soul, and I must read the sheets. He had been in politics. Weary of the Grant administration he had gone off into the witches' dance, called the "Greeley movement," fascinated with the splendor of Greeley's name rather than in sympathy with the incongruous group of Adullamites, who brought upon the eminent journalist so much sorrow. I strove to bring about an interwiew between George and Grant. The General would gladly have met him. But George was stubborn. He had assailed Grant when President, and to meet him now would be to assume a false position. I saw much of George in these California days. He talked of his career, was swimming in heavy seas. This could only be divined bit by bit, for the proud, self-respecting, sensitive gentleman made no sign. Then came the knowledge of the book, the new gospel. I never see "Progress and Poverty" without recalling the pathetic circumstances under which it was written, and honoring the courage of the author.

George was the friendliest of men. Would go about with you and show you what was to be seen, take the greatest pains to do you a service. He did not apparently care for notabilities, for fashion, show or authority. Had

a group of odd people as associates, whom nobody else seemed to know. He had become a pronounced Democrat, his political evolution from the Greeley movement. "Having run away from the Republican party, you are ashamed to return. Why not seek absolution and come back?" I asked. "No, No,—I have made the plunge, I cannot climb Niagara after jumping over it." The clouds were heavy over George. Proud, brave, smiling, hopeful, San Francisco did not appreciate him; had never given him recognition. He would speak of it as cold and barren, ruled by strenuous men too busy with mines, and wheat and empire building to listen to prophecy. George never for a moment, never when under the grinding heel of bitterest conditions,—doubted the truth of his mission to mankind, and its ultimate success. But this, obviously, was not to be attained in Eldorado. Acting largely, I fancy, upon my advice, he resolved to try conclusions with fate and seek a career in the East. And he came. Too proud to ask or accept a favor, he crossed the continent in an emigrant train. Alone and almost friendless, he searched the metropolis in 1880, as I remember, taking dingy lodgings—a stranger to a city in which he was in a few years to receive sixty-eight thousand votes for Mayor, as against such opponents as Abram S. Hewitt and Theodore Roosevelt. These early New York days were of extreme and honorable poverty. I saw him a great deal, was almost a daily companion. It was a daring experiment—this unknown gentleman, with no aid but his own high spirit, nothing in his carpet bag but one book of gospel, coming at forty-two to make his way into the heart of mighty Babylon. The more I studied George under heavy conditions the more I admired him. His ability and his courage, his honesty, independence and intellectual power were those of a leader of men.

Walks on the Battery, whither we went under the flush of strenuous midnight work, the great city at peace and no companions this side of the stars; strolls in the Park, in Westchester and the suburbs in Brooklyn—the brave, intrepid soul wrapped up in his book and smiling upon fate.

The book, whenever he could make it possible, was the theme, for while Henry George was an attractive and brilliant talker, his thoughts were ever upon the book. I had read it in California in proof and once more when the sheets were bound in New York. Many were our talks over it and its moral philosophy. I tried his patience by my failure to comprehend or accept his sublime theory by which poverty was to be stamped out by taxing the land. It was his way to ask advice as to the book, to listen and discuss, and draw you into argument, as though seeking light and counsel. You found in these discussions that you were as far away as before.

George was resolute in his creed. He gave it to you as the truth to be accepted, in a sense of worship, a dogma of political infallibility.

"Does this not mean war? Can you, unless when dealing with craven conditions among men, hope to take land from its owners without war?" "I do not see," said George, "that a musket need be fired. But if necessary, war be it, then. There was never a holier cause. No, never a holier cause."

Here was the gentlest and kindest of men, who would shrink from a gun fired in anger, ready for universal war rather than that his gospel should not be accepted. It was the courage which has been written makes one a majority, the spirit which made him within five years one of the leading spirits of the age.

George patiently walked his anxious way in New York.

Little gleams of light came now and then in the way of improved personal fortunes. Work came slowly, not in abundance. Able editors, up-to-date moulders of public opinion, liked George, but had the press man's way—they were coy as to his ideas and especially that Koran which was to bless the world. You see, there was so much more in a snake story or the coming out of a group of society buds, and other living and essential themes, than in the Koran of this quiet, deep eyed prophet. Prophecies would not take in any live community.

George smiled over it, never complained, his patience even pathetic, knowing that the necessities of journalism merely expressed the necessities of public taste. He would bide his time.

As to the book itself—the new Koran—it was found the world was not ready for the doctrine. We had pathetic talks over the forlorn gospel and friends were apt to chaff him about it. I was bidden to England in the early part of 1881 and proposed to George that I should take a dozen copies and see how the gospel would be regarded in the mother land.

There was in London on the Haymarket a smoky little bookstore, where the high people made literary rendezvous to gossip over books and buy if they chose, that being, however, a secondary matter—an odd place frequented for literary advice, even as people seek medical advice. The owner knew books in a professional way, never sold one under false pretence, would rather point out defects in books than make a sale. I had known the earnest and kindly proprietor in other London days, and I took the modest package of George's books and asked my friend for shelf room and his good offices toward their sale.

As occasion served I looked in upon the venture only to see the lonely volumes on the shelves. Many customers

had looked, Lord Beaconsfield among others, but no one bought. Finally I learned from the bookseller that he had tasted the book and found it to teem with madness, socialism, land robbery. He seemed relieved when I took the volumes home. It was as if I had performed a kind of exorcism, as it were, bringing peace to his shelves.

Well, if the books could not be sold they could at least be sowed, taking their chances to come back as wheat or tares. A gifted friend gave me a list of persons eminent in political economy, Huxley, Tyndall, Herbert Spencer, and the Duke of Argyle among the number. But the sowing brought no seed, except in the case of the Duke of Argyle. His Grace was a fluent writer upon many themes, prone to controversy and stout in battle. He replied to the "Progress and Poverty" gospel in a severe criticism, which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century,* entitled, if I remember, "The Prophet of San Francisco." George's controversy with the Duke found his opportunity, the result of which was that George won his place in English literature and became a fixed star in the firmament of political economy. I remember when reading the answer of George to the Duke that it was as cogent as that of Newman's reply to Kingsley in the "Apologia."

Precious are the vindications of Hope and Patience and Time. The "Progress and Poverty" which could hardly be given away in 1881 was in a short time to be sold by thousands. Whatever we may think of its arguments, it has spread into every English-speaking country. Those who derided the prophet lived to see him a leader among men.

Henry George was never a politician. He lived in the clouds. He was a man of faith and conviction. The flexibility of politics, the necessary influences to be considered, sailing the ship with the varying winds instead

of going to the goal, expediency rather than sincerity, the necessity of knowing people with whom he could never be in accord—with these the high, sensitive, aspiring nature all was in revolt. He shrank from the accusations of socialism, anarchy, rapine. In every relation of life I never knew a more conservative gentleman. You might not accept his teachings, but you must respect the teacher. He loved children and resented wrong.

Walking one day with him in San Francisco, he dashed suddenly away. Turning to seek the cause of a spasmodic separation, I saw Henry George belaboring some hoodlums who had waylaid and were beating a Chinaman. Nor did the punishment cease until the hoodlums were in flight and poor John on his way in peace.

Henry George had had one or two warnings as to the danger of overwork. He threw up all employments and went to Jamaica some years ago as a prostrated man. The tropical air and his bicycle—for the wheel was his passion—gave him new but not perfect health. His friends noted the change. I cannot think of the canvass now happily coming to the end but as among the causes of his death.

Such energy, such a waste of force, so much passion! I remember that his speeches as I read them were so far from the tenor of George's mind as to give concern. Their style reminded you of the great change which came over Burke when he dealt with the French Revolution. The calm, philosophical, glorious Burke in his earlier days given way to an unnatural intensity to which there could be but one result. The same change seems to have come over George. His canvass was a marvel of political gladiatorship—truly nothing like it since Conkling.

But this man was no gladiator. He was a thinker, a student, a philosopher. His speeches exacted admiration

for their power and courage. But you could feel the strain, you could tremble with concern and pray that it would soon end and the gladiator have peace. Although stunned when I read of the sudden death, I cannot say that I was surprised.

I saw Henry George about inauguration time. We had been proposing visits to each other, and he settled the matter by coming to Washington. There were walks, rides, conversations, the old days over again. George was in a serene, happy mood. Talked of his past without regret, realized that he had won a world-wide fame, as firm in his Koran as when he gave me the proof sheets to read in California. The work written as he had written it he was confident would endure.

When I intimated that his Bryan friends might give him a place on the next national ticket he expressed aversion, did not care for the honors of politics and shrank from the responsibilities. He was writing a book on free trade, had gone into the subject heart and soul, and then in that resolute, gentle way assured me that this work would end the question and remove it from the realm of political controversy. Nothing more certain, as he said in his earnest way, recalling the enthusiasm he had expressed about his "Progress and Poverty" Koran twenty years ago.

Life he said had been severe perhaps, but he had never been in a trouble that did not prove to be a chastisement and do him good. As a pious man Henry George saw the hand of God in the ways of men. After all, he had much cause for gratitude—a perfect home circle, the wife of his youth still with him, children to honor and bless them, in whose lives they could live over their own.

He hoped to spend his days in literature. There was no hint that he would be renominated for Mayor or any

public station. I never saw him more content. He rejoiced in the birth of a grandchild. It was the child of a dearly loved daughter, a lady of grace and culture. A few days were to pass when I heard of this daughter's death, the baby fingers no more to press the mother's bosom. The blow went to his heart. The rapt, beautiful vision, home, children, grandchildren and the peace of old age, broken, vanished. When Henry George entered this canvass he was as one with a dagger through his heart. Because of this and the superhuman effort of a merciless campaign my friend lies dead within the gates of Babylon.

It is over, and this memorable man now rests with God. A noble spirit has passed away, not in that peace which those who loved him hoped would be his lot, the peace of a sunny, virtuous, triumphant old age, but in the tumult of war.

In a wonder stricken world he falls a warrior, foremost in the ranks, his followers appalled by the thunderbolt. Not as a political leader shall those who honor Henry George hold him in remembrance. To them he was no gladiator, but a thinker, a philosopher, one who, whatever his doctrines, lived only to benefit his fellow man.

Not in our day has America had a finer manhood, a purer spirit, a more chivalrous antagonist, a truer friend. The political war will sink into a brawl. The result, whoever wins, will soon be an idle tale. But Henry George, although its victim, will live so long as integrity, piety and courage are honored among men.

THE PASSING OF JOHN SHERMAN.

A REVIEW OF HIS REMARKABLE POLITICAL ACTIVITY, EXTENDING OVER A PERIOD OF MORE THAN FIFTY YEARS.

Sherman has taken leave of public life—and with him vanishes one of the conspicuous statesmen of American history.

It is the passing not only of a dominant figure, but the occultation of a shining name. That of Sherman has been a part of our history from the time when Roger, the shoemaker, signed the Declaration, until John a week ago folded away the McKinley note of acceptance and slowly passed down the White House stairs.

There was no color in the scene, nothing dramatic. Friends who saw the Secretary an hour or two before received no idea of his resignation. He remained with the Cabinet, welcomed Emory Smith, took his certificate of character, wrote his name to the autograph book of the picturesque Charles Loeffler, who guards the hallways and looks warily for dynamiters, Spaniards, knowing book agents by instinct, and left. Nothing—simply that an old servant had done his work, received his character and gone home.

The man who gave the character was a child in arms when Sherman was a member of the Bar, a soldier in the line when he was the leading spirit of a great party—the old giving way to the new, even as has been appointed—the wave lapping the wave.

The old servant went home. You may find him any afternoon looking out upon the birds and blossoms of the beautiful park under his windows. You will find him a cheerful, cordial, reminiscent old gentleman—seventy-

five years, lightly borne—not much in sympathy with the present. He never liked this war, for instance; has no yearning for Congo-Creole commonwealths; nor islands outside of Lake Erie; nor new financial ventures; cannot understand why he left the Senate; and, being of an active turn of mind, with much to comfort him in the way of provision against a rainy day, will spend his winters in Washington, where he can exchange recollections with Morrill and Grow, Chandler and Turpie, and the rest of the boys, with a day off in the Senate cloak room. He may re-edit his memoirs, and make it an illuminating task if he would only tell us what he knows. The old gentleman knows a great deal, has journeyed many roads and seen many masters.

A tall, spare, somewhat shock headed, stately gentleman, with glittering eyes, a straight, rapid pace, looks ahead as if he saw no one, no interest in faces, a smooth, cogent voice, would rather hear a story than tell one, eccentric in his friendships, but not capricious; steel-like in fibre, steel honed and sharpened down into the fineness of a scimetar, concentrated, conservative, content with one idea at a time and inhospitable to other ideas, material, wasting no thought upon dreams or fairy tales, sees in the world only the fruit of the season, alert in debate, irresponsible and inconsistent in political action, impressionless, intrepid, hard without formulas or traditions, he retires from public life with the respect of the nation and the affection of a small host of gentlemen somewhat advanced in years who knew him in his prime and honor him for other qualities than his political genius.

Although a radical in politics, Sherman became so from some process of intellectual training, and not because of radicalism in thought. Read between the lines, and the character as it appears in public expressions is conserva-

tive. The Sherman world was what he saw. He believed in power, order, authority. His sympathies were with Maximilian in that Mexican business—perhaps the only Republican statesman who would have owned as much. He did not like the French, only seeing France from the boulevard café, and, of course, could not help noting that "a sudden impulse would change them into tigers."

This is the impression the café student would be apt to form of the French. When Sherman compared the comfort of the French peasant with that of the British his "conclusions were against the British government." He admired the third Napoleon. This may have come from personal reasons, the Emperor having graciously told him, as he had told Schofield, that he considered his brother, General Sherman, the great genius of the civil war. And, although Napoleon's exploits as a commander at Sedan have disturbed the public confidence in Napoleon as a military critic, still Sedan was in the womb of time when the Emperor entranced Sherman with his gracious words. The Napoleonic government suited his conservative mind. He saw in the Third Empire, studying the problem, as has been observed, from the boulevard café, a "government not only for the good, but the choice of the people and others."

The conservative element in Sherman's character was shown at an early day.

That salt speculation, which awakened his brother William's admonitions, took place in 1839—Sherman then in his sixteenth year, his brother nineteen, and preaching the laws of morality and trade from the academic seclusion of West Point. In addition to the salt venture, there was a movement to politics—John then being at the ripe age of twenty-one. The military brother, who had at-

tained the maturity of twenty-four years, was more impatient over politics than he had been over salt. "What in the devil are you doing," he wrote—"stump speaking? I really thought you were too decent for that." This seemed to be the tone of the correspondence between John, the statesman, and William, the soldier, to the end. It was a notable family. The writer remembers some one complimenting the General upon the honors that had fallen upon the family name.

"Yes," he said, "John has done well. I do not complain of fortune. But the biggest and best of the Shermans was my brother Jim. If he had lived the rest of us would have been in the shade." Then came the silence of a sorrowful memory, the lines deepening on the warrior's grand old face. "Brother Jim!" Why may not some one supplement the Sherman history with something of the character and career of a man who could have thrown John Sherman and his illustrious brother into the shade?

Sherman came into Congress in a time of care. Pierce was President. The Kansas-Nebraska issue was burning, and Banks became speaker, the first of a series of victories which culminated at Appomattox. There were cuter men to greet the young Ohio statesmen who at thirty stepped on the stage of national public life. Lewis Cass was in the Senate, and could have told him of Indian wars, and how he interrupted the Burr conspiracy; Pitt Fessenden. who had been there in 1841; Benjamin, of Louisiana, afterwards Secretary of State to Jeff Davis; John J. Crittenden, also an Indian warrior; Douglas, from Illinois; Hale, of New Hampshire, pioneer of abolition; Hannibal Hamlin, shedding the scales of democracy; Sam Houston, former President of Texas; William H. Seward, John Slidell and Charles Sumner. Among his colleagues were Zollicoffer, who was to go down to death

early in the Confederate war; John A. Quitman, furious fighter in Mexico, major general, who wanted to fight for Cuba; Russell Sage, now in Wall Street; A. H. Stephens, to be Vice-President of the Confederacy; Morrill, who remains with us in his eighty-ninth year; Asa Parker, famous Pennsylvania philanthropist; Preston S. Brooks, who was to assail Sumner, and Anson Burlingame, who was to have fought a duel with him on that account, but happily found a career in China; Schuyler Colfax and Winter Davis.

Sherman was a modest, quiet, conservative member. Began on the Committee of Foreign Relations, with Burlingame as a colleague. Then he passed on to the Naval Affairs—serving in all six years—when he was selected as the Republican candidate for speaker. This honor came with the Thirty-seventh Congress, the organization of which was the last political battle of the many that had been fought over the slavery issues since the Missouri Compromise. Yes, the last, because the war was coming. John Brown had just been hanged—execution, if one remembers, the Sunday preceding the assembling of the House. The country was in a tumult over the hanging and the causes leading to it. We have all been singing about John Brown's soul in glory, and his going to be a soldier in the army of the Lord, and so on, but there was no glory in the air when the Congress of 1859 assembled. The Free Soil people were upon the defensive, and much in explanation. The Harper's Ferry raid had awakened universal anger. No Republican newspaper defended it. "Brown must have been insane," was the utmost in the way of defence; and a small sum of money was raised in New York for the Brown family, through the herculean exertions of Horace Greeley, by the sale of signed photographs.

The John Brown business swept the country with what leading papers like the New York *Herald* called "the patriotic uprising of the people" against "nigger worshippers and all such cattle who lived upon disunion, anarchy and rapine." There were meetings throughout the North and much praise was given to the brace of army officers who at the head of a hundred marines had dug old Brown out of the railway roundhouse, wounding him, shooting his sons and some others of his people and turning him over to the Sheriff. The brave men who achieved this summary suppression were Robert E. Lee and J. E. B. Stuart, also to win remembrance—Lee, Wilkes Booth, "Jeb" Stuart, John Brown, Stonewall Jackson, all actors in this prelude to the imminent tragedy of war.

These, however, were but minor performers in this prelude, the eyes of the country then resting upon the venerable gentleman who sits in his palace in Franklin Square, wondering why the snow should fall in April, or whether the birds sang as sweetly as in 1859. Poor old Brown had been taken off in a box to his Adirondack tomb, Wendell Phillips and the amiable Miller McKim, of Philadelphia, alone brave enough to keep the ashes company—Phillips, celebrating the funeral rites, prophesying the day when "dear old Massachusetts" would claim the aforesaid ashes as a shrine, for which, among other misdoings, Wendell was to be well mobbed in New York —patriotic citizens, some of them leaders in the draft riots four years later, burning orphan asylums and hanging negroes to lamp-posts for the execrable crime of being black, assembling in their wrath with a rope for Wendell if he did not have a care. The country was against the Abolitionists, and the successes of the Republicans, in the election of Banks, were swept away in the wrath over Harper's Ferry.

So when Congress assembled and proceeded to organize, with Sherman for Speaker, the Democracy were angry. The country was with them, and we can well see how they could have held the country with but an atom of patience and sense. This, however, was not to be. John Brown had invaded Virginia; therefore, all Republicans were insurgents and yearning to pillage the South. A foolish crank had written a book. His name was Helper and his book "The Impending Crisis." Nothing more absurd has ever been penned, and it would have sunk into trunk maker and pastry cook oblivion had not certain Congressmen recommended its circulation. How such things are done may be seen every day in Washington. A crank writes a book—"Tom Paine Deified," "Mormonism Triumphant," "Robespierre Apotheosized," and strikes the average Congressman. "If you want peace and would have me go, sign for my book. It teems with morality, patriotism, and only needs readers to spread the truth and make my fortune." In this fashion and with others Sherman signed. "It was," as he wrote, at the time, to his brother, "a thoughtless, foolish, unfortunate act. I never read the book—disclaim all sympathy with it." Of course the careful John, speculator in salt and so on, would as soon have recommended rattlesnakes as nursery companions. But what is written is written, and the mischief was done.

So when the House assembled, instead of electing John to be Speaker and intrusting him with the gavel of Robert C. Winthrop and Henry Clay, he was questioned about the Helper book. A member from Missouri, named Clarkson, leading politician, happily forgotten and but dimly remembered in his time as one remembers the dog that howls all night in the barn, started the ball. Before this illustrious House selected

the speaker let a few questions be asked. We were in the era of insurrection. The dear old mother of commonwealths had been ravished in the night, and, although the chief criminal had been hanged, were there not other criminals, and in that very House? Yea, even a hundred of them, to whom hanging would be a luxury. Had they not recommended this Helper book, this gospel of crime? Did not John Sherman's name appear on the list? And must we condone John Brown's crimes by honoring an accomplice?

There never was a more shameless exhibition than this row over the Helper book. Whatever the thoughts at the time, no one can read that debate without shame. It ran on for days and weeks. Congress would not organize. The President's message was not considered. The public business was arrested. The halls of Congress streamed with vituperative, invective malignity. The Democratic members monopolized the business; the Republicans, as a rule, silent. They would not defend themselves against accusations of rapine. Sherman would have withdrawn from the contest, but self-respect forbade his friends' assent. The debate followed the war fields and made ready for the war-harvest so soon to ripen. In this debate, the Democrats threw away their position. John Brown was forgotten. The felon became a hero. Calumny incensed the South and united the North—and out of that Helper debate—that prolonged, dreary, ignominious, frenzied debate—came war.

Sherman had approved the book and could not be elected. Nor, for that matter, was the election of any vascular Republican possible. The virtue of Republicanism was with Sherman. Charles Francis Adams supported him, and with Adams were John A. Bingham, to whom a pension was voted the other day—a scholarly man;

Thomas Corwin, a prince of orators, returned to public life in the silence of old age; Colfax, reserved for a sad fate; Fenton, to be New York's Governor; Morrill, who is the Nestor of the Senate; the venerable Grow, sturdy, hickory-headed, intrepid, Yankee tempered, with Pennsylvania training; Roscoe Conkling, soon to escape from his admiration of Sherman; Thaddeus Stevens, the great commoner, and the three Washburne brothers. All strove to elect either Sherman or Grow. When that was impossible there was a compromise, and Pennington, of New Jersey, a kind hearted, placid, amiable, negative old gentleman, was accepted as oil upon the waters. As the outcome Sherman became chairman of the Ways and Means.

While the political philosophy of Sherman narrowed this horizon to what he saw, and no sympathy with what was above or beyond, so in his personal estimates of men, he was governed by personal considerations. Thus, in 1863—the war at its height—he could only see "two men of promise" in a military way,—Banks and his brother William. The fraternal estimate of William has been confirmed by history, but there is something grotesque in the appreciation of the kindly, histrionic, melodramatic, superficial Banks, as in any degree a soldier or a statesman.

It was obvious that in 1867 Sherman would have preferred Chase to Grant, although every one now sees that Chase would have ruined the Republican party as completely as he ruined himself. Sherman felt that the election of Chase would have been best for the country, as well as for Grant, and never wavered in the opinion that Grant as a civil ruler was a failure. Such an estimate might have been left to Mr. Lowell and the other poetic critics, but the trouble lay in the failure of the Sherman character to see beyond its vision.

The speech which Sherman delivered in the Senate in 1862, after the battle of Shiloh, in answer to the criticisms of Senator Harlan upon Grant, was a cold defence, and yet when spoken Sherman had his brother to defend, and spoke with a knowledge of the genius of the battle which must have come from his brother. The Senator was undoubtedly conscious of this, as in writing to his brother he said: "You will see from Harlanis remarks that there is much feeling against Grant, and I try to defend him, but with little success." The defence was an apology and a plea for time. Perhaps we should not be too critical, for in the same Congress Mr. Conkling, who was to become the warmest eulogist of Grant, could see nothing in Shiloh but the valor of the private soldiers. The only expressions of enthusiasm over Grant in which Senator Sherman is known to have indulged was when Grant intervened between the General and Secretary Stanton, protecting the General from the consequences of the unfortunate treaty with Joseph C. Johnston. The Senator himself, as appears in correspondence since published, was disposed to disavow, as Stanton had disavowed, the Johnston convention. He would wait and consider before he condemned Grant, even his brother, but it was the swift, angry brother who believed in a brother. This, however, was because Grant was Grant. Sherman did not fail in appreciation. "Grant is a jewel." "The conduct of Grant is deserving of the highest praise. I shall always feel grateful to him." If this feeling had endured in 1880 Grant would have been re-elected to the Presidency and the face of history would have changed.

Pathetic were the Sherman dreams over the Presidency. Upon him, as so many restless spirits, fell the impulse of supreme power. Well, a young man, his party's candidate for the Speakership at thirty, may expect anything.

This came to Sherman, not because of any brilliancy of character, any clan, any of the magnetic sympathetic qualities of leadership which threw Blaine and Douglas and Henry Clay to the front in early life.

Sherman had none of the qualities which marked these eminent statesmen. His oratory was conversation, clear cut, compact, but without the oratorical gifts. There are abundant stories of his kindness in private life, of humanity, consideration for friends, devotion to their interests, but he never enjoyed a reputation for these qualities. When he went into national politics it was Moses going to the fair—he returned with the spectacles. Blaine could go into a country fair, call every farmer by his first name, comment on the cows, the crops, the harvests. Sherman would have been fortunate if he could have recalled his own name, and would discourse upon finance and other abstruse themes. In conversation you found him thinking about something else. He was not insensible to preferment, nor the methods of politics. He had no desire to be Secretary of the Treasury in 1868, when Grant was elected for the first time; would, in all probability have declined the office. But this did not prevent his hinting to his brother, the General, that he would like to have had the offer of the Secretaryship.

When it came to the imagination of politics Sherman failed. He was an intellectual force in politics, nothing more. We may say the same of Gladstone, but Gladstone was a man of genius—superlative, soaring, sweeping—and nothing but his genius could have sustained him under the caprice of his character. Sherman would have made a mathematical President, decorous, old maidish—a Presidency like that of Buchanan, with more nerve, perhaps, because the Sherman character rested upon will.

When it came to details of Convention management,

Sherman was never a factor. Delegates talked about him, but never voted for him. There was always a Sherman movement in American politics—because he was a good man to talk about while thinking of somebody else. His nearest approach to the prize was when Garfield was nominated. That was a bitter disappointment, but Sherman was too ingenuous to divine what all the world now knows —that Garfield went to the Convention with his own nomination in view. His speech nominating Sherman was an ingenious argument in favor of himself.

Sherman never recovered from this disappointment; was too proud to speak of it, too intellectual to waste time over the failure. He was ever a busy man, successful in affairs and with many affairs on hand. He is one of the few public men who have grown rich in public life and by processes honorable above question. It is possible that if he had taken half the pains to advance his political that he did in regard to his personal fortunes he would now be serving his second term. But with all of his forces, lucidity, nerve and unsurpassed business capacity, with his unswerving Republicanism, he never reached the heart of the party, never such a devotion as that of Conkling to Grant, Whitney to Cleveland, Proctor to Harrison, and a myriad of political captains to Blaine. He might have lived for an eternity without winning such a following as the 306 gave to Grant in the Chicago Convention.

Sherman could never appreciate this—was fooled to the top of his bent. The Sherman following at a Convention was a motley crowd. There was the small coterie of bankers who sat in bleak parlors, shunning tobacco smoke and the fumes of brandy, and lamenting the decadence of politics. There was the group of old soldiers who followed Tecumseh through Georgia, who came to vote for Sherman, but after one or two judicious interviews

with the proper persons remained to vote for Blaine. There was the colored contingent from the South, who came for Sherman, abundantly provided for the journey, but their virtue too brittle for the temptations of the town.

Sherman was sanguine, however. The least sanguine man in public life—clear-headed to a degree—the Presidency had warped his judgment. It was the tarantula in Edgar Poe's story. Once under its influence and you must dance. So in 1888, when there was no chance of nominating Mr. Sherman, he had persuaded himself that the nomination was assured—that the Convention was a ceremony and the adjournment a consummation. Therefore it was natural that some discreet friends should remain with him while he read the telegraphed ballots and marked the sure advent of the supreme destiny.

That first ballot! Well, as you see, that was simply the delegates expressing a personal preference. Conventions always go through these formative, complimentary overtures. Courtesies over, and then you will vote. The second ballot—perhaps the third—and then— A noise was heard in the Capitol corridor. The newsboy was screaming an extra, "Harrison nominated!" as he rushed into the committee room. Harrison nominated? Yes, of a truth. The Senator, with a bitterness and a sigh of despair which could only come from the deep, intense soul of a Sherman, said: "Then New York has betrayed me again!" He took a pencil, leaned over and slowly sharpened it—very slowly—in silence. His friends respected his emotions and left him alone—sharpening the pencil and communing with fate.

We have seen that Sherman was a leader in his youth. He so remained until the end—so growing in power as a legislator that when retirement came his was the most

authentic on the Senate floor. The jokes about him behind his back as to his concern over minor personal economics, his declaring three pairs in a poker game, his refreshing, iceberg influence in mid-summer weather, were only so many tributes to a pure, austere, well-governed life.

He was a great finance minister and in the Cabinet his influence was salutary. We owe him resumption, the overthrow of the Southern carpet baggers, and it was against his protest and that of Carl Schurz, his Cabinet associate, that Hayes gave way to the "Johnny comes marching home" business and deluged the country with back-pay pensions.

Sherman was always a concentrated force, never scattering his power, nor striving to cover more eggs than he could hatch. Nor did he fail in the State Department because of intellectual weakness. It was not his place—no more than grand opera or piano tuning. To expect from Sherman the settlement of diplomacy amenities or the soothing of the emotions of some legation secretary, who had been wrongly placed at dinner, or purring over Monroe doctrine or other diplomatic cobwebs, or the possession of the least interest in foreign or other than domestic relations was to overlook the very qualities which had made him a leader. He gave the influence of his name and authority to the McKinley administration. It was self-denying, patriotic service. That done and all was done.

JOHN W. MACKAY.

I have been requested to write in these pages something in regard to the character and career of John W. Mackay. The country should know something of its noted men—of a man like Mackay as he really is, and not as

he is clouded by rumor and romance. No Am[illegible] my remembrance has been so dimmed, as it were, the real man becoming lost in the ideals which the public fancy will turn into the most fantastic shapes. And yet there could be no more difficult task than to write of Mackay. I have seen him tried of the extremes of fortune, when he was the unchallenged Bonanza King, the shadow of his sceptre over every exchange; and when he was struck by disaster of appalling magnitude, cyclonic in its swiftness and fury. I have only seen him to admire the superb, instant courage with which he overcame disaster, as with all the world I had admired the equanimity with which he had borne the heavy trusts of fortune. And yet to write of him as he should be written, would be to risk the invasion of a modest and reserved personality, to dwell upon an honorable and blameless life, to reveal, perhaps the splendid beneficence of so many deeds that have fallen unknown, even as the sunshine and the dew, upon humble places; and his ceaseless courtesy, anxious to anticipate the possibility of some kind, considerate act. I should dwell likewise upon his firm, resolute will, his frankness, his skill in governing men, his capacity for earnest resentment in the presence of wrong. It is by such men commonwealths are made. I shall venture, in a vague, shadowy way to recall something of one of the men who have builded our empire on the Pacific—at least as I have seen and known him during a friendship of many years.

John William Mackay, as I find it recorded in the books, was born in Dublin in 1831, descended presumably from the Highland Mackay clan, whose leader went down at Flodden. He came to New York in 1840. His boyhood days were spent in Park Row, with the old Park, now destroyed by the post-office for his playground. He went to California some time after the Argonauts of 1849,

took to the primitive methods of mining, lost and won, and drifted into Nevada about 1860. His abstinence and self-control saved him from the misfortunes that befell others in those adventurous days, and with the advance of his fortunes he became a leader of the bold and strenuous men who were then, unconsciously enough, planting the seeds of a nation. The Bonanza discoveries, which were to have so potent an influence upon the finance and statesmanship of the day, came in 1872, while the Nevada bank was founded in 1878. When 1884 is written as the year of the inception of the Commercial Cable, the dates of the most important events of his life have been recounted.

I was strolling with Mackay some years ago in Virginia City, when we looked down a smoking cavity in the ground, that was soon lost in the darkness, and at the mouth of which a windlass was slowly grinding. "Out of that hole," he said, "I took one hundred and fifty millions of dollars in bullion." This was one of the famous Bonanza mines, whose history all men know. The Big Bonanza, as it was called, and as Mackay described it to me at the time, was a "kidney" or a "pocket" of crude ore, about as high as the steeple of Trinity, and in area as large as the City Hall Park of New York. This ore, shovelled out and reduced, gave the stupendous yield to which Mr. Mackay referred, and was the foundation of the Bonanza fortunes. Associated with him were three other gentlemen, whose names were to have a world-wide mining fame,—James G. Fair, afterwards Senator from Nevada, whose skill as a mining expert had attracted the attention of Mackay; William O'Brien and James C. Flood. O'Brien and Flood had come to California, as friends, in the Argonaut days, and had, like other men,

taken their humble parts in the creation of the Pacific States. In those times men who were to be major generals in the army drove drays for a living. Others who were to become luminous in statesmanship and jurisprudence joyfully mended their own trousers and washed their own linen. They were "partners," a term that Bret Harte has pathetically explained in one of his exquisite stories. "Partners," that is to say friends, with a friendship such as we, who live outside of the atmosphere of adventure, which enfolded the Argonaut days, cannot understand, and which would be but vaguely explained if we compared it to the love of man and woman.

"Billy was my partner once," as Mr. Flood said to me one day in Menlo, while we were looking at the portrait of O'Brien; "Billy was my partner once; he is my partner now, and will be my partner forever,"—a speech which made a deep impression, coming as it did from the lips of one of the most resolute, self-restrained and undemonstrative of men. Flood was the financial representative and ally of the two young miners who were at work on the Bonanza. O'Brien the "partner" in the firm, because Flood could have no interest he did not share. O'Brien passed away in Bonanza times,—Flood not many months since, in Germany. He was a brave, independent, reserved, conscientious man, especially charming and true in the higher relations of life,—no better citizen, no truer friend,—"in all that goes toward the development of manhood, the best man I have ever known," as Mackay said to me when the hour of irrevocable silence had fallen. "I know only one man in the world who can break me, and that is Mackay,"—this Flood said to me, and I note it as showing the strong links, which in those days bound the Bonanza firm and gave it a strength and confidence which were the basis of its power. The world has read the thou-

sand and one romances, the Monte Cristo narratives which have become a literature of their own. Knowing a good deal about it, knowing well the principals in the drama, I can recall no history less romantic. It would be a mistake to regard the Bonanza enterprise as a bit of good fortune —Crusoe's findings on the island, as it were, or the outcome of luck. The men who gained this treasure had all their lives been digging for it and knew how to handle it when found. My reading of Argonaut stories leads to the belief that nothing is so easily missed or so easily fooled away as a gold mine.. The discovery of the Big Bonanza was an opportunity. It fell to men who knew what to do with it. . . The management of the Bonanza was a triumph of industry and common sense, and the Pacific Coast is richer because of what the discoverers did for its development. I have asked Mackay, when talking of the Bonanza outcome, whether there were any laws, the application of which would lead to the discovery of other bodies of ore; whether if nature had in a prodigal mood buried this "kidney" in one of the Nevadas, she might not have been even less niggardly elsewhere. "There is no law in mining," said Mackay, "but the point of the pick. I presume if the truth were known, as much money has been expended by enthusiastic miners in the hope of discovering a new 'kidney' as was taken out of the Comstock lode."

I believe the Bonanza people themselves have given millions toward further experiments, with but partial success. I have heard Mackay say that theirs was the last of the Bonanzas. In mining, as in other affairs, especially where our knowledge, to use his own words, is confined to "the point of the pick," nothing should be looked for with more assurance than the unexpected. When vast wealth came to Mackay as a great trust,—so given

and so accepted,—he believed it his duty to do his country some special service. He loved New York, the home of his infancy, and in his many comings and goings from our shores, there was nothing that grieved him more than the absence of the American flag. It was not to be endured that argosies should daily carry the products of American skill under another banner than ours. There were the ensigns of England, of France, and Holland,—even of Italy and Spain, but no stripes and stars. For a long time he meditated the building of a merchant fleet,—steamers that would surpass the best in any other line, and American from masthead to keel, to be, he hoped, the foundation of a new reign of maritime greatness. The announcement of his idea might bring others who, like him, controlled large capital, to the enterprise, but at all events, he would do it alone. If one fleet could be seen sailing from New York Bay, others would follow, and we might resume the ascendency of the seas which we had lost through indifferent, ignorant legislation and the vicissitudes of war. This would be a part, at least, of the return which as a citizen Mackay felt he owed the country. Wealth, as I have said, was, to his mind, a trust,—the greater the amount the greater the importance,—to be held with some regard to the common welfare. While in this mood, spending the holiday months on the Riviera, dreaming of a restored commerce and brooding over the details of the proposed fleet, the attention of Mackay was called to the cable relations between America and Europe. The cable, in itself one of the beneficent achievements of the age, which had done so much to revolutionize the intercourse between the continents, and to verify Shakespeare's fancy of a fairy engirdled world, had grown into a tax upon knowledge and commerce. The financial management of the cable companies was selfish and extravagant.

The interest of promoters who happened to be inside had been served at the expense of other investors who were outside. There had been combinations, leases, alliances, concessions, and the capital was heavy with accretions of financial "water." To pay even an apparent income upon the sums which represented the nominal value of the cables,—largely in excess of the real value,—it was necessary to hold the rates at an exorbitant figure. The monopoly had an ill name. It was known to be powerful, rich, grasping, audacious in its speculations. To surrender the absolute control of the telegraph system to this combination was to give its leaders a power over the markets of the world which might at any time be used to the public detriment. Moreover,—and here again in another form, was the dream of a restored empire over the seas,—the cables were foreign. In one, the influence of France was paramount, in the other that of England. Why should not America have a cable? Why in our commercial relations with England be, as it were, a dependency of Canada? In the event of war, the cable between America and England would be in English hands, and in the matter of intelligence, so necessary to war, we should be at the mercy of our enemies. There was the point. So long as the cables were governed by a monopoly or remained at the mercy of foreign influences, the press, in its news at least of more commercial consequence than its opinions, would not be free.

This train of thought brought Mackay into relation with James Gordon Bennett, of the New York *Herald*. Mr. Bennett had for a long time mused the project of an independent cable. He was impatient at the growth of a monopoly which threatened the freedom of his own journal, and the integrity of its news. My recollection is that Mr. Mackay and Mr. Bennett had but a slight acquaint-

ance at the time when the mind of each was revolving, as it were, to a common center. The result of their conferences was that Mackay so far entered into the enthusiasm of Mr. Bennett over an independent cable, as to offer to assist in the enterprise to the extent of half a million dollars. This was the inception of the Commercial Cable Company, or of what has for years been known as the Mackay-Bennett cable.

The enterprise did not commend itself to the financial world. It was a sentiment—mere patriotism—a "revolt against Gould,"—a battle for the independence of the press, but it was not business. The moneyed kings were cold, the cable monopoly was strong, shrewd, merciless. Its managers could make an effective and, to themselves individually, not an expensive war. There were more cables than were necessary, it was argued, and cabling, moreover, was a luxury. Those who indulged in luxuries could pay. Nor would the capital of England and France volunteer to aid an enterprise which was avowedly to terminate an English and French monopoly. The great expense of the cable, the indifference displayed toward the project by those whose interests were really to be served, would have destroyed the plan before it was born. Mackay was a man to make a strange dream come true. The difficulties, the disappointments, the revelations of the selfishness and cupidity of human nature, which attended the outset of the Mackay-Bennett cable, instead of deterring, cheered him like wine. The cable should be built if he built it alone. It was done. Mr. Bennett and Mr. Mackay assumed the risks and expended the money, a few stray investors, hardly worth mentioning, coming in for personal reasons. The cable more and more devolved upon Mackay. It became his own enterprise almost as much as one of his Nevada mines. With what

patience, with what assiduity, with what sacrifice of personal comfort and neglect of other interests, with what cheerful, courageous resolution he drove the cable to success, will only be known when the history of the great enterprises which have changed the commercial fate of nations is told. Something of this stupendous achievement it was my privilege to know and see, and never without admiration at his genius and courage.

For in addition to the laying of the cable under the sea, it was to be realized that those who controlled the American end of the old established cables likewise controlled the land telegraph system. There were two or three small outside sporadic lines—railroad attachments, and so on—but the land telegraphs were practically in the hands of the monopoly, which thus practically ruled earth and sea. Of what use was the cable to the United States if the messages were stifled in their delivery by an antagonistic land service? In foreign countries the lines were governmental, and no monopoly was possible. Here, however, the cable would be at the mercy of those who would spare no pains to kill it. Mackay saw this, and undertook another stupendous task—namely, the building and development of a land service of his own. In this part of the enterprise, I believe Mr. Bennett took no part, the Mackay-Bennett partnership ending with the sea. But without the land lines the cable would only have been successful in a meager, indifferent fashion, ever under the duress of powerful opposition seeking its ruin.

The cable laid, and the Mackay-Bennett system in operation—the cable the very best that experience could construct—put down with care, thoroughness and economy—no bogus "concessions," no volumes of "water," no thieving "construction companies," ready as in so many other enterprises to suck the weanling's blood as soon as it

could creep—there came war. The new company proposed to transmit despatches at forty cents a word. This was a large reduction from the then ruling rate, and a distinct gain to commerce. The established lines threatened reprisals. The new line must make a rate at sixty or seventy-five cents a word, or they would come to a nominal rate,—a shilling or a sixpence a word. Here at the outset was a trial. Unite with the old companies, adopt their oppressive rate, a rate necessary to float their watered capital, and there would be peace. The new venture might have the share of business it could win. But with reduction,—War! Well, war be it then! The Commercial Cable meant a distinct promise to serve the public by reducing the cable tolls to a fair rate. No threat of war would lead to the dishonoring of that pledge. Let all the companies agree upon forty cents, said Mackay and Bennett, and have peace. But they would go no higher.

Then began one of the most notable contests in the history of financial war. The old lines came down to twelve cents a word,—a war rate,—a very expensive measure to themselves, but, as they believed, sure to prove fatal to the new venture. It was at first proposed to answer this move by a reduction to six cents a word. This was abandoned, and wisely, as events showed. Mackay reasoned that the public which supported a cable, was limited, that it was an intelligent business public, which knew that if he was beaten, the rates would advance to seventy-five cents or a dollar, and it would fare worse than ever. He therefore, fixed the rate at twenty-five cents, double the antagonists' war rate. Whether this would pay or not, was a question. The Mackay-Bennett people would try it. And so the war went on. There was no offer of truce or concession. In time, the old line became weary. They had had enough of controversy, of fruitless squandering

of money. They offered peace at forty cents a word,—the rate Mackay proposed at the outset. "Oh, no," said Mackay, "I have tried twenty-five cents. I am content with that rate. The public is satisfied, and I will stay where I am." Peace was made by the absolute surrender of the monopoly, and Mackay remained victor, in the most strenuous and boldly sustained war ever seen in the history of financial antagonisms. It was not a triumph for himself, but for his company. The Commercial Cable shares, which were quoted at 98 in June, 1891, are now (Dec., 1891,—Ed.)—I read in the money columns, at 135.

A tallish, slender, well knit, active man, with a nimble, rapid gait; finely-cut, compact head, lines strong in the regions assigned to energy and perception; hair somewhat of the Saxon, uncertain color,—a gentle, measured voice, and a prompt, hearty address,—John W. Mackay would be pointed out in any company as a distinguished man. I am afraid he would be found where Montaigne advises his readers to look in assemblies, for those worth knowing, —in the corners of the room. He is averse to ostentation, and, although one of the best known men of his time, dislikes notoriety. His way of life is simple to austerity. Strong in his political convictions; an intense American; with a belief equal to that of Whitman, if expressed with less exuberance, in the future of democracy; finding nothing that he ever saw in Europe worth seeing for the second time; holding that the home for men and men-children is beyond the Rocky Mountain ranges,—such are some of his principles. He is exceedingly well informed, abreast of the channels of current thought, master of his trade, as the strong man should be,—or rather of two trades, mining and telegraphy. There is no branch of these professions, in which he is perhaps more inter-

ested than any man of the day, that he has not minutely studied. Outside of his engrossing business cares, his tastes turn toward art. His passion is painting, and he would make the transit of a realm to spend an hour with a Velasquez or a Rubens. It was his judgment that condemned the Meissonier, about which so much was said in idle, whispering circles. "I wanted a Messionier," he said, "not Meissonier painting a slovenly imitation of Cabanel," and the criticism was adopted by the art world. The French master, thinking, perhaps, in some momentary whim unworthy of his genius, that anything would do for Nevada, found that he was painting for a keen and severe critic, who knew what he wanted and wished no illusions or counterfeits put upon him with the sanction of a name. Mackay, when he saw the painting and found that Meissonier was unreasonable, quietly paid the bill, the largest sum perhaps ever given for an original portrait to a modern painter, and put the canvas in some out of the way cabinet. There was much made of the incident by the friends of Meissonier and mischievous people, but this is all there was of the story.

I have said that I have seen Mackay tried by both extremes of fortune. But I have never seen the strength of his character so apparent as when, three or four years since, he was suddenly struck by the speculation in wheat which menaced the Nevada bank. It was the old story. The trusted bank manager loaned some hundreds of thousands of dollars on wheat cargoes, with a view to a rising market. With two or three street brokers, he had divined a European war or some other manifestation of providence, and concluded that grain must be dear. After the first half million went, other millions must go to sustain and recover the market. Madness and desperation must tread at the heels of folly, as they invariably do.

Million after million went, but providence would send no visitation in the gambler's favor, and wheat went down, down, down. The president of the bank was ill at his home—ill with what was to be the final summons. The agent lost his head and went on in madder and more reckless ways. Mackay heard of it by accident from some idle remark of his London banker, which led to peremptory questions by cable and a sudden return. He came to find the bank committed to millions of advances upon rising wheat, which was irretrievably falling—to learn that he was buying the wheat crop of California at an advance of about thirty per cent. over its market value. I saw him when he arrived in New York, learned somewhat of the emergency, found him as resolute and cool as ever. He had not alone to deal with great losses to himself and his firm, but to meet, breast, and avert a threatened financial panic which would have covered the whole Pacific coast with disaster. The resources of his genius never came into better play. Silently, bravely, without taking the world into his plans, he arrested the speculation, made good every loss, restored public confidence, overcame the powerful combination bent upon his financial overthrow, and came out stronger than when the cyclone so suddenly fell. The story of this battle has never been known, but when the career of this gentleman is written, nothing will redound more to his honor than the fortitude and energy with which he met and overcame so menacing and formidable a disaster.

"Mackay," said a cynical friend who had known him in Nevada days, "is one of the few rich men I would care to know if he were poor." This was an odd way of expressing faith in the entire manliness of Mackay. In parting from my theme that attribute rests with me as especially belonging to him. I have known no manlier

gentleman in my time—no nature that would more thoroughly respond to every test of manhood, and never fail, where patience, courage, frankness, kindness and good will could give it exemplification.

COL. HAY'S CAREER.

(John Russell Young in *Munsey's Magazine,* Oct., 1898.)

In that "wild year of the change of things" Mr. Lincoln, the President-elect, brought with him to Washington as his personal private secretary a young gentleman fresh from college days and law studies, who was in time to win a high place in literature, to become ambassador to Great Britain, and Secretary of State. Born in Salem, Indiana, October 8, 1838, the descendant of an ancient Scotch family, John Hay was graduated from Brown University in 1858. Studying law in Springfield, with Mr. Lincoln a neighbor and friend, he won that statesman's regard to such a degree as to be selected as the associate of Mr. John G. Nicolay, the official private secretary as provided by law.

A comely young man with peach bloom face, old-fashioned speech, smooth, low toned, quick in comprehension, sententious, reserved; folks not quite sure whether it was the reserve of diffidence or of aristocracy; high bred, courteous; not one with whom the breezy, overflowing politician would be apt to take liberties; a touch of sadness in his temperament, this world being a serious business, each day's work requiring the doing of it. He was given to verses, had the personal attractiveness as well as the youth of Byron; was what Byron might have been, grounded on good principles and with the wholesome discipline of home. Those admitted to his confidence re-

call the Rossetti-like verses on vital themes with which the young secretary sought to dissipate the war gloom in which he lived.

It was in truth the wild year of the change of things. Hay came in the path of the secession storm then working its cruel will. Taney was on the Supreme bench, in the obscuration of Dred Scott and other clouds from which his high merit as a jurist is even now but slowly emerging. As the young secretary, with keen, wondering eyes, looked down upon the Senate, he saw but a fragment of that august tribunal. The seats of the Confederate chiefs were vacant, and the Republicans reigned over what seemed to be the wreck of the Union. There, grouped around Sumner, were the leaders of the victorious Republican column; Sumner on the outer row of the Senate, in the seat now occupied by Senator Wilson, of Washington, between John P. Hale and David Wilmot, with Ben Wade and Henry Wilson in front. John Sherman, fresh from the House, and from his unavailing battle for the speakership, was on the Democratic side between James A. Bayard, father of the ambassador, and Andrew Jackson.

In the House the young secretary could have studied the dominant statesmen. There was Galusha A. Grow, on the eve of the speakership; Thaddeus Stevens, with his all too apparent wig, lines deepening his Roman face and tightening the implacable lips, an intense, remorseless veteran of two generations of strife, in a state of sardonic thanksgiving that he had lived to see the fall of Babylon. There, likewise, were the unfortunate and forgotten Colfax, E. B. Washburne, the aged and illustrious Crittenden in the last gasp of compromise and peace; Roscoe Conkling, eloquent, assiduous, with his tempest-tossed days to come; Frank Blair and John A. Logan, soon to ride by the side of Grant as captains in the great war.

There likewise was Arthur P. Gorman in the joy of his promotion from the drivership of the Senate mail wagon to be the assistant postmaster and ruling spirit in base ball circles.

Of that group of statesmen how few remain! Sherman sits as an elder within the gates, full of admonitions to a wayward generation. The venerable Morrill, contemporary with Lincoln and Gladstone, six years senior to Bismarck, remains as the Nestor of the Senate. Arthur P. Gorman, statesmanship supplementing base ball and the mail wagon, is a leader of a great party, and through Democratic eyes looks proudly upon the presidency. Grow sits with his fellows, lusty, resolute, wintergreen, even as when forty-seven years ago he was in Congress with Hamilton Fish, John C. Breckinridge and Henry Clay. The waves have swept our political seas; the revenges, ambitions, hopes and achievements of those heavy days are no longer even memories, and the very names of those who reigned when the young secretary came upon the scene are submerged into grateful oblivion.

It was a time of war and executive duties. As they fell upon Mr. Nicolay and his young associate they were severe. These two stood by the captain's side as the ship of state was steered through the tumbling seas, the heavens rent with fury and swept with passion, hatred and death. Hay justified the President's discernment. The young man loved his master, serving him with fine loyalty, their relations recalling those between Hamilton and Washington when Hamilton was an aide on Washington's staff. There were many special offices which Hay could do for the President. He had rare accomplishments, wrote with grace and precision, with the capacity for continuous silent industry. The touch of his pen can be felt in many of the letters that went from the Executive Mansion. For while

the style of Lincoln was Hebraic, that of Hay was as lucid and flowing as the style of Addison. He knew the social graces and amenities, and did much to make the atmosphere of the war-environed White House grateful, tempering unreasonable aspirations, giving to disappointed ambitions the soft answer which turneth away wrath, showing, as Hamilton did in similar offices, the tact and common sense which were to serve him as they served Hamilton in wider spheres of public duty.

Hay had the young man's yearning for the field, but he remained with the President through the dreary days; the days of Manassas, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, every morning with its bulletin of disaster, the cup of Presidential agony filled to overflowing; those dreary days when the dearest hopes of the Union rested upon one man. All else had fallen. The national credit was in the mire. Armies no longer sprang out of the enthusiasm of the people, but were wrenched into place by conscription. The South was united, the flower of the Confederacy under Jackson and Lee, accepted leaders in command, the men in the field, the slaves protecting their families. The Republican party was in revolt, the mutiny finding sufferance if not welcome in the Cabinet. Foreign opinion was contemptuous and unfriendly, even the prescient Gladstone accepting the Confederacy. "We are coming, Father Abraham," found a refrain in "When this cruel war is over." It was night without a single star, and only a supreme, intrepid soul like that of Lincoln could pierce the infinite gloom.

But Vicksburg and Gettysburg came, and the faith of Lincoln was justified. The stress of the war passed into the hands of the great captains, and no longer overburdened the President. Hay's yearning for the field became an active force. He had the military instinct.

His close friend was Ellsworth, who at the threshold of the war had thrown his brave young life away in a moment of melodramatic folly. Ellsworth was loved and mourned by Hay, who had divined in his comrade the military genius of Napoleon. Hay used to talk of active duty, counting the days until the day would come. Among other things, he would see service in the orange countries. One of his castles in Spain was to be found in Florida. The war over and done, he would spend his life among the orange groves and write immortal lyrics under their fragrant inspiration.

Hay's military record may be summed up briefly. He was commissioned as major and adjutant-general January 12, 1864. He served at Hilton Head, and later in Florida, under the personal instruction of the President, and was mustered out April 22, 1867, leaving the army with brevet rank of lieutenant colonel and colonel "for faithful and meritorious services during the war."

The war over and done, and Hay's mind turned toward other scenes. The castle in Spain and the writing of undying verse under orange groves faded away as a young man's fancy. There were other fields to fight and other palms to win. It was quite understood by his friends that with the close of Lincoln's first term Hay would enter the diplomatic service. Lincoln selected Paris, there being the opportunity for useful employment in watching the inscrutable Emperor, and on the 22d of March, 1865, he commissioned his young friend as secretary of legation. While making ready to go, the assassination came. Hay was in the White House in talk with Robert Lincoln, the President's son, just home from the surrender of Lee, when the tidings flashed. He went to the bedside, keeping the long, sad vigil, until with the rising sun the spirit of Lincoln passed on "to belong to the ages," as Stanton

said through his tears as he closed the eyes in eternal sleep.

Lincoln dead, and the light of his life, as it were, quite gone out, Hay was glad to leave Washington. His four years of apprenticeship had made him a craftsman. Paris, serious work, the study of French, of which he became a master, were welcome after the terrible consummation. Hay carried to the empire an uncompromising Republicanism. He was Saint Just, tempered by the nineteenth century. Although within the imperial circle, Napoleon was to him but a "lurking jailbird." He saw glory springing from the Column of July. And not even the guillotine, whose "crimson ax rings down its grooves the knell of shuddering kings," could destroy his faith in liberty. It was "the light whereby the world was saved," and "though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

MORE DIPLOMATIC EXPERIENCE.

Hay resigned from Paris March 28, 1867, to accept the secretaryship under Motley in Vienna. June, 1869, he accompanied Sickles to Madrid, there to remain until the autumn of 1870. Spain was a fascination. The Republican element was active, and with that he had profound sympathy. One of his noblest poems was that aspiration for Spanish liberty in which he recalled to Spain the days "when every land under heaven was flecked by the shade of her banners," and there is no more charming study of national manners than "Castilian Days."

This diplomatic experience under Napoleon, Francis Joseph and Amadeo had its value, and Hay undoubtedly could have made diplomacy a career. But his thirty-second year was upon him. His life work must be done at home. He had had nine years of political, military and

diplomatic activity, so husbanding his advantages that he was one of the best-equipped men of his day. He became a journalist at the invitation of Mr. Greeley, and as the associate of Whitelaw Reid, with whom since Lincoln's time he had been on terms of intimate friendship. Even so fine an intellect as that of Hay, merged into the anonymity of journalism, could make but a vague personal impression upon the public, but in press circles he soon rose to high esteem. I remember Mr. Greeley saying, with an enthusiasm rare to him, but, when it did come, buoyant and sanguine, that an editorial printed in the *Tribune* that morning "Photographs, Plain and Colored," was about the best that he had ever read. Upon this recognition by the master Hay may rest his editorial fame.

To this period of Hay's intellectual life we owe the Pike County Ballads. It is said that our Secretary regrets these effusions, and there has been some braying in the press over "Little Breeches" as Secretary of State.

To clothe a thought in fantastic garb has never been incompatible with the gravest statesmanship. George Canning wrote the ballad of "Ballynahinch" and the sonnet on Mrs. Brownrigg, the murderess, "When France shall reign and laws be all repealed"; Pitt's lines on Fox as Catiline; Macaulay upon the diners out from whom we guard our spoons; Lord Morpeth's "Ode to Anarchy"; Disraeli's novels; the satires of Bulwer which aroused the wrath of Tennyson; Lowell's dialect invectives against the Mexican war, are remembered, but in no way as dimming their author's usefulness as statesman. Through Hay's humorous verses ran a fine strain of piety; the angels watching over helpless childhood, a man dying for his fellow men, the lesson that of faith and self-abnegation. He sang the song of Spanish freedom. He saw in united Italy the people coming to their birthright, the passing

of crozier and crown, and there are few nobler lines than his invocation to the Army of the James:

There is no power in the gloom of hell
To quench those spirits' fire;
There is no power in the bliss of heaven
To bid them not aspire;
But somewhere in the eternal plan
That strength, that life survive,
And like the files on Lookout Crest,
Above death's clouds they strive.

For a few months, while Mr. Reid was in Europe, Hay edited the *Tribune*. This was an event in journalism. I remember going with Henry Watterson on a visit of homage to the new magnate to see how he looked as an active, responsible editor clothed with the power of warning the Emperor of Russia for the third and last time, and other invincible prerogatives. We found little joyousness about him. He was most serious over his duties, seemed as if he had a ball and chain around his leg, a somewhat zoölogical aspect, and if we were looking through the bars at one yearning for the jungle.

Hay governed the *Tribune* with ability, knowledge, refinement and power. It was a time of political sensitiveness. Republicans at war, the battle fought as the English fight in the Soudan—no prisoners, no quarter. Hay entered into the business with Highland gravity and courage, actually believed in the sincerity of the conflict, and that there were real issues, that it was something more than the mere politicians' brawl. The *Tribune* was never so fierce even in Mr. Greeley's masterful days. The rule of the paper under Reid was that of whips, with

Hay it was that of scorpions. There was an immense sigh of relief in certain circles when Reid with his whips came home, and the young lion was vouchsafed the joyful manumission of the jungles.

The *Tribune* regency is worthy of note as throwing light upon the character of our new Secretary of State. It was seen that with the poetic and æsthetic gifts the fighting qualities are thoroughly blended. We shall have no uncertain half-hearted diplomacy under Secretary Hay. Plainness of speech, a steady maintenance of American rights, the hand ever on the sword hilt, absolute justice given and demanded; this, animated by the yearning for combat which governed the *Tribune* during Hay's regency, gives assurance of a positive and progressive diplomacy. Such a policy will be welcome just now.

After the emancipation from the *Tribune* Hay gave his attention to business and literature in a modified degree. There was vouchsafed to him the blessing of an ideal marriage; with days of domestic life, home building, the education of children and ever watchful interest in public affairs. The Garfield episode, with the sad culmination, profoundly moved him, and for a moment it seemed as if he must take an active interest in politics. He was one of those who stood close to the banner of Blaine. At the request of Mr. Evarts he became Assistant Secretary of State, taking office March 1, 1879, and retiring May 3, 1881. This was the one official interlude in a retirement of a quarter of a century.

Hay had no ambition for office; put it away as a rule. He gave much time to the "Life of Lincoln," which he wrote in collaboration with Mr. Nicolay, his faithful and gifted associate in White House days. This work belongs to the historical classics. It is a mine of research for the student who would know the making of the West, the

genesis and outcome of the Civil War. The temperance of its judgments, the dignity of its style, its high, broad-minded Americanism commend it to every American.

For some years Hay resided in Cleveland. He came at length to live in Washington; his home the center of a gracious hospitality. From this he was summoned by President McKinley to be ambassador to the court of St. James. The story of that embassy is current history and known to all men. And it was natural that the President should offer the primacy to one who had borne himself so worthily in a delicate and exacting station. The selection has fallen upon a statesman in the fullness of his genius, trained above any of his predecessors, with the exception of John Quincy Adams, for diplomatic affairs, having studied his art at the courts of Madrid and Vienna, Paris and London. He takes office at the age of Seward when that gentleman became Secretary of State to Lincoln. A mature man, his growth slow like that of the oak, steadily advancing in public esteem as a man of affairs, of diplomacy, of political acumen, of conceded literary fame. He has learned the wisdom of silence, the discipline of patience. His career, thus faintly outlined, gives every warrant for the belief that one whose life has been so rich in opportunity, experience and achievement will win fresh titles to renown in the high dignity to which he has been called.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 2, 1898.

My dear Young:—I thank you most heartily for sending me the *Munsey*. I hardly know what to say about the article. It is much too kind, and yet such kindness, coming from a man like you, has an absolute value of its own, independent of mere fact. Nothing so agreeable has

ever been said of me—and the work is so exquisitely done that it seems to me I can enjoy it without reference to my personal interest in it. So I thank you unreservedly, and am proud of your friendship and your praise, to an extent you will not imagine.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN HAY.

GRANT; AN ESTIMATE.

You ask me to say something of Grant. The day of the apotheosis of his fame is about to dawn. There has been no such festival since the ashes of Napoleon were borne from their storm-swept prison sepulchre, amid the pomp and pageantry of France, to find the peace of the Invalides, or since Wellington sank to rest under the dome of the golden cross of St. Paul's. The trophies will be held by the victor and the vanquished in the great wars. The few proud farewells will again be spoken by remnants of the legions which once wore the blue or the gray. Farewell once more, and again farewell to the old commander and friend; commander of those who wore the blue, friend of those whose valor gave renown to the gray. Nor if we are wise enough to accept the comfort of believing it, will the spirits of the mighty dead be absent. Lee and Sherman, Stonewall Jackson and Sheridan, Johnston and Meade, Beauregard and Thomas, Stuart and Custer will hold solemn muster at the Riverside mausoleum, and hear once more the bugle call—"Good-night!"

The generation of to-day salutes the generation of yesterday, and Valor takes hands with Fame.

You would have me say something of Grant. And yet what can be said that has not been written by worthier hands than mine? I see him as a soldier, even as on the

day of the grand review, when, bronzed with his campaigns, he acknowledged the salutes of Sherman and Meade as they swept before him at the head of their devoted columns. I see him as a statesman, worn and weary with the cares of office, yearning for days meaning peace, and nights bringing rest. I see him as a friend, the memory of that friendship ever abiding with me as a sacred possession, as he paced the world around, to sit with statesmen and kings. And in each of these phases,—soldier, Chief Magistrate, friend—I see him always as one, the fame of whose virtues and achievements, the world would not willingly let die.

It is not upon his wars that we dwell, although the memories of martial achievements will attract the multitude. Grant will live in civic, as well as military renown, his repute as a statesman more pronounced than his fame as a warrior. This is afar from the cant of the hour, but to the calmer judgment of men, when the seas of controversy are down, and clouds of envy and malice no longer darken the skies, we can with confidence appeal.

The Republic owes to Grant, three distinct and noble victories:

I.—Peace with arbitration.
II.—Money without dishonor.
III.—A civil service.

The initiative of the policy of peace with arbitration, which we are now striving to embrace in the form of a permanent treaty, we owe to Grant. In this he was antagonized by the fiery spirits of his party. He saw with prescient eyes that there could be no harmony until we had a clear understanding with Great Britain. For her part in the secession strife, the honor of the Republic demanded an apology, and those of our citizens who had been plundered, remuneration. There was every tempta-

tion from the soldier's point of view to keep alive the embers of war. An aggressive spirit or a soul burning for glory, would have sought to drive England out of Canada. The most eloquent of Grant's adversaries pleaded that no treaty should be made with Great Britain that did not involve the lowering of the British flag upon American soil. If the demand involved war, what war more glorious? "I shall never fire another gun in anger," was the answer. With it came peace. This was the inception of "peace with arbitration," now accepted as the high-water mark of modern statesmanship.

We owe to Grant the victory of the national credit. This came with the veto of the Inflation bill. Inflation was demanded by the West. "Without Inflation there would be a money famine." And if the West were to be held true to Republicanism the party must anchor deep, —yes, if need be deep in the oozing mire of national dishonesty. Grant was not unmoved by these appeals. They came from those who had followed him, upon whose loyalty he depended, who had stood by him in cannon smoke and under the fire of political and personal calumny. They were not lightly to be put aside, and Grant was the last man to ignore them. He took up his pen to write the approval of the Inflation bill. This was in answer to the voice of party. Before putting down his pen, he wrote a veto. This was in answer to the voice of conscience.

I question if some day history may not regard this veto of the Inflation bill as Grant's supreme service to the nation, to be remembered as France remembers the Code Napoleon—as a victory, not for the time, but for ages of time.

Almost as important, and perhaps as far reaching in its

consequences was Grant's campaign for civil service reform.

There are many readers who will dissent from this. But history will show that when dealing with civil service, the Indian question and the protection of freedmen, Grant was as sincere as when he supported arbitration and opposed inflation. He had seen the calamity of patronage —jailbirds sent to command troops because they had a "political pull"—the refuse of Tammany Hall appointed to dispense justice. He began what was to be a long, cruel war. He made victory possible. From his day to the present, it has raged fiercely and with varying fortunes. The most potent Republican leaders assail it. It is attacked in Congress by gentlemen supposed to direct the conscience of the administration.

From Butler and Conkling down to the present moment the war upon civil service has been persistent. If it survives the present assault, it will become a part of our national policy. Triumphant then, as the result of this quarter-of-a-century campaign, history with cold, adamantine pen, will give the honor to Grant.

One might readily write of Grant, and to his honor, without thus venturing into what might be called the literature of political doubts. But to-day, while with pomp and state, with music and the roll of drums, with the march of armed men, the proud, strenuous, cannonade, the people pressing toward his tomb, in reverence and acclaim, let those who believed in Grant claim justice, rather than adulation. It is not alone because of his wars that we approach his tomb in veneration, not because of a career which closed at Appomattox, but rather of a career which then began, and which aimed to give us peace with arbitration, national financial integrity and civil service reform.

Grant had many friends who were cold as to the third term. Their apathy was not inspired by apprehensions for the safety of the country under his renewed administration, but, because, as politics ran in 1880, they saw that his nomination was impossible. If business troubles had not befallen Grant his nomination would have been inevitable in 1884. Mr. Conkling always said that the defeat of the third term turned back for a century, the clock of American history. Without following too far a fanciful speculation we should remember that had Grant been elected in 1880, he would still have been under the average of our Presidents, as he had been the youngest ever chosen. In 1884 he would have been but a year older than Washington when Washington became President, younger than Madison and Adams, Jackson and Buchanan.

Thus with comparative youth, Grant would have brought to the Presidency the education of eight years in the White House and the unrivaled experience which came from his journeys around the world. He would have governed with a broad mind. Although I never heard from him any expression of a wish for a third term, deprecating rather than otherwise any reference to the subject, it must not be forgotten,—and he was undoubtedly conscious of the fact,—that he returned home in 1879 the most accomplished and best informed statesman of his time. The book of world had been opened to him. He saw the relative proportion of things, the true place of America in the economy of nations, and, under wise, intrepid statesmanship, the magnificence of her opportunities. "How I wish I had known this ten years ago," he was wont to say, as the truth of some new experience burst upon him, and he realized what he might have done when he had the power to do it.

He knew the inner meaning of those subtle influences which form civilization—the meaning of Austria and Russia, of Germany and France and Spain. He saw the good in each of them, and believed they could in time, be fused into harmony and peace; that the federation of man was more than a poet's dream. He rejoiced in the unification of Germany under whatever system it might be governed, —dynastic or democratic, and yet was profoundly interested in the Republic of France. His heart went out to the smaller nationalities,—Holland, Denmark, and Sweden. He conceived an affection for Greece, not alone as he saw it in the person of her sovereign, but in the genius of her people.

Above all else, Grant was impressed with the East. He divined China and Japan; how necessary was their commerce to our Pacific commonwealth, and that the time was coming when we could no longer be indifferent to the autonomy of these ancient empires. Had Grant lived, or had his counsel been duly followed, there would have been no war between China and Japan.

Therefore, if the third term movement was an expression of Gen. Grant's ambition, it was laudable and high, conscious of new equipments for the supreme office.

This new Presidency was not to be. If it had been, many dreams which sound strangely now, would have come true.

The politicians understood and feared Grant. They could not use him, and therefore strove to slay him. He had fought his long campaigns of war. It was hard to fight his long campaigns of calumny. He was assailed living, his memory traduced when dead. Calumny, one fears, is becoming history. It is hard to read so much that is written of Grant,—talks they call orations, books with pictures in them. Oh, yes! he was a general—"some-

thing like Villars," as one writer says, but no Hannibal, no Lee,—not even Wellington. No doubt he could fight; at least there is no available evidence that he ever strived, like Frederick the Great, to run away—had not, perhaps, sense enough,—but what a pity he did not remain in Washington and see after quartermaster's supplies and allow his accomplished generals to do the strategy, the grand tactics, the art of war. To be sure, he meant well, at least so far as he knew, but then he was so fortunate in his generals and staff officers, even those who could watch, protect, and guide him!

This genesis of calumny will be traced some day, the historian, like Layard or a Brugsch Pasha, digging the truth from out the rock and sand. Calumny has fallen upon the memory of Grant with Pompeiian fury,—lies as of lava, and slag, and smoke, and fire. So that even to tell the truth about him, sounds like unreasoning adulation. One can readily see how the ingenuous reader coming freshly upon his studies will, if believing what he is taught, find little to admire in Grant, except the heroism with which he wrote a book while dying of cancer. Calumny is taken for granted and orators and writers deal with his memory as though he were a blending of Cæsar with a ticket-of-leave man. "And what a pity he did not die at Champion Hills."

The cause of much of this calumny will be found in the remorselessness of politics. Grant was never loved by the politicians. Nor can it be said that any mere soldier ever held their regard. Washington may be cited by those who have forgotten the ferocity aroused by the Jay treaty, and Jackson by those who do not remember the war on the United States Bank. August as is the renown of Washington, stately and growing as is that of Jackson, appreciation came with death, when the shadows of envy

could no longer dim the sunshine of fame. If Washington and Jackson in America, if Marlborough and Wellington in England, had never entered upon a political career, their renown would have attained its eternity without the intervening limbo of death and time.

The world-wide estimate of Lee, expressing, as it does, the passionate devotion of the South, is largely due to the fact that Lee was never in politics. Jefferson Davis was as sincere in his faith as Lee, and, so far as history affords a standard of comparison, as brave and accomplished a soldier, and yet, while the memory of one is surrounded with an enviable splendor, that of the other for generations will be the theme of controversy. If Grant, as he dearly craved the opportunity, could have put aside the Presidency, he would, so far as the lustre of his name was concerned, have passed at once to his own. The Presidency was a sacrifice—calumny its consequence. He was told that the Union he had saved, would not be worth the saving unless he gave reconstruction the aid of his all-compelling sword,—that the fruits of the war would turn to ashes unless as a statesman he garnered, what as a soldier, he had gathered. Compelled to accept Grant, the political roar against him began almost before the Bible upon which he had taken oath was closed. "This Cabinet is wonderfully and fearfully made!" was the greeting of one great journal. He had made it without consulting the mob. He had carried it in his pocket until sent to the Senate, —the names writen in his own hand upon a clumsy page of foolscap,—one even with a mistake in the spelling, which had to be corrected, as I noted the other day, when looking at the original in the national archives. He had never "taken the people" into his confidence.—"The people" being those on the outside, expecting the summons

to office. Yes, as the famous journalist said, "fearfully and wonderfully made."

The roar began and it has never quite gone down. "Stewart for the Treasury—why, he was a shopkeeper!" "And Borie! Who was Borie! In what Serapeum did he find this mummy?" "And Cox for the Interior! Why Cox? How many delegates had he ever delivered to a convention?" "And Hoar! Who was Hoar? What primary had he ever carried? Crank, perhaps, living in a Yankee village, and knowing no one except Russell Lowell and Emerson."

Mr. Stewart was the foremost figure in business and finance. Was it unnatural for Grant to think that the Treasury would be served by the genius which had made Stewart a prince in his kingdom? No one who recalls Mr. Borie, can forget the gentleness, the supreme honesty, the courage, and ability of that high-minded and accomplished gentleman. General Cox was one of the most distinguished volunteer generals in the war, while Mr. Hoar lives in the history of literature and law, as among the wisest and wittiest of men. And when, a few days after the inauguration, it became necessary to re-arrange this Cabinet, the mind of Grant turned to Hamilton Fish, who was to be among the greatest of our Foreign Secretaries, and Governor Boutwell, who was to govern the Treasury with conscientious and consummate ability. I know of no Cabinet that better typified the genius, the patriotism, the valor of the time, than that which Grant, in 1869, from the depths of his own high soul, called to the service of the nation.

The tears of those who sought to dishonor him will fall, let us hope, in repentance and expiation upon his coffin to-day. If the mind turns to the baseness which inspired calumny, it should not be with regret, for it

throws into noble contrast the faith of the people in Grant. He lived in their hearts. He never appealed to them in vain. They knew him by the intuition with which they divine the truth. They chose him President against Seymour, the most eminent Democratic statesman of his day; as against Greeley, one of the commanding intellectual forces of the age. So far as popular affection and appreciation went, Grant was armed, as if with steel. The cunning and skill of the long line of able men who assailed him were in vain. They returned from their assaults, not alone with blunted swords, but paralyzed as to future usefulness.

It would be interesting to analyze this wonderful mastery of Grant over the popular heart of America. Where are so many of the giants, the Goliaths of debate, who again and again struck at him with their javelins? Dead beyond remembrance or esteem, with the grace of oblivion, their only consolation; their names forgotten, except by students in historical research. The reason is, that the people divined Grant, as in old days they had divined the "rail splitter" and "slave hound" called Lincoln. Nor is this the mere hurried impression of a writer who may be said to have an undue partiality for Grant. It was my privilege to spend a memorable afternoon with the venerable Hamilton Fish, just before he died. He had known Grant with an intimacy accorded to no other statesman. If Grant could have had his way Mr. Fish would have succeeded him in the Presidency. The more he studied Grant, Mr. Fish said, the more he reflected upon his character in those his years of meditation, the more he was impressed by his innate greatness. The three great men of the century, who were to tower above all others, were, Washington, Lincoln and Grant. "Speaking of Grant," said Matthew Arnold, "I prefer him to

Lincoln. Except Franklin, I know hardly any one so 'selbst standig,' so broad and long sighted, as well as firm-charactered, that they have had." These are not the words of friendship or political sympathy, but of one of the clearest minded and most independent critics of our day. Greatness is interesting, more, perhaps, in the means by which it is attained, than the attainment. The lives of men are governed by opportunities, not accidents. The seed is in the loam. Sunshine will give it growth,—the sunshine of duty, which comes to all when appointed and as appointed. Grant's military success was in a measure in his blood. His ancestors had been soldiers at the side of Washington, when they followed the British flag into colonial wars and under the command of Washington in the War of Independence. If traced further, into Scottish history, the Grants would have been found a warlike race. His early training was what might have been expected in the family of his father, a gentleman of culture, competency and piety. He stood well at West Point, especially in mathematics, would have stood better if he had not indulged in his passion for general reading. The days of his apprenticeship were in Mexico, and among his fellow craftsmen were those who were to be the shining spirits on both sides of the great war. He was in every Mexican battle but Buena Vista, and so far as education and experience could teach him, acquired in his early manhood a thorough mastery of the art of war.

It was therefore not an accident that such a man could crave but an opportunity. It came. It brought the fulfilment of renown. Grant had rare gifts, shrouded in that mist of shyness inseparable from his character. His memory was a marvel. He never forgot a name or a face. "Grant, I think," as Sherman once said to the writer, "knew every tin can in my army." It was an in-

flexible, steel-like memory. A slow reader going over his page as if studying it, putting his finger on the passage when interrupted so as to be sure to find the place,—reading was a study. What he read was never forgotten. He never generalized over a fact, or gave you impressions of things. What he knew he knew. You could not forget a figure or misplace a phrase in his presence. It was not safe to say "about so"; it must be exactly so. The crop did not yield a hundred thousand bushels of wheat, but ninety-nine thousand two hundred and ninety-seven. This wonderful gift served him as a soldier, for there, mirrored in his brain, lay before him, in the minutest detail, his work and the means by which his work was to be done.

He had the woodcraft of an Indian, knew places, localities, the lay of the ground, what the skies had to say as to the weather and other mysteries. He was, perhaps, the only man who walked over Seville without losing his way. He had perfect courage, and although averring that he never entered into a battle without fear, or left it without joy, the evidence goes to show that his courage in battle was as serene as that of Marlborough. The late General McDowell once told me that all he could remember of young Grant in Mexico was that he was the best horseman and the bravest fellow in the army. It was not the courage of champagne or fatalism or shame, but that of an absorbed, intensely concentrated soldier doing his duty. He had perfect faith, not alone in the righteousness of his cause, but in its triumph. In answer to a question after Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg, when Lee seemed invincible and our army was spending most of its time on pontoon bridges and securing lines of retreat, upon what terms the North would abandon an apparently hopeless enterprise, he replied that he never contemplated such

a contingency. He was insensible to fatigue, could ride all day, watch all night, and live, as he did at Vicksburg, for days, with nothing but a saddle for a pillow, and a toothbrush. He was intolerant of officers' baggage-trains, and was never tired of cutting down their impedimenta.

He was free from enmities. He rarely quarrelled, and was not prone to reconciliation. This came from the sincerity of his character.

A quarrel with him did not mean the taking off the glove only to put it on again. It was the closing of the book. Nor did it come from impulse; it was forced upon him,—never sought. A really strong man has no time for quarrel, and avoids it by candor and patience, esteeming it as a bit of vanity. When a newspaper attacked Grant he ceased reading it. A caller one day at Long Branch showed him a newspaper somewhat free in its criticisms. "Why should I read it?" he answered, as he threw the paper on the grass.

Nor were his enmities caused by political differences. It was assumed, for instance, that he had a dislike for Sumner, who had assailed him in various orations. He never read the orations, and never referred to Sumner but in a mood of banter. One could not be long with Grant without noting this quality. "Have you any enmities," he was once asked, "as the result of so many years of strife?" "I think I hate but two men," was the answer. One was an officer in the Federal, the other an officer in the Confederate army. The alienation took place during the Mexican War, and its cause was Grant's chivalrous regard for the honor of womanhood.

This hesitancy to quarrel was attended with an enduring capacity for friendship. He made friendships slowly, not from suspicion or selfishness, but because of his per-

sonal shyness which he possessed to a degree that I have seen in no man and very few women. To be his friend was to be his attorney, his partner in business. This shyness, as I have said, surrounded Grant as with a mist, so that it was hard to make him out. It was the basis of many of the misconceptions of his character,—that he was a dull man, for instance, stolid, indifferent, commonplace. He was not prone to sudden fancies, corner grocery, stage-coach acquaintances. His silence was mental absorption; would come in moods. You could walk with him for hours and he would not say a word. And yet you might readily sit up with him until sunrise and never be permitted to say a word, because of his incessant, brilliant, penetrating conversation. It has been my privilege to meet some of the famous talkers of the day,—to stroll with Dickens, to rest under the spell of the exquisite power of Wendell Phillips, to listen to Bismarck over his pipe and caressing his hound,—but I never heard a more cogent, comprehensive talker than Grant.

This quality of slow enduring friendship in Grant has been commented upon, as though it were of the blind fox-terrier species, chasing for a lick of the hand or a blow. I do not think he was much deceived in his judgment of men. He never forgave a falsehood, or even an equivocation; was inflexible in that regard. He never used profane language, not from any religious sentiment or that he resented the profanity of valued friends or associates. He had, however, given the promise to his mother when leaving home for West Point, and it was a promise that breasted every temptation. No one who ever deceived him ever regained his confidence; was fortunate if vouchsafed cold and distant recognition. He believed in results, and never welcomed excuses. He never prophesied nor intimated his purposes; talked rather of

yesterday than to-morrow. His military orders would sometimes admit an alternative. If the order failed the alternative might cover the failure. "I do not want to go to North Carolina," said the impatient Sheridan, as he read the mandate of his general. "I do not intend you shall. I mean to end the business here. But if Lee should overcome you, and you fall back toward Sherman, your retreat will find shelter in this order and be deemed as but an incident in our strategy."

His dislikes and admirations as regards prominent historical characters were marked and original. His principal aversion was Napoleon. I endeavored once, without success, to persuade him to go to the Invalides and see the Emperor's tomb. We were at the very door of the church, but he continued his walk. It was an opinion based upon a study of the Emperor's character accompanied with a profound admiration of his military genius. The greatest man of modern times, but a monster!

This was the implacable judgment of Grant. He admired Gen. Zachary Taylor, had known him well in Mexico; saw in Taylor an ideal soldier, statesman and patriot; and thought that Taylor's death in the Presidency was a great misfortune; that as President, Taylor could and would have forced the hand of Southern leaders like Calhoun, and dealt with secession as Jackson had dealt with nullification. This might be attributed to a soldier's preference for one of his cloth, but for the veneration Grant felt for Lincoln. "I knew Lincoln well," he said; "no one better; am very grateful that he spent almost his last days in my camp. He was the greatest man I have ever known, either from personal observation or historical study." Of the Confederate leaders, among whom he had many valued friends, he admired Stonewall Jackson.

They had been friends in West Point, in Mexico, in the army—a friendship close, intuitive, responsive.

When the war was obvious, Grant, then a young critic and observer in Galena, picked out Jackson as one who would make a name, if he were given a chance. Jackson was then teaching a school in Virginia, supposed to be a crank, and not confirmed without objection, to his first command, because of this reputation. The best, if not the only satisfactory estimate I ever had of Stonewall Jackson's character, came from a conversation with Grant. I thought at the time that it was worthy of Plutarch. "I shall always be sorry," said Grant, "that Stonewall Jackson never fought Sheridan. The result of that battle would have given him the place in history which he died without attaining." The highest military tribute Grant could pay to any soldier was to doubt whether Sheridan could have whipped him.

He was free from the rhetoric of emotion. "What were your thoughts, General," said one sentimental inquirer, "in that sublime moment when you knew that at last Lee would surrender, and the heavens of your glory were about to open?" "My dirty boots and wearing no sword."—He was afraid that Lee might think he meant to insult him by indifference. He had no illusions as to immutable laws of war. He called war a changeable, vanishing science,—every generation evolving new laws. A regiment of to-day would whip both of the Waterloo armies as then equipped. He did not believe in cowardice. There were no braver men than some who ran at the first fire. Courage he deemed an acquired virtue. Men could be taught bravery just as horses were taught how to trot and gallop and stand before cannon-fire and music. Whenever an officer craved artillery or was given to explaining what Napoleon would have done, Grant began to doubt him. War to be humane

should be swift and terrible. More men died from disease than from the bullet.

In these days of small men,—power so oft a kind of jail-delivery, and fame a first-of-May moving business,—there is comfort in seeing a man so grounded upon truth, sincerity and courage as Grant. Great in personal, he was even greater in moral courage. He declined a brevet in Mexico, because a brother officer had received one unworthily. He would wear no stained dignity. He would never ask for promotion nor permit others to do so for him. "This," he said, "is one of my superstitions." There was moral courage in the terms of surrender accorded to Lee at Appomattox. The magnanimity of those terms, so rare in the history of wars, never came from Lincoln,—was in contravention, if not disobedience with Lincoln's express command.

Mr. Nicolay and Col. Hay, in their life of Lincoln, thus record this notable incident: "The sight of Lee's sword, an especially fine one, suggested the paragraph allowing officers to retain their side arms, and Grant ended with a phrase which he evidently had not thought over, and for which there was no authority, which practically pardoned and amnestied every man in Lee's army, a thing he had refused the day before, and which had been expressly forbidden him in President Lincoln's order of the third of March. Yet so great was the joy over the crowning victory, so deep was the gratitude of the Government and the people to Grant and his heroic army, that his terms were accepted as he made them, and his exercise of the Executive prerogative of pardon entirely overlooked."—The giving of these terms to Lee in spite of the command of Lincoln was the very genius of moral courage. He saw the opportunity. He would end the war forever; sweep it out of the range of political contingencies; give

peace due and honorable life, leaving no wretched after-birth, with its possibilities of strife and misery. It was moral courage which, turning away from the traditions of political criticism, led Grant to admonish the Mikado not to be precipitate in granting suffrage to the Japanese, but rather to take lesson of our mistake in the South, and allow suffrage to go hand in hand with education.

It was moral courage which dictated the inflation veto; moral courage in the highest degree,—for here, as in the case of inflation, he was arrayed against friends,—which made him espouse the cause of Fitz John Porter. Nor can we find in the narrative of the historian or the genius of tragedy, a nobler example of moral courage than that which sustained him under the very hand of torturing death in the writing of his memoirs.

Divest Grant of his military and civic fame, take from him the laurel and the oak, view him as a mere man,—the farmer in Missouri, the tradesman in Illinois,—and you find him what the world calls a good fellow. He was companionable, liked to talk with people who could tell him facts; would question the Japanese gardener about rose-planting, stand intent over the mysteries of cloisonné or the potter at his work. He would study cows and sheep and discourse over the verdure of English meadows, and of farm life on the Pacific. He loved a horse; so much so as to avoid race-courses, which he never attended when it could be avoided, because of the cruelty to the horses.

He was considerate, straightforward, never ruffled over rough experiences, taking things as he found them. He was never at variance with his cook or his tailor. He liked to tease intimate friends, to give them nicknames, to aver in the presence of Sheridan that the twenty-miles-away business was the romance of some subsidized poet in Sheridan's pay; to insist when Sherman was in the

company, that the march to the sea was a picnic among watermelon patches and hog-pens, upon which Sherman fattened his army. He read much, smoked rather from restlessness than love of tobacco, and disliked to go to bed.

To be a midnight, or two o'clock-in-the-morning companion was the shortest road to his esteem. It was at such times, when sitting under the Southern cross, or watching the moonlight silver the ruins of Karnak, that the genius of Grant found its gentlest expression, and when you could but listen in wonder to the depth and variety of his knowledge.

It was not his tendency to stumble upon debatable themes, to lose himself in the jungles of theological controversy, or say things about which he knew little, for the sake of saying them. He never talked half way or affected knowledge, nor contradicted, except when you dropped a figure from your estimates. He did not seek emphasis in anecdotes. His stories were, as a rule, personal remembrances of friends,—Derby, the author of "John Phœnix," for instance, whom he esteemed; or of Taylor sitting sideways on his saddle; and his favorite story was that told by Andrew Jackson to James Buchanan, of the Tennessean who made a fortune by minding his own business.

He believed in the present, could find nothing in antiques, relics or curios, and he was as wont to check any enthusiasm over some purchase of an antique, with the story of the factory in Newark, N. J., whose shares were his best paying investment, and where all the Eastern antiquities were manufactured. He had no ear for music, —would rather stand behind a battery in action than a piano in play. He would not be eccentric enough to deny the genius of Shakespeare, but in his heart believed that Shakespeare did not write good English. He was prompt in appointments, never permitted his watch to

vary a second, did not crave nor create work, but crushed through it when unavoidable. In walking he took the short road, cut the corners, and while apparently with his modest, drooping eyes seeing nothing, saw everything.

He was unusually sensitive to pain, and his aversion to taking any form of life was so great that he would not hunt. Not even the Maharajah of Jeypore, with his many elephants and his multitude of hunters, could persuade him to chase the tiger. He had lost no tigers, and was not seeking them. He believed his military education had been a mistake, would probably have run away from West Point but for the pain it would have given his mother. It was his earlier ambition to be a doctor, and in his later years I have heard him regret that he had not been allowed to study and practice medicine.

If it be said that to the world Grant was reserved,—a mystery, a sphinx as he has been called,—it was a part of his destiny. In that cold splendor which illumines the Arctic night we call the Presidency, friendship can have but a limited abiding place. Moreover, Grant had known and endured every phase of life. He had known the glory of Napoleon and the sorrows of Belisarius. He had wielded a sceptre and was almost doomed to an obolus. His soul had been tuned to every emotion,—had drunk every cup of bitterness except the cup of dishonor,—and from these experiences came that self-reliance, to which Matthew Arnold refers, and which was the highest expression of his genius.

As in all men of supreme greatness, there was the inexplicable something in this man's character which we realize without being able to explain.

"Why do you all take off your caps to Grant?" I asked Gen. Sherman one day. "What was the quality in the man that makes even the greatest of you accept and con-

cede his superiority?" "Well," answered Sherman in his quick, picturesque way, "I cannot say. Yes, Sheridan was as good, if not a better general than Grant; Meade knew more of tactics and the science of war; 'Pap' Thomas was unsurpassed as a captain; I could talk better, write better and I think, I knew more; there was something in Grant,—something impalpable, I cannot explain it, I only feel it. It made us all doff our caps to him. Yes, every one,—Thomas, Meade, Sheridan, all. No envy, no emulation." Then, with a pause:—"I always knew when I was in trouble, that Grant was thinking about me and would get me out. And he did."

I have spoken of Grant as I knew him and loved him, as the memory of the man remains with me after these intervening years. Much might be written of his achievements, but that would be an invasion of the province of the historian. On this festival of his glory it may truly be said of him, as of Wellington, that whatever record leaps to light he never can be shamed. Once more the guns fire the funeral salute and the final honors are paid, for they are bringing him to rest within the bronze doors of the Riverside mausoleum, as Napoleon was brought to rest within the bronze doors of the Invalides. "I desire that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, amid the French people, whom I loved so well." Prisoner, exile, outlaw, doomed to the obscuration of a consummate glory, the greatest of human intellects accorded the grandest of opportunities, to be swept into the melancholy abyss of disappointment and shame.

Not for self alone, not while truth is written in the stars, has it been appointed that the power of a Napoleon should be given for other purposes than the duties of a Napoleon. Upon him, as upon the least of us, must fall the laws of compensation and expiation.

Therefore, to compare Grant with Napoleon would, at best, be a sinister contrast. Napoleon left his country torn, dismembered, trembling with sorrow and wounds. The France of Messidor had become the France of Waterloo. The flat-haired Corsican had given over his France to the heel of the Cossack and the lips of the wanton adventurer. With opportunities for selfish ambition as tempting as those which environed Napoleon, Grant kept faith with himself, his country, and his God. Napoleon ended his career, his empire in ruins. Grant closed his eyes upon a people regenerated, strong with the strength which came from his magnanimity and his prowess.

And now these martial measures over and done, and he rests upon the banks of the beautiful river. The glory of Washington enfolds him, for these fields are consecrated by the valor and self-denial of the Revolution. Around him is the tumult of empire-building humanity.

Kinsmen and friends from over the seas join in recognition of a glory which saw in the inscrutable war, only God's mandate of peace. The North and the South are one in tender commemoration. The pine and the palm lie blended upon his coffin. In gratitude, and likewise in hope, we dedicate this monument of reconciliation and union, not for ourselves alone, but that in ages which we cannot know, our children's children may here find the inspiration of duty and patriotism. And thus believing, we leave him to the peace of an immortal fame.

THE END.

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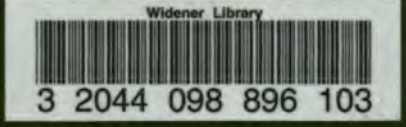
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